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FROM

Mrs. Roland Thaxter

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.....
.....

FOR HER FRIENDS AND MINE

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FOR HER FRIENDS AND MINE:

*A Book of Aspirations, Dreams
and Memories*

BY
ERWIN F. SMITH

PRINTED PRIVATELY
Washington, D. C.
1915

To the Roland Thaxters
with much love from
the author.

Sept. 29, 1915.

AL 3455.4.63.100

*

Five hundred and ten copies of this book have been printed
on Italian hand-made paper of which this is

No. 145

Erwin F. Smith

Aug. 21, '15



Mrs. Roland Thaxter

PRESS OF GIBSON BROS., INC.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN MEMORY OF
CHARLOTTE MAY BUFFETT

Sometime Wife of

ERWIN F. SMITH

Born: October 8, 1871,
Cleveland, Ohio

Married: April 13, 1893,
Easton, Maryland

Died: December 28, 1906,
Washington, D. C.

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!—*Keats.*

God hath her with Himself eternally,
Yet she inhabits every hour with thee.

—*Cino da Pistoia (Rossetti's translation).*

Ce que l'homme ici-bas appelle le génie,
C'est le besoin d'aimer; hors de là tout est vain.

—*Alfred de Musset.*



*"The sea she loved makes music here always,
Repeating loud or low, and night and day,
Its world-old song of change, and then of sleep!"*

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Proem,	16
Note,	17
Baracoa,	47
Naples,	51
In Memoriam,	55

ODES AND SONGS.

Fortitude,	61
The Bells of Santo Spirito,	62
Cienfuegos,	70
On the Blue Sea,	75
A Summer Song,	77
A Child's Song,	79
First Day Out,	80
Nightfall,	81
Fair Weather,	82
Midnight,	83
Innisfree,	84
A Love Song,	85

SONNETS.

I. Music at Home,	89
II. The Love of Art,	90
III. Summer Seas,	91
IV. Evenings with Books,	92
V. Robert Louis Stevenson,	93
VI. Confucius,	94
VII. Dead Loves,	95
VIII. Migratory Birds,	96
IX. Her Grave and Mine: September,	97
X. An Autumn Storm,	98
XI to XIV. Baracoa: 1904,	99-102
XV. Remembrance,	103
XVI. Her Grave and Mine: Morning and Evening,	104
XVII. The Old Faith and the New,	105
XVIII. Beethoven (I),	106

	PAGE
XIX. Beyond,	107
XX. Thomas Carlyle,	108
XXI. Jane Welsh Carlyle,	109
XXII. The Two Multitudes,	110
XXIII. Mata Harbor,	111
XXIV. April Days,	112
XXV. The Graveyard at Mata,	113
XXVI. On Reading Pierre Loti's <i>Pêcheur d'Islande</i> ,	114
XXVII. Baracoa (V),	115
XXVIII. Insomnia,	116
XXIX. The Early Light,	117
XXX. Purity,	118
XXXI. The Dark Shadow,	119
XXXII. Strange Pets,	120
XXXIII. Summer Folk,	121
XXXIV. Woods Hole,	122
XXXV. Grace and Beauty,	123
XXXVI. The Nobska Shore,	124
XXXVII. The Hidden Truth,	125
XXXVIII. Slaughter of Jews in Russia,	126
XXXIX. The Earth Mother,	127
XL. Edwin Booth's Room at the Players' Club,	128
XLI. Spring at Elmwood,	129
XLII. The Distant Airship,	130
XLIII. Immanuel Kant,	131
XLIV. Walden Pond,	132
XLV. Meissonier's Cavalier,	133
XLVI. Beethoven (II),	134
XLVII. Compassion,	135
XLVIII. The Bride of the Sea,	136
XLIX. Wedded Life,	137
L. Her Face,	138
LI. Her Grave and Mine: November,	139
LII. De Profundis,	140
LIII. The Divine Love,	141
LIV. Victor Hugo,	142
LV. Louisa May Alcott,	143
LVI. Ralph Waldo Emerson,	144
LVII. Dante Gabriel Rossetti,	145
LVIII. Halley's Comet,	146
LIX. Dante,	147
LX. Dante in Ravenna,	148
LXI. Swedenborg,	149
LXII. The Fellowship of Saints,	150

	PAGE
LXIII. Day-Dreams,	151
LXIV. Penzance,	152
LXV. The Wet Street,	153
LXVI. Mutability (I),	154
LXVII. Buddha: A Prayer,	155
LXVIII. Hawthorne's Hillside Walk,	156
LXIX. After Reading Frederic Harrison,	157
LXX. April XIII,	158
LXXI. Eastertide,	159
LXXII. The Arctic Night,	160
LXXIII. To Marie Bashkirtseff,	161
LXXIV. God and the Universe,	162
LXXV. Theodore Parker,	163
LXXVI. The Bridal May,	164
LXXVII. Influence,	165
LXXVIII. Homer,	166
LXXIX. An August Night (I),	167
LXXX. A Summer Landscape,	168
LXXXI. Circe,	169
LXXXII. Goethe when Old,	170
LXXXIII. The Dead City,	171
LXXXIV. Rain on the Roof,	172
LXXXV. The Harmonies of Life,	173
LXXXVI. The Universal God,	174
LXXXVII. Late Autumn in Washington,	175
LXXXVIII. A Cuban Valley,	176
LXXXIX. Yumuri Gorge,	177
XC. Spinoza,	178
XCI. The Sabbath Before the Passover,	179
XCII. Vesuvius,	180
XCIII. The Mystery of Life,	181
XCIV. Keats,	182
XCV. Shelley's Grave,	183
XCVI. The Dead Poet,	184
XCVII. Tolstoi when Old,	185
XCVIII. Jesus,	186
XCIX. Science,	187
C. Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani,	188
CI. (See Proem)	
CII. Compensation,	189
CIII. A Child's Spirit,	190
CIV. Poesy,	191
CV. The Body of God,	192
CVI. Henrietta Renan,	193

	PAGE
CVII. The Nile,	194
CVIII. Ygdrasil,	195
CIX. The Twilight of the Gods,	196
CX. Paestum,	197
CXI. An August Night (II),	198
CXII. Self-Renunciation,	199
CXIII. Prayers for the Dead,	200
CXIV. The Epic Muse,	201
CXV. Motherhood,	202
CXVI. Race Hatred,	203
CXVII. Old Letters,	204
CXVIII. Sea-Gardens,	205
CXIX. The Hemlocks of My Boyhood,	206
CXX. The Shining Ones,	207
CXXI. Chopin,	208
CXXII. The Palace of Tears,	209
CXXIII. April at Woods Hole,	210
CXXIV. Robert Browning,	211
CXXV. Richard Wagner's Autobiography,	212
CXXVI. A Vase of Opal Glass,	213
CXXVII. Beyond Posilipo,	214
CXXVIII. Fields and Woods,	215
CXXIX. Frederick W. Robertson,	216
CXXX. Reminiscence (Ed. Reményi),	217
CXXXI. De Imitatione Christi,	218
CXXXII. The Apennines,	219
CXXXIII. Fog on Shore,	220
CXXXIV. Fog at Sea (I),	221
CXXXV. Mystic and Half Mystic,	222
CXXXVI. The Geological Record,	223
CXXXVII. Companionship,	224
CXXXVIII. Wordsworth,	225
CXXXIX. George Gissing,	226
CXL. The Western Alps from Varese,	227
CXLI. Winter Days,	228
CXLII. First Love,	229
CXLIII. Sur "L'Intime" de Pierre Lenoir,	230
CXLIV. Persephone,	231
CXLV. Ideals,	232
CXLVI. On the Kahlenberg,	233
CXLVII. The Sonnets of Heredia,	234
CXLVIII. The Wind Harp,	235
CXLIX. The Sleep of Plants,	236
CL. The Vegetarian,	237
CLI. The Darwinian,	238

	PAGE
CLII. April in the North,	239
CLIII. My Mother's Garden,	240
CLIV. Graves near Baltimore,	241
CLV. The Avon,	242
CLVI. Evangeline,	243
CLVII. To Gutzon Borglum,	244
CLVIII. Catullus,	245
CLIX. June,	246
CLX. Da Vinci,	247
CLXI. Sister Joseph,	248
CLXII. Grant's Point, Oronoco, Minn.,	249
CLXIII. My Church,	250
CLXIV. Jane and Thomas,	251
CLXV. Tintagel,	252
CLXVI. Richard Jefferies,	253
CLXVII. Beethoven (III),	254
CLXVIII. Baudelaire,	255
CLXIX. Molière,	256
CLXX. Richard Wagner,	257
CLXXI. The Poet,	258
CLXXII. Il Cinquecento,	259
CLXXIII. Alpenländer,	260
CLXXIV. San Remo,	261
CLXXV. Transmutation,	262
CLXXVI. Minerva: A prayer,	263
CLXXVII. (See L'envoi),	
CLXXVIII. The Pessimists,	264
CLXXIX. To Margery,	265
CLXXX. Helen B.,	266
CLXXXI. Stonehenge (I),	267
CLXXXII. The Valley of the Danube,	268
CLXXXIII. Stonehenge (II),	269
CLXXXIV. Entombment of Christ,	270
CLXXXV. Milton, England and Liberty,	271
CLXXXVI. Nature and God,	272
CLXXXVII. Three Voices out of the Past and an Answer,	273
CLXXXVIII. The Far East,	274
CLXXXIX. The Art of Healing,	275
CXC. Alfoxden Wood,	276
CXCI. Shelley's Italy,	277
CXCII. Mutability (II),	278
CXCIII. Cenacolo Vinciano,	279
CXCIV. For a Place in the Sun,	280
CXCV. A Snow Storm in the Woods,	281
CXCVI. Scandal,	282
CXCVII. Vastness,	283

TRANSLATIONS.

From the German.

	PAGE
I. A May Song—Goethe,	293
II. The Godlike—Goethe,	295
III. The Powers Above Us—Goethe,	298
IV. The Wanderer's Night Song—Goethe,	299
V. A Fragment—Goethe,	300
VI. Farewell to Life—Koerner,	301
VII. The Dead Maiden—Uhland,	302
VIII. Lotus-Love—Heine,	303
IX. May-time—Heine,	304
X. A Dead Love—Heine,	305
XI. Twilight—Heine,	306
XII. Luck in Love—Heine,	308
XIII. Philosophy—Heine,	309
XIV. A Dream—Heine,	310
XV. The Devil—Heine,	313
XVI. A Warning—Heine,	314
XVII. Night Thoughts—Heine,	315
XVIII. The Weavers—Heine,	317
XIX. Poesie—Kerner,	319
XX. The Heart—Neumann,	320
XXI. The Human Will—Hammer,	321
XXII. The Heart's Answer—Halm,	322
XXIII. Co-workers with God—Spitta,	323
XXIV. At Sea—Grün,	324
XXV. The Water Lily—Geibel,	326
XXVI. I Sailed From St. Goar—Geibel,	327
XXVII. The Gipsy Boy in the North—Geibel,	329
XXVIII. The Forest—Ambrosius,	332
XXIX. First Love—Ambrosius,	333
XXX. Home Coming—Ambrosius,	334
XXXI. Womanhood—Rodenberg,	335
XXXII. Mädchenlied—Nietzsche,	336

From the French and Italian.

XXXIII. The Antique Medal—Heredia,	341
XXXIV. Michael Angelo—Heredia,	342
XXXV. Oblivion—Heredia,	343
XXXVI. Stoicism—Ménard,	344
XXXVII—XXXIX. The Vision of Khem—Heredia,	345-347
XL. May-time—Marradi,	348

	PAGE
XLI. For Helen—Ronsard,	349
XLII. Marsyas—Heredia,	350
XLIII. Sur le livre des Amours de Pierre de Ronsard—Heredia	351
XLIV. Gilded Vellum—Heredia,	352
XLV. The Conch—Heredia,	353
XLVI. A Gothic Window—Heredia,	354
XLVII. A Rising Sea—Heredia,	355
XLVIII. May-time in Florence—Marradi,	356
XLIX. The Spring—Heredia,	357
L. The Athlete—Ménard,	358
LI. Homer—Carducci,	359
LII. Virgil—Carducci,	360
LIII. Alastor—Ménard,	361
LIV. Erinnyes—Ménard,	362
LV. Dante—Carducci,	363
LVI. The Gulf—Baudelaire,	364
LVII. To Dante Alighieri—Michael Angelo,	365
LVIII. The Abyss—Victor Hugo,	367
L'envoi	379

TEXT CUTS.

	PAGE
The Vanishing Sail	46
Baracoa Harbor, April, 1904	50
Eruption of Vesuvius, April 8, 1906	54
Sunset	58
A farm on the Vesuvian plain after the lava flow of 1906	86
Harbor Entrance at Baracoa—"The ocean thunders at her doors"	284
The Bel Pond at Woods Hole	288
A Corner of the Golf Links at Woods Hole	292
The Buoy Station on Little Harbor at Woods Hole	338
Fishing Boats on Little Harbor—in the background, at the right, her favorite bank and pine tree	340
Racing Boats on Little Harbor at Woods Hole	366
Fog at Sea	378
The Nobska Shore	380

PROEM.

My words are bubbles tossed from spirit wells;
Thin cupfuls dipped from ocean's sounding shore
And as libation poured, forevermore,
To one who now within the silence dwells;
Thin strains that tell, but as faint echo tells,
The world of song, in joy and sorrow heard,
Ringing within me clear as song of bird,
Or notes of deep-toned vibrant golden bells.

Yet bubbles oft do mirror heaven's blue,
How fugitive soe'er their colors are,
And echo's faintest cry borne from afar,
Oft thrills the soul with days forgotten long
But loved full well: so may my rhymes in you
Find echo, stirring deeps of spirit song!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, January 28, 1912.

NOTE.

I would present a luminous and beautiful personality so vividly that it shall live again in those who knew it once, and shall become alive to kindred souls who meet it here for the first time. Vain effort, I fear: human nature is so large, life touches life at so many points, and words are so elusive. This is a book about a woman, and written principally for women (her friends and mine). I doubt if any man cares much about it unless he is a poet, or a lover, or some old man dreaming of days that come not again, except in dreams.

Of all the women I have known and revered, this woman best satisfied my ideals, and of all her traits that which deepest impressed itself upon me was her divine simplicity, a characteristic of all really great souls. This spiritual loveliness which she possessed in no small measure is so precious an inheritance that for the joy of the world I would make her portion of it known more widely and a longer time, in the spirit of one who sings heart songs, gives flowers, paints beautiful pictures, carves marble into forms of lasting delight, or simply offers the cup of cold water to him who is thirsty.

Her life was a simple and quiet life. It is interesting not for what it accomplished in concrete measurable products, but for what it was as a spiritual development. She excelled in clear seeing and right thinking, in high ideality and pure devotion to truth. Her unselfish love shone always as a clear flame.

The world is not yet so full of the best things that there is not room for more, and of all things love is best. It is blossom and fruit of the tree of life. The man who has not plucked it and eaten and been lifted out of himself and up to the level of the gods is still in his sins. Let him cry *mea culpa* and ask to be forgiven, not of God, but of womankind. Next to love stands memory, and the record of love.

So I shall write briefly and frankly, as best I can, the simple story of one who was dear, and of whom might have been said that which Hugo says of the blind girl, Dea: *C'était une nature rare. * * * Le corps était fragile, le coeur non. Ce qui était le fond de son être, c'était une divine persévérance d'amour.*

This book is a cycle of my life—seven lonely years are in it. The long ode (on page 62) is a cry of pain. It is so intimate that I was tempted at times to leave it out, but could not finally decide to do so, because other verses also, especially many of the sonnets, are intimate, and if I began to discard there appeared to be no good place to stop, and because an author is not always the best judge of his own work. Often what seemed to me good at first became uncertain. Indeed, many times I have been disposed to suppress all of these verses, especially after enjoying the noble diction of the great poets, but in the end I decided to publish all, particularly as the judgment of critical friends to whom I showed them differed widely as to which were most interesting. Nothing has been more illuminating to me than these varying judgments.

The sonnets in particular have been a labor of love. They were begun without any notion of what they would grow to. After a time, I thought that possibly I might succeed in writing as many as thirty-five, one for each year of her life—these to portray only certain salient phases of her spirit. Eventually, it seemed to me that I might express in this form her whole intellectual life and my own, especially those ideas and feelings we shared in common. With this end in view I jotted down several hundred titles of things most interesting to us and, as the sonnets took form, erased from my sheets one title after another, but as often added others, so that I did not seem to get any nearer to the end.

Of late it has become increasingly evident, owing to the scant time at my disposal for literary work, that the scheme cannot

be carried out, and perhaps it is better that it should not be, since a part of a thing is very often much better than the whole. There can be no harm, however, in giving the titles of those that remain scrappy or unwritten, as an indication of our likes and dislikes, and also as a sort of supplementary confession of faith, curious in some respects, I am aware, for a scientific man to make. Nevertheless, I have no apologies to offer, literature, philosophy and art being quite as interesting to me as science, and also in my judgment quite as useful to the higher interests of the world. Each has its own place and marches under its own banner. Eventually all may be expected to reach the same camp. Those who are not interested may skip my catalogue of ships.

The translations, particularly those from the German, have also a personal interest not apparent on the surface, since most of them are poems we read together in the original, many times over, especially those of Heine.

The photograph prepared by Mr. Edmonston is an enlargement of one I made of her at the sea shore in the summer of 1903 and is very characteristic both in pose and expression.

It was my intention to put into type a prose sketch of her life, but the verse has crowded it out. The reader, however, may like to have the appended pages of memoranda and also this brief judgment of her character written by me in the summer following her death, and engraved on the back of the bronze bust of her made by Mr. U. S. J. Dunbar, the sculptor:

A large, compassionate soul, patient and brave; self-forgetful, self-reliant, slow to anger; loyal, companionable; sweet and gracious in all her ways; a skilled house-wife, fond of her own home and the still inner life; devoted to music and art, to languages and literature; a lover of Nature and of all noble and beautiful things; endowed with a large sense of humor; a keen observer; kind to animals, greatly interested in their habits;

forgiving easily all vices of human weakness; resenting bitterly all deliberate cruelty and injustice. "Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure."

The following outlines were designed to form the basis of the prose sketch.

Ancestry. French Huguenot and English. Father: Dr. Lewis Buffett (1837-1901). Mother: Anna Virginia Perry (1836-1882). Brother: Norman P. Buffett. Both father and mother were born near Troy, N. Y.

Early Life. Cleveland, Ohio. Easton, Maryland. Influence of the Case Library. Farm life in Maryland. Mother died early. Lonely repressed life after this. Few girl friends. Equable disposition.

Married Life. Housekeeping. Marketing. Cuisine. Marriage was for her the entrance into a new and rich life. We were well-mated and never had any disputes. She was not cold or formal or lacking in sensibility, but she had great and very unusual control over her feelings. I never saw her angry but once, and only once before her last illness did I see her shed tears. Then she was tortured with intercostal rheumatism and every breath was a knife-thrust. The fierce and blazing anger was at a man cruelly beating an overloaded horse, and it was effective.

Love of Music. Very great, especially for Beethoven. She played mostly what is called classical music. Many of her sentiments and emotions found expression in the music of the great masters.

Love of Books. The books we read together: Dramatists, poets, novelists, essayists—Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Browning, Schiller, Goethe, Heine, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Matthew Arnold, German lyric poets, Theocritus, Homer, and many more. She took great delight in Charles Lamb; Dickens was her favorite novelist (mine also); Epictetus her beloved Greek. Longfellow and Washington Irving were favorites of her girlhood. In later life, Heine and Robert Browning were her best loved poets. She thought Browning more spirit-

ually robust than Tennyson. At the theater she did not like to hear tragedy. It made her too sad, she said. Fond of folklore. Eager to read about old Egypt.

School Training. This was limited to the high school. Latin and Greek: scanty.

Modern Languages. Great facility in their acquisition. German readings with me. French, ditto. Italian readings. The year following her marriage she read all of Grimm's *Maerchen* (700 pages) three times: first, alone, then with me, then once more to fix the idioms and new words. This was her first attempt at German. After that she was able to read anything and did read many things, novels, poems, plays.

Manual Dexterity. Piano; needle work; basket work. Never had any art training yet made all her own designs. She had short fingers but played the piano very well, though scarcely ever in public.

Love of Nature and the Beautiful. Delicate touch and keen audition. Eye for color and form. Love of the open air: field, forest, sky, open water, sunrise and sunset. The flash of lightning, the sound of rain on the roof, the noise of wind among the branches, the wailing of the sea, all spoke to her unutterable things. She was fond of art and eager to see Italy, especially the galleries of the old masters. With this end in view she had read widely on the history of art. Her tastes were simple. She thought that we over decorate our homes and that the Japanese idea of simplicity in household decoration is nearer right. In figure and movement she was very graceful. People frequently turned to look at her. She sometimes made her own clothes, and often made and decorated her own hats because she could not find beautiful combinations in the shops. She thought the usual dressmaker and milliner very destitute of ideas and good taste, and that there ought to be a fine opening in these trades for women who have a true feeling for harmony of colors, and some sense of the eternal fitness of

things. Often she said: If I were left alone to earn my livelihood, I would try this. She dressed simply and harmoniously, and loved beautiful and simple adornments. Her face suggested Mary Anderson's.

Scientific Side. Phenomenal powers of observation. Interested not in structure or classification, but only or chiefly in the habits of animals: spiders, bees, wasps, ants, reptiles, birds, quadrupeds; ant battles and slave raids, nesting habits and nuptial flights; habits of solitary bees and of solitary wasps; spiders weaving webs, capturing prey; songs of birds, nesting habits, feeding of the young, migrations. She was less interested in plants. Note-taking irksome. Rarely did she record what she saw.

Kindness to Animals. This was almost Buddhistic but not wholly consistent since she ate sparingly of animal food. Great love for horses and dogs. Lost dogs. Tired horses. Stray cats. Often I have seen her stop to pet and say a kind word to some forlorn horse or dog or cat and always the animal responded. Her father taught her to love all dumb things. Not an anti-vivisectionist—too level-headed and intelligent. She understood very well what the earnest experimenter is trying to do for afflicted humanity, and also for the domestic animals.

Sense of Humor. Very keen. If there was a comical side to a situation she always saw it. A large, tolerant, sympathetic spirit. Very generous. Very considerate. Never sarcastic. Never cynical.

Love for Children, and the Poor and Oppressed. The mother heart was strong in her, but no children were born. Always she had sympathy for the poor, the unfortunate, and the aged. Her chief regret was that she had not been able to reach and help more people. Once she said: I think our lives are too selfish. All sorts of people interested her. In Italy the peasants loved her.

Social Side. Few friends, but good ones. The Reading Circle. The Eistophos Club. Quiet raillery at the clamorous news-

paper- and club-woman forever seeking notoriety. She had a gentle winning voice, but was taciturn rather than loquacious. The passionate outcry of women for their "rights," of which we hear so much in these days, passed over her head like a confused clamor of cranes, a noise devoid of sense. She seemed to think her sisters of this type destitute of humor, as indeed many of them are, or they would not make such spectacles of themselves. We went out but little in the later years, owing partly to the increasing weakness of her heart, and partly also to my absorption in scientific work, but the house was always open to our friends, and many were the delightful little gatherings we had, especially on Sunday evenings. Generally we had a supper and then readings from the poets. Her quaint and original way of saying things riveted attention. When we were alone one or the other often read aloud.

Ethics and Religion. Many talks on man's nature and destiny in the still watches of the night when we could not sleep. Her agnosticism. Her charity towards views with which she had no sympathy. She disliked disputes and was often silent under great provocation, lest her plainly spoken words should give pain to the weaker brother or sister. Very few of her acquaintances knew what she really thought. Self reliant. Philosophy of life: stoic. Endurance of physical pain: very great. Prayer: An outreaching, sympathetic, helpful life is the best prayer, and this she prayed daily and continuously. She seldom read the Bible and had no church affiliation. We undertook to read together the Prophet Jeremiah, as literature, but she voted him a great bore, and I believe we did not get any farther with the Prophets, although I had a feeling that she might have liked Isaiah.

The Life to Come. Our doubts. She often said: If there is any life after death, I believe we shall begin it as the little child begins this life, groping about and becoming acquainted first with this and then with that new wonderful thing.

Last Days. Throughout her last illness which continued for eight months, confining her most of the time to her bed, her fortitude and patience were very great. Messages from the sick bed to her friends. Her thoughtfulness for her friends, even when dying. When we discovered and I told her that she had endocarditis with a streptococcal infection of the blood-stream, her first thought was not of herself but of her Italian friends. She feared lest they should have contracted the disease from her, by way of fleas which infested Varese, where she was ill for a long time, and great was her relief when I told her I did not think it possible and gave my reasons. When on the morning of the last day I said to her that she must die, she replied, thinking no doubt of the infinite pain and weariness of it all, "I hope I shall die soon." These were the only words of repining I heard.

In that dark hour I cheered her as best I could, bidding her hold out patiently and bravely to the very end, reading to her Browning's *Prospice*, Milton's sonnet *On his blindness*, and from her beloved Epictetus these words:

"Even as in a sea voyage, when the ship is brought to anchor, and you go out to fetch in water, you make a by-work of gathering a few roots and shells by the way, but have need ever to keep your mind fixed on the ship, and constantly to look round, lest at any time the master of the ship call, and you must, if he call, cast away all those things, lest you be treated like the sheep that are bound and thrown into the hold: So it is with human life also. And if there be given wife and children instead of shells and roots, nothing shall hinder us to take them. But if the master call, run to the ship, forsaking all those things, and looking not behind. And if thou be in old age, go not far from the ship at any time, lest the master should call, and thou be not ready."

And later when I spoke to her of God and repeated the Lord's Prayer with her, she said: "I trust Him." She was conscious to the very end and these were almost her last words. These, and the difficultly whispered name of a dear friend with the one added word—"love!"

There was nothing selfish or petty in this woman's soul and to share her life as I did for thirteen years, was to dwell continuously in the temple of God!

A few of the above topics being partly written out, may be given here for what they are worth.

Charlotte May Buffett was a slender, delicate child, rather reserved and shy, much given to the reading of books, and often to be found in the children's room of the Case Library, in Cleveland, deep in some beautiful treasure. Often she spoke to me of this library and the delightful hours she had spent in it.

A long and severe arthritis when she was a small girl left her with a weak heart and stiffened joints, but her good father patiently massaged her until finally she recovered entirely the use of her limbs, yet the heart injury remained. She had, therefore, throughout life, in whatever she did, to consider whether her weak heart would permit it.

The girl and her father were alike in many ways, and were very intimate during these early formative years. He taught her many interesting and useful things. From him she inherited or acquired broad and tolerant sympathies, and especially a great fondness for animals. He taught her to observe natural objects closely and to reflect on what she saw. The house was always full of pets of one sort or another, often queer ones, *e. g.*, small alligators. After her marriage we had in the house a wild alley cat, a pair of green lizards, a small snapping turtle, two rabbits (my weakness), various fledgling birds, several Australian grass-parrakeets, some Cuban lightning beetles (until the supply of sugar cane gave out), and a nest of ants.

Her father must also have shaped her reading, more or less. She read a great deal in those early years, and generally of the best.

Early also that rhythmic grace, peculiar to her, began to find its natural expression in music. Under good teachers she became devoted to the piano, playing the things she liked with sure touch and much feeling. Here also the things she liked

were the best things. She often spoke very kindly of her Cleveland music teacher, a woman whose name I have forgotten.

Attendance at school seems to have been rather desultory, being broken more or less by illness during those Cleveland years. Summers, the family went into the country, which was her supreme delight. Here were woods, and a lake, and all sorts of interesting things to see and do, especially animals to be observed. She finished the grammar school in Cleveland, I believe, and afterwards had three years or thereabouts of a classical course in the high school in Easton, Maryland. The fourth year's work was dropped by the advice of her father on account of delicate health. During these years she read some Latin, and a little Greek, and much English literature. She did not like mathematics.

Her Maryland years from 16 to 22 were spent on the Miles River farm, where I first met her. They were lonely years which did much to mature her mind and fix her character. Congenial companions were few and her home life unhappy. She was thrown back, therefore, very much on herself and what she could get out of books, music, and nature.

The amusements on the Miles River farm were not very numerous or exciting. Sometimes friends came from a distance to break the monotony of the daily life, or from the village, or from other country houses, but the nearest of the latter were a mile or more away, and the isolation was very real. Indoor she assisted in the housekeeping, and in the entertainment of guests, and there was little time left for music or books. Indeed, most of her reading was done at night after she had gone to her room and was supposed to be in bed. Out of door, in addition to the care of young lambs, chickens, and turkeys, there were wide fields for rambling, and the broad tide-water river for sailing. Inshore were oyster beds and a bathing beach.

In these years she communed much with her own spirit, read avidly in books and in the greater book of Nature.

Of well-thumbed volumes that were her own and which she brought away with her on her marriage, I recall as specially characteristic of her: Grove's Dictionary of Music, the novels of Dickens, Emerson's Essays, and the poems of Milton, Poe, Longfellow, Bryant and Lowell. Bulfinch's Age of Fable had also made a deep impression on her spirit, and to the end of her life she was always a fascinated and eager student of myths and folk-lore.

Her visual powers were remarkable. They far exceeded my own. Out of doors her keen eyes were always prying into the habits of all sorts of living things: ants, spiders, bees, wasps, fish, birds, cats, dogs. Had she cared for classification, which she did not, and been willing to make careful records, she might have become an expert naturalist. Form in nature seemed to interest her little, or at least comparative studies of form. What did interest her tremendously was the grade of intelligence manifested in the lower forms of life. She would spend hours watching the habits of birds and insects, and never without discovering new and interesting things. Whether she looked into the tops of the tallest trees, or the bottom of a stream, or the grass at her feet, she was always finding marvels of adaptation to wonder at, and links binding the world of life into a golden whole. She made lists of all the birds that visited her neighborhood. She knew most of them by their songs, and sometimes distinguished individuals of the same species by little differences in their notes, as once a song-sparrow at Woods Hole, which had two added notes. She knew when they nested and where, how they made their nests, and what food they brought to their young. In studying birds she used an opera glass, not a shotgun. She was, however, a very good shot with the revolver.

One summer on our hillside in some young locust trees, a pair of yellow-billed cuckoos built their nest very close to our windows and a little lower so that she could see all the housekeeping operations. Two eggs were laid and one bird was grown and out of the nest before the other was half fledged.

In our dooryard she discovered a battle of ants which raged furiously for three days with one day's intermission during which they carried off the dead. This was the only battle of ants we ever saw. But every year upon the sidewalks about town we saw ants in swarming masses big as the crown of one's hat. These ants held each other by the jaws and were pushing and pulling but seemed to be at play. Their Olympic games, perhaps. Another year she discovered a small ant that harvested dandelion seeds, and carried them underground, the slender pappus of the seed waving above the head of the ant like a parasol.

At Woods Hole she came running in breathlessly one day to tell me she had discovered a raid of slave-making ants. A nest of some red ant was raiding the nest of a larger but timid black ant. I went out with her and we watched the proceedings the rest of the afternoon. The raiders in large numbers formed two narrow columns each a few inches wide, one going to the nest of the other species, empty-mouthed, the other returning with eggs, larvae, pupae, and mature ants, all carried very gently and without resistance on the part of the black species. We traced them a distance of perhaps 10 or 12 rods across a road, under an old stone wall, and through the tangled grass to an abandoned tennis court where they went into the ground, the whole surface being full of small holes.

At another time, also at Woods Hole, she was witness of an interesting fight between a solitary bee and a bee-like parasite. She was sitting on a bank under a favorite pine tree facing

Little Harbor, when suddenly a bee disturbed her by an angry buzz. She removed to a distance of a few feet and, watching, saw the bee burrow into the bank where she had been seated. After a little while the bee came out again, minus some pollen masses that had been attached to her body, and then carefully closed up the hole. Shortly after a parasitic bee came along, searched about the bank for some time, and finally, discovering the secret chamber, opened and entered it, or was in the act of entering it when she was rudely jerked out by the other bee that for some reason had returned, perhaps to deposit more pollen along with her egg.

Once on our climbing jasmine she discovered a solitary wasp constructing of mud her small egg case, graceful in shape as a Grecian vase. Only the lower tiers were done when she found it, and we watched the insect go and come with mud in its jaws, using them and its feet very skilfully, patting the clay, until the little narrow-necked vase was completed. Then she began to store the jar with small green larvae and finally laid an egg among them, and sealed on a mud cover. After she had gone we removed 27 little green worms, and one white egg, from this vase, but could not begin to get them all back, so exquisitely had they been tucked away.

Once [in 1905] she announced that she had seen a small gray spider eat its own web. This was on the wistaria vine at one corner of our back porch. Being rather skeptical I watched with her the next nightfall. The small gray creature spun its web at the usual hour and waited for its prey, but, as none came immediately, we put a small fly into the web, which it bound with its silken cords and devoured. When it had eaten the fly the spider appeared to be satisfied and again took down its precious web, leaving only a stay-line. It rolled the web into little balls with its feet and then did something with these which at first was not clear to me. But on using a hand-lens I too saw

it thrust the web into its mouth and swallow it. This spider had a yellowish orange thorax, yellow banded legs, and a gray white line down the middle of the abdomen above and below a broader velvet black longitudinal stripe bordered by interrupted yellow lines all on a gray background.

One whole summer she had a nest of fungus-cultivating ants (*Attas*) in the house, in a large covered glass dish, so that she could watch their habits. This is an ant which grows its own food, that is, makes a fungus garden. It occurs in a forest in the vicinity of Washington, and is perhaps the most northern of the fungus-growing species. It was discovered by Mr. Walter T. Swingle, and together we dug the nest out of the earth and brought it into the city. It is related to the leaf-cutting ants of Central and South America, which also make fungus gardens, but this ant grows its fungus not directly on leaves but on the dung-pellets of small leaf-eating larvae which it collects in the deciduous woods of the District of Columbia. We substituted dry oatmeal, the inner peel of oranges, etc., for the soil of their garden. The ants were very sensitive to an undue amount of moisture. When the garden was destroyed by moving it, they carefully rearranged it and threw out all intruding particles.

Several times on warm days in autumn she watched the nuptial flight of ants and saw the queens return, throw off their wings, and enter the earth.

One summer she was very much interested in a wood-boring bee which tried in vain to make a nest in a very resinous hard piece of pine wood forming one of the supports of our back porch. After two or three trials it abandoned the undertaking and flew away. Some weeks later it, or another, returned and made a hole in a softer piece of wood. She said it was the same bee.

The following entries I have culled from her notebook:

November 27, 1898. A strong wind blowing from the north. The crows are blown out of their course in going home to roost.

July 23. Found tonight in the eavestrough a small naked sparrow, not more than two days old. When I approached the old bird flew away. Another small bird appeared to be dead and I did not touch it. Put the bird in a box with a woolen cloth; fed it bread and water.

July 24. The little bird is all right and on looking into the trough this morning found that the other bird was still alive. It is smaller than the first and not as strong and does not swallow as easily. The mother must have fed it and kept it warm during the night. The only signs of feather are two dark lines under the skin on the ———, a patch on top of the head and a line down the middle of the back. The eyes are not yet open.

March 19, 1900. English sparrows, crows, and a small woodpecker having a small red spot on the head have been about all winter. Several weeks ago I heard the song of the snow birds but saw them the first time today.

March 24. The first flock of blackbirds passed today.

April 3. Heard the first robin.

April 23. Saw the flickers for the first time.

April 29. A pair of song sparrows are in the locust trees, singing almost continuously. The first red-headed woodpecker of the season. A cedar bird in the oak trees. A woodpecker, probably the female ——— busily seeking food. The chimney swallows have come and I saw a buzzard today. The latter stays through the whole winter.

April 30. Two birds in the oak trees which look much alike but have different songs. The general color, olive green.

May 1. Sparrow hawk with a bird in its claws.

July 6, 7 and 8, 1902. A spider has every night spun a web on the porch. It does not come out until dusk and then spins its web very rapidly, taking from 20 minutes to a half hour. Web very fine and 18 inches in diameter. Web entirely gone in the morning. Does the spider gather it up each night and use it again?

July 9. Storm coming up about dusk, distant lightning almost continuous. Spider appeared late, 23 minutes after 8. It usually appears from 15 minutes to 8 until 8. It hung about 5 minutes, went back, came out again, spun two short lines, went back, came out again, hung for 15 minutes, went back for good, or at least until 10.30. Storm over then. Did it feel the storm coming?

July 15. A spider spun a web in the same place as the one seen on the 6, 7, 8 and 9th. It is slightly larger and looks fresh or clean, as if it had molted. Two hind legs barred with light and dark gray.

July 18. Spider behaved tonight just as it did before the storm. Evidently a fly a night, as I have been feeding it, is more than it requires.

I have counted only 10 chimney swifts at a time in the sky this summer. This afternoon there are 20 or more. The young are probably out, as some seem slightly smaller and I hear occasionally a note higher in key and not at all like the usual chatter of these birds.

September 24. Found a winged ant on front doorstep. Took it into the house and put it into a glass dish with a glass cover. Put in the dish a small piece of wet sponge, a piece of apple, hard boiled egg and bread. Made the dish dark by covering with black cloth. Did not see ant eat anything. As soon as it was put into the dish the ant tore off its wings but so quickly that I could not see how it was done. It spent much of the time cleaning itself.

September 25. Found the ant this morning on the sponge which was nearly dry. Cleaned the dish and put in larger piece of wet sponge, apple, bread, lean piece of bacon, and bit of fudge. The ant stayed near the sponge for some time, cleaning itself and then went searching about the dish. Later I found it on the apple. The abdomen is slightly extended, perhaps with the liquids it has taken.

2 p. m. Ant on sponge cleaning itself. Later. Ant escaped and could not be found.

December 26. Today Erwin brought home a pair of rabbits, said to be English rabbits. We have put them in the laundry. They look exactly alike in color but one is larger than the other.

December 27. One rabbit seems to be boss, for it takes away food from the other which does not object.

December 28. Last night the rabbits started to dig a hole through the concrete but made little progress.

December 29. The larger rabbit is tamer than the other which is very shy. They seem to care more for eating than anything else and the larger one will let you rub and scratch him if you have something for him to eat while you are doing it. They like carrots, celery, cabbage, grass and potatoes, which they manage to get out of the basket themselves. Turnips they will not touch.

January 3, 1903. The rabbits are getting particular about their food. They will only eat celery tops now.

May 2. Two weeks ago, found the nest of a large red ant on the hillside. This morning there were many small dark ants around it, evidently feeding on something about 2 inches from the nest. I was much surprised to see a red ant seize a small one, turn under its abdomen as if to sting it, and after a little struggle take it into the nest. Several were thus captured and taken in. Then I noticed that two ants were stationed at one of the entrances to the nest and if a small ant strayed near enough seized it and dragged it down the hole. Why did the small ants insist on staying around the nest? Are the large ants slave makers?

One half hour later I looked again. More large ants were to be seen and two were carrying small ants into the nest from some little distance.

May 6. Found ants swarming on Staughton Street near alley. Winged ants have been flying around the lamp at night for some days.

June 8. In Garnatti's *A Recipe for Good Cheere*, I find this: "The dog who smiles with his tail," and it brings to my mind a water spaniel at Woods Hole whose master took her and her puppy to swim every day. She was never quite happy in the water until she could get her tail out and then she swam about waving it above the water. It was not easy to get the wet bushy tail to the top but she always managed to do it.

June 9. About two weeks ago I heard for the first time the kingbird's song. He was sitting on the telephone wire near the house. The song was sweet, not long, and such a surprise to me that I could hardly believe that it was a kingbird.

The yellow throated vireo is building in one of the oak trees again. So far I have heard four distinct notes, the two common ones, one a little like a tree toad, and a call of two rough grating sounds. The wood pewee about the house also has four notes. The usual pe-a-wee of three syllables, a call of two syllables with a falling inflexion, a single note, perhaps the first part of the usual song, and a chirp like the sound made by striking two pebbles together. This last I heard when the sparrows were following him and he was scolding at them.

June 24. A very small black ant, as small as the little red ant found in houses, was swarming in front of the Holmes' house this morning. There was no loose earth around the entrances which were between the bricks in the walk.

October 2. *Lasius latipes* and *Lasius umbratus* swarming at Woods Hole.

Birds seen at Woods Hole between July 11 and October, 1903: Common tern, king fisher, chipping sparrow, robin, cat bird, barn-swallow, purple grackle, song sparrow, parula warbler, gold finch, chewink, chickadee, king bird, red start, yellow-billed cuckoo, crow, humming bird, chimney swift, wild duck, pewee, Maryland yellow throat, brown thrasher, vesper sparrow, yellow-throated vireo, red-winged black bird, roseate tern, marsh hawk, green heron, Henshaw's sparrow, cliff swallow, semi-palmated sand piper, spotted sand piper, least sand piper, turn stone, black-throated green warbler, flicker, loon, black-crowned night heron, summer warbler, black-billed cuckoo, white breasted nuthatch, prairie warbler, herring gull, bluebird, black and white warbler, chestnut sided warbler, red-eyed vireo, Carolina wren, Baltimore oriole, downy woodpecker, purple finch, oven bird, cedar bird, blue jay, pine warbler, veery, quail, golden crowned kinglet, several hawks that I could not identify.

October 10, 11, and 12, 1904. The migratory birds have been going over, and the calls could be heard very distinctly. The nights were somewhat cloudy with mists and the birds must have been flying unusually low. The days were warm but October 13 a cold spell came.

May 7, 1905. The Carolina wren and yellow-billed cuckoo were to be heard for the first time this year; also the pewee. The house wrens returned about two weeks ago and so far I have seen or heard robins, purple grackles,

flickers, red-headed woodpeckers, least fly-catchers, summer warblers, cat birds, blue birds, vireos. Heard the black-poll warbler for the first time on May 27. He has been in the neighborhood for nearly a month.

June 18. For the second time I have seen a sparrow carry rag-weed (*Ambrosia*) into the nest. In pulling down a sparrow's nest on the porch I found fresh yarrow worked into it [bitter plants].

September —. The *Lepisma* appears to change its color according to exposure to light. I noticed that those found among the leaves of stored books were nearly white, those running about the house are a dark gray.

It would scarcely be credited what eager search I have made through her books for traces of her spirit. She seldom indicated favorite passages by pencil markings as I am in the habit of doing. Here and there, however, I have found precious mementoes. These fragments so well indicate certain phases of her thought, and some of them bring her back so vividly, that they may properly find a place here. They belong, most of them at least, between her 13th and her 18th year, but a few of the sad ones later, when she saw clearly that her life could not be a very long one.

Hyp. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?
Vict. No! none!

—*Longfellow: The Spanish Student.*

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.
The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain.

—*Longfellow: An Afternoon in February.*

And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices and the sound of bells.

—*Longfellow: Drift-Wood.*

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.
—*Longfellow: Sandalphon.*

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.
—*Longfellow: Mad River.*

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music.
—*Longfellow: The Song of Hiawatha.*

He the sweetest of all singers,
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman
Pliant as a wand of willow.
—*Longfellow: The Song of Hiawatha.*

The hours I count not
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,
That tells the time as well by night as day.
—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

In happy hours, when the imagination
Wakes like a wind at midnight, and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and listen
To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward.
—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

A generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not room enough
For age and youth upon this little planet.
Age must give way.

—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—*Longfellow: Morituri Salutamus.*

A man that all men honor, and the model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till art and life are one.

—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

There are great truths that pitch their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest
When the light widens into perfect day.

—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

Thou makest full confession; and a gleam
As of the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase.

—*Longfellow: La Divina Commedia.*

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings.

—*Longfellow: The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

Serve yourself, would you be well served.

—*Longfellow: Miles Standish.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

—*Longfellow: The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
—*Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.*

Take all that it can give or lend
But know that *death* is at the end!
—*Longfellow: Haroun Al Raschid.*

Parting with friends is temporary death
As all death is. We see no more their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in memory;
But messages of love give us assurance
That we are not forgotten.
—*Longfellow: Michael Angelo.*

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer!
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor.
—*Bryant: Hymn to Death.*

Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghostly foe
Makes his own nourishment.
—*Bryant: A Forest Hymn.*

They talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—
Pain dies as quickly: stern hard-featured Pain
Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.
The fiercest agonies have shortest reign;
And after dreams of horror comes again
The welcome morning with its rays of peace.
Oblivion softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease;
Remorse is virtue's root; its fair increase
Are fruits of innocence and blessedness:
Thus joy o'erborne and bound, doth still release
His young limbs from the chains that round him press.
Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.
—*Bryant: Mutation.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one, who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant: Thanatopsis.*

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost:

—*Milton: Paradise Lost, I.*

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well.

—*Milton: Paradise Lost, XI.*

Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection.

—*Milton: Samson Agonistes.*

Compelled to breathe indeed, compelled to strive,
Compelled to fear, yet not allowed to hope.

—*William Morris: The Earthly Paradise.*

Against the following she had penciled the word "Life."

What strange confused dreams swept through his sleep!
What fights he fought, nor knew with whom or why;
How piteously for nothing he must weep,
For what inane rewards he still must try
To pierce the inner earth or scale the sky!
What faces long forgot rose up to him!
On what a sea of unrest did he swim!

—*William Morris: The Earthly Paradise.*

And days that ever fall to worse,
And blind lives struggling with a curse
They cannot grasp!

—*William Morris: The Earthly Paradise.*

At her funeral, which was held in our home, and which I conducted myself, believing that she would have preferred it so, since we had scarcely any acquaintances among clergymen or sympathy with their creeds, I read, among other things, part of

Tennyson's Holy Grail, which she thought the noblest and most spiritual of all his verse; Edwin Arnold's After Death in Arabia; Whittier's The Shadow and the Light; and from the Buddhist scriptures the following sayings, which I chose rather than passages from the New Testament because they seemed more appropriate to her temper and spirit and also because she had been familiar with all of them and had lived in their spirit:

Because he has pity upon every living creature, therefore is a man called "holy."

With pure thoughts and fullness of love, I will do towards others what I do for myself.

The member of Buddha's order * * * should not intentionally destroy the life of any being, down even to a worm or an ant.

Now, said he, I will seek a noble law, unlike the worldly methods known to men, * * * and will fight against the mischief wrought upon man by sickness, age, and death.

Watch your thoughts. Control your tongue.

Be pure and live with the pure. Pure in word and deed and heart.

May I speak kindly and softly to every one I chance to meet.

For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love; this is an old rule.

Not from weeping or grieving will any obtain peace of mind.

The practice of religion involves as a first principle a loving, compassionate heart for all creatures.

Not by birth does one become low caste, not by birth a Brāhmana; by his deeds he becomes low caste, by his deeds he becomes a Brāhmana.

Whosoever * * * harms living beings * * * and in whom there is no compassion for them, let us know such as a "base-born."

At the end of life the soul goes forth alone; whereupon only our good deeds befriend us.

Whatsoever a man has done, whether virtuous or sinful deeds, not one of them is of little importance; they all bear some kind of fruit.

Be kind to all that lives. Not hurting any creature.

What is goodness? First and foremost the agreement of the will with the conscience.

The Royal Prince, perceiving the tired oxen, * * * the men toiling beneath the midday sun, and the birds devouring the hapless insects, his heart was filled with grief, as a man would feel upon seeing his own household bound in fetters: thus was he touched with sorrow for the whole family of sentient creatures.

Like a * * * flower that is rich in color, but has no scent, so are the fine * * * words of him who does not act accordingly.

If only the thoughts be directed to that which is right, then happiness must necessarily follow.

I love living things that have no feet, * * * four-footed creatures, and things with many feet. * * * May all creatures, all things that live, all beings of whatever kind, may they all behold good fortune.

He who lives far from me yet walks righteously, is ever near me.

The Scripture saith: "Be kind and benevolent to every being, and spread peace in the world. * * * If it happen that thou see anything to be killed, thy soul shall be moved with pity and compassion. Ah! how watchful should we be over ourselves!"

When first I undertook to obtain wisdom, then also I took on me to defend (the weak). All living things of whatsoever sort call forth my compassion and pity.

The body may wear the ascetic's garb, the heart may be immersed in worldly thoughts; * * * the body may wear a worldly guise, the heart mount high to things celestial.

He who * * * is tender to all that lives * * * is protected by heaven and loved by men.

Day and night the mind of Buddha's disciples always delights in compassion.

Hell was not created by any one. * * * The fire of the angry mind produces the fire of hell, and consumes its possessor. When a person does evil, he lights the fire of hell, and burns with his own fire.

He who does wrong, O King, comes to feel remorse * * * But he who does well feels no remorse, and feeling no remorse, gladness will spring up within him.

The present is an imperfect existence: * * * I pray for greater perfection in the next.

The world is afflicted with death and decay; therefore the wise do not grieve, knowing the terms of the world.

I also read the following chapter from Rolleston's Epictetus:

1. Seek not to have things happen as you choose them, but rather choose them to happen as they do, and so shall you live prosperously.

2. Disease is a hindrance of the body, not of the Will, unless the Will itself consent. Lameness is a hindrance of the leg, not of the Will. And this you may say on every occasion, for nothing can happen to you but you will find it a hindrance not of yourself but of some other thing.

3. What, then, are the things that oppress us and perturb us? What else than opinions? He that goeth away and leaveth his familiars and companions and wonted places and habits—with what else is he oppressed than his opinions? Now, little children, if they cry because their nurse has left them for a while, straightway forget their sorrow when they are given a small cake. Wilt thou be likened unto a little child?

—“Nay, by Zeus! for I would not be thus affected by a little cake, but by right opinions.”

And what are these?

They are such as a man should study all day long to observe—that he be not subject to the effects of any thing that is alien to him, neither of friend, nor place, nor exercises; yea, not even of his own body, but to remember the Law, and have it ever before his eyes. And what is the divine Law? To hold fast that which is his own, and to claim nothing that is another's; to use what is given him, and not to covet what is not given; to yield up easily and willingly what is taken away, giving thanks for the time that he has had it at his service. This do—or cry for the nurse and mamma; for what doth it matter to what or whom thou art subject, from what thy welfare hangs? Wherein art thou better than one who bewails himself for his mistress, if thou lament thy exercises and porticoes and comrades, and all such pastime? Another cometh, grieving because he shall no more drink of the water of Dirce. And is the Marcian water worse than that of Dirce?

—“But I was used to the other.”

And to this also thou shalt be used; and when thou art so affected towards it, lament for it too, and try to make a verse like that of Euripides—

“The baths of Nero and the Marcian stream.”

Behold how tragedies are made, when common chances happen to foolish men!

4.—“But when shall I see Athens and the Acropolis again?”

Wretched man! doth not that satisfy thee which thou seest every day? Hast thou aught better or greater to see than the sun, the moon, the stars, the common earth, the sea? But if withal thou mark the way of Him that governeth the whole, and bear Him about within thee, wilt thou still long for cut stones and a fine rock? And when thou shalt come to leave the sun itself and the moon, what wilt thou do? Sit down and cry, like the children? What, then, wert thou doing in the school? What didst thou hear, what didst thou learn? Why didst thou write thyself down a philosopher, when thou mightest have written the truth, as thus: *I made certain beginnings, and read Chrysippus, but did not so much as enter the door of a philosopher?* For how shouldst thou have aught in common with Socrates, who died as he died, who lived as he lived—or with Diogenes? Dost thou think that any of these men lamented or was indignant because he should see such a man or such a woman no more? or because he should not dwell in Athens or in Corinth, but, as it might chance, in Susa or Ecbatana? When a man can leave the banquet or the game when he pleases, shall such a one grieve if he remains? Shall he not, as in a game, stay only so long as he is entertained? A man of this stamp would endure such a thing as perpetual exile or sentence of death.

Wilt thou not now be weaned as children are, and take more solid food, nor cry any more after thy mother and nurse, wailing like an old woman?

—"But if I quit them I shall grieve them."

Thou grieve them? Never; but that shall grieve them which grieveth thee—Opinion. What hast thou then to do? Cast away thy own bad opinion; and they, if they do well, will cast away theirs; if not, they are the causes of their own lamenting.

5. Man, be mad at last, as the saying is, for peace, for freedom, for magnanimity. Lift up thy head, as one delivered from slavery. Dare to look up to God and say: *Deal with me henceforth as thou wilt; I am of one mind with thee; I am thine. I reject nothing that seems good to thee; lead me whithersoever thou wilt, clothe me in what dress thou wilt. Wilt thou have me govern or live privately, or stay at home, or go into exile, or be a poor man, or a rich? For all these conditions I will be thy advocate with men—I show the nature of each of them, what it is.*

Nay, but sit in a corner and wait for thy mother to feed thee?

6. Who would Hercules have been if he had sat at home? He would have been Eurystheus, and not Hercules. And how many companions and friends had he in his journeying about the world? But nothing was dearer to him than God; and for this he was believed to be the son of God, yea, and was the son of God. And trusting in God, he went about purging away lawlessness and wrong. But thou art no Hercules, and canst not purge away evils not thine own? nor yet Theseus, who cleared Attica of evil things? Then clear away thine own. From thy breast, from thy mind cast out, instead of Procrustes and Sciron, grief, fear, covetousness, envy, malice, avarice, effeminacy, profligacy. And these things cannot otherwise be cast out than by looking to God only, being affected only by him, and consecrated to his commands. But choosing anything else than this, thou wilt follow with groaning and lamentation whatever is stronger than thou, ever seeking prosperity in things outside thyself, and never able to attain it. For thou seekest it where it is not, and neglectest to seek it where it is.

Nevertheless, the year after her death I was as one daft, and, either actually or in memory, wandered about all the places we had frequented together, trying to bring back more vividly her rare and beautiful self, her every gesture, look, and word. It was then that I began a series of letters to her, of which the following are parts of two:

WOODS HOLE, MASS.,
Sunday, August 11, 1907.

We came uneventfully yesterday, stopping over for four hours only on Friday in New York. Agnes had never seen the city so I took her about showing her lower Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The Sound was very quiet and the morning across Buzzard's Bay fresh and beautiful—life seemed almost worth living again as the sweet sea air blew over me. Agnes was enjoying every moment of it, all new to her. I was thinking of you,

my dear, wondering whether your quiet ghost would miss me from the accustomed home and grieve, knowing not where to find me, or whether your spirit would flit along with me to this other familiar place.

I know not whether you now lead a conscious life and if so to what extent you can follow mine. If you haunt the old home I am sure you will remember it is summer time and that we were wont to go away then and so will wait for my return. If you are not tied to places and can follow my goings and comings, as I like to believe, then you will know where to find me.

I am in our old room facing the shaded roadway and the Little Harbor. It seemed good to come here again, both because everything in the room reminds me of you, and the dear old days when we were together here, and because it will not seem a strange place to your spirit, if you can come too.

It is a windless morning. There was a heavy dew, and sun and fog are now contending. People are going and coming from church. Agnes has just returned from mass. I sit at the west window where we so often sat reading together. The peace of God is in my heart and I feel no need of any church or any mediator. When I have finished this I am going to take my church reading the Idyls of the King. Since you have gone I have been intolerably lonely at times and it has been a kind of solace to re-read the poets. In this way I have passed many an hour. When I was in the hospital I read all of Tennyson's dramas, and since coming out I have begun at the beginning of his works to read all *in course*. In this way I have got as far as the last of the Idyls, and have found a number of interesting things which hitherto, with all my browsings in Tennyson, I had never read carefully. I am planning to read other English poets in the same way, from cover to cover, and not in the old desultory fashion. For this purpose I brought Robert Browning with me—not our old thin-paper edition, but the four-volume one (Tauchnitz edition) which you read in Italy. I shall think many times as I read it how your fingers lingered lovingly over the pages—this summer a year ago, under the shadow of the Alps. Alas, how much of fate may be wrapped up in a little year!

I brought many notes and manuscripts relating to scientific things, for I hope to finish, or nearly finish, the second volume of my book while here this summer and autumn, but only a few heart books—Plato's Republic, and Giovanni Marradi's poems being about all. Later I thought I would send for a dainty Italian edition of Dante's *La Vita Nuova* with illustrations from Rossetti. If I finish Tennyson and Browning this summer I shall do very well, although I hope also to do the same with Plato and Marradi.

Yesterday I wandered all about the fields and shore, seeing many pleasant places we have enjoyed together in the vanished years. My heart was heavy and the tears would fall, as they are doing now. I seemed to be the ghost of my old self, seeking in vain for a beloved spirit. Where are you, my dear? I cannot think you have perished utterly. You live at least in my memory as vividly as ever.

WOODS HOLE, MASS.,

(3 p. m.), October 8, 1907.

This is your birthday. A fierce gale tore down branches and vexed the sea all night, and still roars, driving the rain and tossing the salt spray wildly. It is a bitter day for sailors and we shall no doubt hear of many wrecks. Some lines from Tennyson's *Ulysses* have been running through my head: "On shore, and when, thro' scudding drifts, the rainy Hyades vexed the dim sea: I am become a name," etc. How we loved these old myths! I write on a table in the laboratory, all alone, with heart fit to break. Alas, how melancholy one can be even in the midst of people! and how miserably alone! Ah, well, we must bear bravely as we can what time and the fates have assigned us, so fulfilling our doom, or our mission, as one looks at it.

For days I have looked ahead to this day as peculiarly yours. Now that it is here and I am a part of it, let me send greeting to you by whatsoever far sea or shore you wander. I cannot think of you as utterly dead: so sweet a spirit, so brave and patient a soul, should have a better fate, and, please God, may it be yours. Surely, if He is our Father then are we His children, and if children, heirs, as St. Paul puts it. I have not much liking for St. Paul, but drowning men catch at straws and this thought of his may be something much more substantial than drifting rubbish.

I pray daily for the peace of your soul and think of you, when I am not perplexed with doubts, as having entered into some other existence of His, where forever you are to grow in a knowledge of this infinite Universe of God, and into a light and peace of which we in this dim earth-life can have no comprehension. Even if this were true, are you not forever lost to me? You will have made such vast advances, and I am such poor material to begin with, and then, too, space is so infinite, His worlds so many, and the chances of finding you so slight! Unless, indeed, your unseen sweet presence should be very near to me all the time, like the *Daemon* of Socrates. This feeling offers most comfort, but I am not always firm set in it, but rather tossed about, hoping and fearing by turns. I was never very eager for life after death till you went away. Now I long for it inexpressibly for your dear sake, and also I am full of a desire to be joined unto you in that new life whatever it be, dim or bright, good or bad, if the *Oversoul* will only grant it.

You are mine still, by the strength of that love which bound us, and I must think of you as not yet so far on in that other spiritual existence, that you do not take interest in what interests me, and in the things which formerly would have given you joy. So let me confide in you as of old, divide with you all my joys and sorrows, beloved.

The sunshine has broken through the storm clouds and irradiates the room. I will take it for a good omen. It almost gives me joy in my loneliness, I am so much a creature of the sun. Indeed, it is no wonder to me that the first men worshipped him as a God. How could they do otherwise! seeing his glory, feeling his warmth, eating the fruit of his harvests!

It is many days since I have written to you and many things have happened which you would have enjoyed. I have wandered over your woodland paths, have sat by the sea in your favorite spots, have listened to the birds, watched all the outdoor life, sailed the seas, and tramped the fields we knew so well, with you always in mind. A thousand things, often very trivial ones, as a cat on a wall, have reminded me of you. I do not like cats, but for your sake I stooped down and petted the creature as I have seen you do so often with tender comforting words for the blind life in the beast, which wrought always such tenderness and wealth of love in your considerate heart. St. Francis of Assisi was not more tender to all that lives than you, my gentle wife: true disciple of Buddha were you, as much as lies in any of us Occidentals to be, and tender hearted toward all the dumb creation, and whatever had no voice, or means of self-defense. Why you should have been so more than myself or another, I know not, only you were, and it is one of the traits that serves to single you out conspicuously from all I have ever known. Where I, not cruel, would have passed by with indifference, your heart expressed itself in a sympathetic word or gesture, showing ever the thoughtful, tender, beautiful soul, unselfish and helpful, beyond most!

"O strong soul, by what shore tarriest thou now?"

Often since her death I have thought of her in connection with Henrietta Renan and have applied to her what Renan says of his beloved sister. (*Lettres Intimes*, pp. 77-78)

Nous ignorons les rapports des grandes ames avec l'infini; mais si, comme tout porte à le croire, la conscience n'est qu'une communion passagère avec l'univers, communion qui nous fait entrer plus au moins avant dans le sein de Dieu, n'est-ce pas pour les ames comme celle-ci que l'immortalité est faite? Si l'homme a le pouvoir de sculpter, d'après un modèl divin qu'il ne choisit pas, une grande personnalité morale, composée en parties égales et de lui et de l'idéal, ce qui vit avec une pleine réalité, assurément c'est cela. Ce n'est pas la matière que est, puis-qu'elle n'est pas une; ce n'est pas l'atome qui est, puisqu'il est inconscient. C'est l'âme qui est, quand elle a vraiment marqué sa trace dans l'histoire éternelle du vrai et du bien. Qui, mieux que mon amie, accomplit cette haute destinée? Enlevée au moment ou elle atteignait la pleine maturité de sa nature, elle n'eut jamais été plus parfait. Elle était parvenue au sommet de la vie vertueuse; ses vues sur l'univers ne seraient pas allées plus loin; la mesure du dévouement et de la tendresse pour elle était comble.

* * * * *

Elle est morte presque sans récompense. * * * La récompense, à vrai dire, elle n'y pensa jamais. * * * La vertu n'était pas chez elle le fruit d'une théorie, mais le résultat d'un pli absolu de natur. Elle fit le bien, pour le bien et non pour son salut. * * * Que son souvenir nous reste comme un précieux argument de ces vérités éternelles que chaque vie vertueuse contribue à démontrer.

Following these fragmentary notes I have placed parts of three of her letters (describing Baracoa and Naples), and an appreciation by two of her neighbors who describe better than I could hope to do it certain of her salient traits.

At her request I burned her body, and I have thrown her ashes into the sea and scattered them along the shore of her beloved Woods Hole (*vide* Sonnet XXXVI).

Upon the reverse of the beautiful low relief of her face made by Mr. Victor D. Brenner, the sculptor, he engraved the following words from Victor Hugo's drama, *Les Burgraves*, which may fittingly close this introduction:

* * * Souffrir,
Rêver, puis s'en aller. C'est le sort de la femme.



BARACOA.

[*April, 1904.*]

Baracoa is the most quaint and foreign place we have yet seen. Situated on a small harbor, surrounded by palm-covered mountains, the low, red-tiled, brightly colored houses climbing up the hill, highest of all the old Spanish fort, with blue stuccoed walls and red-tiled roof, and the ocean stretching away to the east and thundering on the coral shore—it has a most picturesque aspect.

Last week was Holy Week, and we have had the opportunity of seeing processions and ceremonies which make one think of the Middle Ages. Our hotel faces the triangular plaza at the broad end of which is the Catholic Church, a rude brick building, not very old, and poorly furnished and very dirty. The Cubans are indifferent to dirt to a degree very offensive to northern people. The church has few seats and the people bring their own chairs and rugs. The swallows fly in and out of the building and dogs wander about it at will.

Holy Thursday was a quiet day. In the evening the band played on the plaza and the people walked about and chatted and ate sweets. The band has been prominent during all the ceremonies, and to say that it plays out of tune and time is a poor description. I never heard such discord in all my life. Good Friday there was mass in the early morning and at noon a procession. Heading the procession came the band, then from one side of the church came — bearing images nearly life-size of the Virgin Mary, dressed in a black velvet robe embroidered with silver stars, and trimmed with gold braid at the bottom, borne on a platform carried on the shoulders of four men. These men walked with slow, short steps, and as the figure of Mary was not very securely fastened, it gave the effect of moving along with a sort of dancing step which was very ridiculous. A third procession bearing an image of Christ

started from the other side of the church. This Christ had on a red wig with a crown of thorns, carried a cross over one shoulder and was clothed in a coarse dark green robe. This [image] was carried on a platform preceded by a fat crafty priest. These two images met at the narrow end of the plaza where they were made to bow to each other and then they went down the middle of it into the church, the Christ first. During the parade the people mingled freely in the procession, laughing and talking. Afterward I saw a middle-aged woman go on her knees across the whole length of the gravel-covered plaza, carrying in her hand a bunch of purple artificial flowers. I think she must have been a widow for five small children walked beside her. Late in the afternoon a life-size image of Christ in a glass coffin with big lanterns at each corner followed by the Virgin was carried all around the town and as the procession reached the back part of the church the priest burned red fire, and as the images were carried down the plaza into the church the red fire was burned at intervals. Good Friday is one of the great feast days, and Saturday was comparatively quiet. Early Sunday morning I was awakened by the band and noise of the people. I stuck my head out of the window and saw that there was another procession. I dressed in a hurry but found it had passed. After going all around the town it returned. First in the procession was a life-size standing figure of the resurrected Christ, naked with the exception of a piece of cream satin, embroidered at one end, tied around the waist. The platform on which he was carried was decorated with paper flowers and at each corner was a doll-like angel about three feet high. Two small altar boys with ragged vestments, one carrying a cross, followed; next a dozen small girls walking two and two, then at each side of the street a line of larger girls bearing lighted tapers, then two small boys carrying lighted lanterns. The priest bearing the

host [came] next, under a red canopy carried by six young girls, and last the band. As this went through the plaza to the church the priest saw a man with a camera trying to take his picture. He stopped the whole procession, made the crowd move back, and saw that everyone was perfectly posed, and after the picture was taken all moved on again. This ended the parade. The people hurried away to the ball of the white people which began at 9 o'clock and lasted until noon. There was a funeral immediately after the procession. The coffin was carried only to the entrance of the church. The priest took his cigar out of his mouth, repeated a short service, put his cigar into his mouth and walked away to the ball. He took so much liquor that he wanted to make speeches continually, and did make four or five. The religious ceremony seemed serious and solemn to the old alone. The young people have a good time and laugh and talk and gossip.

Early in the morning a figure of Judas was thrown into the sea and in the afternoon they punished him as badly (this was not a part of the [church] ceremony). On the open place before the sea he was tied upright on a ladder and was burned to the joy of the people, especially when the big firecrackers inside of him exploded one after another carrying away legs and arms.

After dark there were fireworks on the plaza and the band played and the people paraded. The black population had a ball in their clubhouse and the mulattoes in theirs.

A large greased pole with a ham at the top was set up in this place also and two coconut-tree climbers tried to get to the top. They did not succeed but we heard that the ham was divided between them to pay for the amusement they furnished the crowd.

I expect you will be shocked at this account but we are getting used to shocking things. If you imagine the smaller children of Staughton street (five or six years and under) going about the

yards and streets stark naked, you will have a good idea of what we see here every day. We often see ten or twelve in a walk about town, sometimes entirely naked, and again clothed with shoes, or a pair of ear rings or a bracelet of beads.

The place is extremely isolated. There is no railroad, nor are there good roads, only mule-trails back into the country, and boats stop at infrequent intervals. If one has good luck he can get a letter to Washington in twelve days. The population is 4,000, and there is one coach and one cart in town for riding. I don't know any better place to get into a new world than here, if one is after sensations. We shall probably remain here for several weeks as there is much disease among the palms, and everything goes on in the slow Spanish way, *mañana* (tomorrow) being always better than today for going anywhere or doing anything.



NAPLES.

[*March 16, 1906.*]

A city of contrasts: electric cars, automobiles, donkeys, small horses, oxen; oxen and horses hitched together, horses and donkeys; goats and cows driven through the streets to houses desiring milk, the goats seeming to know the way and the man with them only necessary to keep them from loitering; people clean and dressed in the prevailing fashion, and people dirty, dressed in rags and more picturesque; houses less brilliant in color than in Cuba; men pounding maize in the street at night in great metal vases; everywhere dirt and smells; Vesuvius always beautiful and especially so toward sunset, offering free a most beautiful picture. English daisies are in blossom, marigolds and oleanders. Some of the trees are just budding. Perhaps the last of April or first of May would correspond to this in Washington. The fruit-stands are gay with lemons and oranges and today we saw from the hotel window a ragged beggar girl of about twelve years buy a glass of some red drink and then bend down and tell her little sister she could drink *so much*, indicating with her finger, and then by turns the glass was emptied. We were too far away to see if the division was equal but by the care taken we judged it was. This morning we saw some of the coral shops and I was interested to learn that only one kind of coral comes from this vicinity (Sicily), most of it and the best being sent from Japan and worked into commercial shape in Naples. The grass grows on many of the tiled roofs and parts of the Central Station roofs are quite green. All this afternoon a bat has been flying around, very early it would be for American bats, and now there are two instead of one. The English sparrow appears to be missing. The iron posts carrying trolley wires and electric wires are very artistic. There is much improvement to be made in American cities along that line. Street pianos are here. Was this their original home?

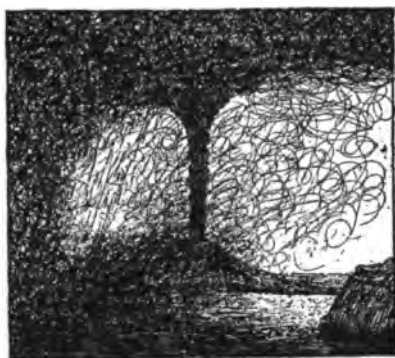
[April 25, 1906.]

Naples is beautifully situated and round about it there are many fine views. The city itself with its narrow streets, many stairs and curious people, is very interesting. All domestic occupations are done out of doors. Women dress and nurse the children, look over their heads as monkeys do, comb each others hair, wash, dress, cook, sew, all outside of their doors, utterly indifferent to the passers by. It is this that makes it appeal so much to the artist.

We were very fortunate to be in Naples when the eruption of Vesuvius began, and saw almost the beginning of it from one of the hills near the city. The mountain had been quite normal during the first part of our stay. On the north side of it there were two streams of lava plainly visible at night as two great streaks, changing position each night, and along with this only a little steam-cloud from the crater. That afternoon the mountain began to send up every once in a while great puffs of very black smoke and before we came home the smoke hung over the bay in a long streamer that looked as if it were slowly sifting down ashes as one sometimes sees distant rain dropping from a summer cloud. That night there was a slight fall of sand-like ashes in the city, which continued until nearly noon next day. We went out to see the palace in the morning, carrying umbrellas and with veils over our faces. Thursday night the wind again brought ashes to Naples, and the mountain looked so threatening that we decided to go to Sorrento, which is 7 miles farther from the volcano than Naples, and from here we had an uninterrupted view of the great eruption, the wind always blowing away from us and carrying the ashes the other way. For eight days the city of Naples was hidden in this ash cloud and during that time received an ash fall from 1 to 4 inches, deepest on the side toward the mountain. From Sorrento we saw the volcano sending up a great swirling column of ashes to

a height of nearly five miles which then spread out like a great tree-top, extending upward four or five miles more and covering miles in area. At night we saw the red-hot lava run down the sides of the mountain, the volcanic lightning playing in the ash-cloud, and red-hot stones weighing tons thrown high into the air and then rolling down the steep dark slopes. Day and night there was a distant rumbling sound. It was a wonderful sight, awful in its destructive power. After the worst of this eruption was over we drove to Boscotrecasa which had been almost destroyed by lava. My idea of a lava flow had been that it was a smooth stream of melted rock, flowing very slowly, but instead of this it was like great chunks of coke, tumbling one over the other, and crushing everything in its way. The stream we saw was about 300 feet wide (the Doctor says 500 feet) and 12 feet high. We climbed up on the hot mass but did not stay long on account of the heat and for fear of burning our shoes. Too much praise cannot be given the Italian soldiers who stood guard in the intense heat along the lava streams while they were still moving. They got the people out of their houses, turned the current aside where they could by blasting, and kept order. We saw so many soldiers in Naples that we wondered what could be their use, little thinking how soon we should see their bravery. Here we saw processions of women and children with hair hanging down their backs, crowns of thorns on their heads, carrying a cross with a cloth on it (the meaning of which I do not know), walking to the lava flow and singing. I suppose this must have been in fulfillment of a vow made before the lava flow ceased. We were told that during the worst day the images were taken out of the churches and carried to the lava with prayers. Saint Januarius many years ago is said to have miraculously stopped an eruption, and in one of the squares in Naples is his statue with hand raised toward the mountain. To this saint

the people of Naples appealed but this time he was not pleased with them, and the eruption continued. After seeing the lava we drove around to the northeast side of the mountain where the villages were destroyed. At first the fields had a slight coating of dust, then a few cinders, which finally became so deep that we could drive no farther. The vineyards, that a week before had been beautifully green, were now a desert. Men were shovelling so that it would be possible to carry aid to the sufferers. Every once in a while a cart carrying a few of the household goods of some family would pass, the poor little donkey having in some way managed to pull through the ashes. Army wagons, drawn by four strong horses, with picks, shovels and litters for the dead and wounded, and bags for the household belongings slowly made their way past us. I did not go any farther, but beyond were villages without a roof on a house; men, women and children on heaps of ashes with a little sacking for cover; and everywhere cinders and stones from 2 to 6 feet deep. The people in their fright—



In Memoriam.

It is difficult to find words for the things that stir us most deeply, and in the thought of the life that has gone on before us, I feel most inclined to say:

“Silence here, for love is silent;
Gazing at the lessening sail.”

I shall not incline to speak to you of a dear neighbor or my loved friend, but, as the one who introduced her to membership in this Club, I would like to say a few words as to her rare qualifications for such membership.

She was always a student, always eager to learn, with the utmost reverence for the truth, and her study was always a means to some desired end. German, to which she devoted much time, was the gateway to the enjoyment of the rich treasures of its literature; Italian, she put to a similar use, but found also a great pleasure in learning something of the lives of Italian residents, peddlers, fruit-dealers, etc., through her ability to speak to them in their own tongue. She was rarely conversant with English literature, having the strength of mind to do what we often speak of as desirable and so seldom do—spend more time with the classics of our literature, when it involves leaving unread the story of the moment. She was always fully conversant with current scientific literature, and there was no one to whom it was more natural to turn for the latest word on those topics.

But this student habit of mind was not the quality that suggested to me first or most strongly the mutual pleasure that would come from her membership in this Club. Her powers and patience of observation were phenomenal, and her interest in living things always eager and unflagging. She was interested in plants, especially those of peculiar or marked characteristics, but I think she cared little for their classification and seldom

used a botanical name, but a peculiarity of growth or a marked individuality always attracted her. Experiments in the crossing of species, little experiments in the conditions of environment, even if it only consisted in moving a plant to the other side of the yard, roused her sympathetic interest. The last time she was in my house, I remember so well her stopping on the steps to look at a vine that was protecting itself from threatened injury by friction by a thick cork-like growth; that was just the sort of thing that she always saw.

Her love for all forms of animal life was even more enthusiastic. Her own household pets, and she had some curious ones, always had for her a very distinct personality, and nothing ever roused her anger so quickly and thoroughly as any form of cruelty to a living creature.

Birds were a constant delight to her, and it seemed to me that she never missed the flutter of a wing or the faintest note. Some things, some of us *learn* to see, but with her it never appeared to have to be learned, and the vague indefinite sound of migratory birds at night would waken her, as a child's cry wakens a mother.

Birds were only a part of the intensely interesting life that surrounded her, the spiders that spun their webs on her porch, the wasps and bees that made their homes, or sought their food within her sight, the ants that worked or fought or traveled near her path were objects of deep interest, and most painstaking patient study.

I have never known a nature in which were so remarkably joined the poise and judgment of maturity, and the eager enthusiastic outreach of a child. There was never a trace of pedantry in Mrs. Smith, and she shrank from public speech, but when she had something that she wished to tell, she told it with utter unconsciousness of herself, and an absorption in her subject that was beautiful.

Her study for her next paper for the Club commenced last winter, and had been a source of much interest and no little amusement to her—it was a view of popular science of two hundred years ago, worked out largely from Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. She had made a long list of curious definitions but when the trip abroad became assured she said: "I shall hope to have something of more live interest for the Club when I come back."

She was in Naples last spring, at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius, and her descriptions of the event were most characteristic, her interest in the phenomena almost precluding any thought of personal discomfort or danger.

All too soon, it seems to us, this charming unusual life came to its earthly close, but it is very easy to think of its continuance beyond our sight, for the childlike spirit is of the Kingdom of God.

GERTRUDE TAYLOR.

EISTOPHOS CLUB,

January 11, 1907.

Copy of notes from which a few words were spoken in remembrance of Mrs. Erwin F. Smith, at a meeting of the Eistophos Science Club, shortly after her death.

L. C. W.

From the time Mrs. Smith came upon our street a girl-bride, nearly fifteen years ago, I felt that she was a beautiful woman, and was drawn to her as an older woman often is to one so fresh and attractive standing upon the threshold of a new life: as I saw her frequently, and learned to know her, this beauty impressed itself upon me more and more. Its visible expression was of the classical type—the low brow about which grew so prettily an abundance of soft, brown hair; her regular features and clear

complexion were suited to the tall, slender figure of easy carriage. Her dress was simple but harmonious, browns relieved by touches of soft pink were specially becoming to her. We all recall her sweet expression, and the serenity with which she moved. Her mind, too, as has been said, was of the Greek type—she loved music, art and languages; her favorite writers were the old Greek poets and philosophers.

I have a post card sent from Rome last spring, my last direct communication from her, in which she says, "A week is too short in which to see this Imperial City." She enjoyed most thoroughly and intelligently the opportunities for wide culture and travel that came in the latter part of her too short life.

I feel that our friend who has just gone from our sight, had a beautiful soul; she loved all things true and good, lived her life conscientiously, and with a thought for others. She faced death bravely, and fell asleep peacefully and I am glad that upon her flower-laden casket, gleamed the words of the Christ—"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."



ODES AND SONGS.

Thou art gone, O gracious wife, who
didst carry off the palm in bloom of beauty
and in bearing of soul; Prote wert thou
truly called, for all else came second to
those inimitable graces of thine.

—*Crinagoras*,

(Mackail's Greek Anthology.)

FORTITUDE.

Fortitude! thy name should be engraved
On pillars of stone set at the gateways of the world,
That all who see may read and ponder!
The swinish herd of men know not thy name
Nor worship at thy lofty shrines,
But the godlike souls who have embraced thee
Shine splendid as the stars in heaven!
Thou hast another name, great attribute!
The fairest known to men, the sweetest on the tongue,
Symbol mysterious of earth and heaven:
The new heaven and the new earth,
Resplendent, seen by John in vision!
A name compelling noble deeds,
Fragrant with all the blossom-dust of time,
And wreathed about with sacred immortelles.
Fortitude, thy fairer name is woman!

Johns Hopkins Hospital,
May, 1907.

THE BELLS OF SANTO SPIRITO.*

I.

Dreamers by Arno stream in the perfect May time,
The world of Florence filled our souls!
For thee, O Bella Bellissima, how long our hearts have yearned!
Thy realm of beauty is now our own—can its charms be told?
Old palaces, bridges, gardens, and towers;
Old pictures and monuments, churches and fountains;
The cradle of villa-crowned hills, the delectable mountains;
A vision of cypress and olive, of roses and fleur-de-lys;
Galileo's tower; Michael Angelo's house with the Lapithae;
The dim old Baptistery Dante extols,
Nel mio bel San Giovanni his cadence rollst;
Taddeo Gaddi's arch; Brunelleschi's dome,
Akin to the mightier one of Angelo in Rome;
The Bargello grim, to Art's dear uses turned,
But echoing still for us, as in days of old,
To din of arms, to roar of flames, and many a hopeless cry;
Via Tornabuoni; the Market of flowers;
The splendid Viale winding o'er the hills;
The surly green swirling flood, the soft blue sky;
The gay crowds on Lungarno, the somber Cascine;
The Madonnas in cardinal, azure and gold:
In a dream of wonder these together were ours,
Blent with the blossoming, carolling rapture of May.
As in those of old when the Master was near, our hearts
responsive burned,
While ever were ringing the clangorous bells of Santo Spirito—
O joyous bells, pealing bells!

*Celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of the patron saint, Nicola di Tolomene, May, 1906.

†*Inferno*, XIX, 17. In Dante's time San Giovanni was open to the sky and full of sunshine.

II.

It is May time again, blossom-fragrant, exuberant May!

I am far from the gray old city of flowers,
But my fancies are gray as the gray of her towers.

The May time returns, but my love delays,
I shall see no more her beautiful face,
The smile divine revealing her inner grace,
But in spirit I walk with her the accustomed ways,
And most of all the paths of the last sad year,
Willing with her evermore to abide,

On the sunny hills, inclining to Arno strand.
So whenever I hear a resonant, deep-toned bell
Clang and peal from a church-tower near,
The somber hour from my fancy strays,
And the floodgates of memory are opened wide:

I wander with her the enchanted Tuscan land,
The land of all lands to the heart most dear,
Beholding girt by our magic mirror's rim,
The laughter and tears, the hopes and fears, the wistful faces dim,
The sad sweet songs of the vanished throngs of the Mediæval days.

The sonorous bell holds my spirit in thrall,
Its undulant tones the glimmering visions recall,
The centuries rise and fall, the multitudes come and go,
In a tapestry woven of dreams the pageants ebb and flow.

Mingled with these runs a sorrowful thread of my own,
Of two that were one, and of one who now is alone,
And again I hear the bells of Santo Spirito—

Mournful bells, tolling bells!

III.

I walk with my soul through lonely ways;
I keep sad trysts with her spirit dear:
In streets which echoed once fierce cries of Guelf and Ghibelin;
In fortified palaces where now the souls of painters dwell
Triumphant over time; at San Lorenzo,
Santa Croce, somber Santa Trinità,
Piazza della Signoria, Palazzo Vecchio;
By the Brownings' Casa Guidi,
In Santa Maria Novella
Where faintly smiles the fair Albizzi,
By Giotto's mottled tower and the graves of San Miniato!
All these delights untold we share, with eyes suffused or clear,
And what more without sin of heart's treasure the heart can win,
For our faces shine with the glow of Ideal Beauty's high altar
And our lips they have named her sacred name, [flame,
Where perfect the works of her thrice anointed* ones appear:
For lofty thought wed to perfect form must ever man's spirit
O joy, to see what master-souls have wrought: [compel.
Donatello's strength, Desiderio's grace,
Della Robbia's singing boys, Monna Vanna's happy face, †
Botticelli's girl with yellow hair,
He painted only one, such grace had his lady fair,

*For imagination, purity and creative power.

†"She fills the room with sunshine, and all day long she seems to whisper some beloved name."—Edward Hutton.

The David of Angelo, the Madonnas of Raphael,
The saints and angels of Fra Angelico!
The splendor undimmed of a glorious past
Shines on us, beloved, wherever we go,
Entranced, in the Florentine treasure-house vast,
Beholding her priceless things—the beauty immortal no
tongue can tell—
While through our souls surge ever the bells of Santo Spirito—
Sad sweet bells, sorrowful bells!

IV.

With her again I haunt the quaint old shops,
And hear the mellifluous tongue, transfigured in poesy old;
Haunt the dim aisles of the peaceful Santo Spirito;
Breathe pilgrim vows at Landor's grave;
Tread Santa Croce's time-worn floors,
Beholding the vacant tomb where atonement is made to the
Whom civic throes into lonely exile drove— [spirit brave,
The sunbright one, in golden verse forever and ever alive!
Be praise for his lofty soul unto most high God, the giver!
Behold again San Marco's missal treasure-trove,
Lorenzo's tomb, Ghiberti's heavenly doors,*
Or take once more that last long drive,
When at sunset in the dark Cascine,
We heard, O wonder, the nightingale's gurgling notes!
With silence the Eternal Beauty filled our souls,
While the level sun burnished the river
And mottled dark forest and road with all Gentile's gold.
The sun has set, and the mists on the river are gray,
But still the melodious bird its sweet throat pours
To its nest and its mate in the forest cold, [rolls.
The while our hearts keep time as borne on the wind the melody
And the river in middle night types the life of the city to me:

*"Michael Angelo Buonarroti standing to look at these doors, and being asked what he thought of them, and whether they were beautiful, replied in these words: "They are so beautiful, that they might fittingly stand at the gates of Paradise."—Vasari. (Mrs. Foster's Translation.)

When I hear in sleepless hours the mournful lap-lap of the
hungry flood,
I think of the cruel centuries of fire and blood
As whelmed in the turbid tide to leave a people united and free!
The shadowy past with its scorn and sin has been swept away,
As our own souls sweep to the measureless sea,
Yielding place to the new-born day.
O deep-voiced bells of Santo Spirito, sound on, sound ever—
Solemn bells, tender bells, reverberant bells!

V.

Nature and Art, twin goddesses fair,
Walked with her, my beloved, everywhere,
Unfolding the beauty in common and lowly things,
Till the varied earth, inwoven with mystic light,
Darkened and gleamed, a haunting loveliness of form and tone,
Proclaiming in rapturous hours the Master Will,
The indwelling Soul, whose law unto love is wed.
Oh would I could know if the heart's sweet music ends with
the broken strings,
Or sings to a lordlier harp beyond our mortal sight!
With the clogs of the mortal body forever shed,
Somewhere I trust, in the cosmic vastness, she liveth still,
Wiser and statelier grown, more beautiful there,
But finding still in the good of others her own!
For stript and broken the heart to its hope still clings,
As a man to a spar for his life in a turbulent stream.
So whenever I dream a certain dream,
Where lost hopes blossom again in a golden clime,
Her sweet face blends with faces long dead,
Of poets and painters, sages and saints:
O masterful sad sweet faces, illuming the pages of Time,

I know she belongs to your company fair
By grace of a spirit cast in a noble mold,
And often I long for your fellowship there,
In the lonely hours when the spirit faints,
If so I might touch her garment's fold,
As in dreams I hear the bells of Santo Spirito,
And brood on the peaceful days that were ours of old.
O memory-flooding bells, thronging bells,
Farewell, farewell!

Johns Hopkins Hospital, May, 1907.

Revised, October, 1909.

69

CIENFUEGOS.

(March, 1904.)

I.

Cienfuegos, land of the hundred fires!
Land of the Royal palm!
Land of the mountains in purple shadow veiled!
Hail to thee, hail! In vain the spirit aspires
To a calm sweet and deep as the calm
That broods in thy valleys and rests on thy hills,
As ocean the ocean bed fills!
But the peaceful now, distilling its balm,
Roots deep in a gloomy past
Whose umbra cold was o'er man's spirit cast.
O land of the palm and the pine!
What sinuous coils the serpent hath trailed
On thy peaceful shores, in days that are gone!
And what dreams of the past thy name recalls:
Dreams of the troubled New World's dawn,
Of the fierce strong men of old,
Flushed with adventure, as men with wine,
Broadswording their way till carnage palls,
Over this land for love of gold.

II.

Rejoicing the heart with its fine surprise,
Thy beautiful broad blue water lies,
A mirror for dappled clouds, whose banners unfurled
Are lovely to see
Under thine azure and amethyst skies.
Blue, blue! thou liest, jewel fair, without a stain,
Beside the lonely Carib sea,
With room, O noble lake, for the ships of the world,
And no hint of escape to the main,
Till one comes to that narrow way whose silver span
Divides the land from the land
To give to the ocean its own.
On thy breast what beautiful shadows are thrown,
O lovely water! The snowy pelican
Sweeps gracefully over thy shining strand,
And my spirit soars and sings
To the beautiful curves of her broad white wings,
That wheel and flash and gleam,
More shining than pinions of seraph in dream!

III.

And that sixteenth century band,
So resolute and eager to scheme and plan,
What dreams of Empire were theirs!
They looked, as we look, on a summer land,
But wilder then, with only the brown-skinned man
To roam her woods and fields,
To climb her cloud-capped mountain stairs.
With uplifted appealing hands,
The past to the present yields:
In the blistering sun, the cane fields lie
Where once the Indian's wigwam stood,
And no shore echoes more to his piercing cry—
Gone from this strand are his bands,
And gone are his gods, and gone is his wood!
Where the lonely forest stood, the city now stands,
And white sails come and go, or at anchor ride,
Where his lone canoe did o'er these waters glide.
Masters on sea and shore were these in the olden day,
But now a dream and no more are they.

IV.

The conquerors too have passed to the land of dreams,
With their lust for gold and their love of power—
Lost, lost, like trailing meteor gleams;
And their far-off children's children, a puny race,
Low of stature and brown of face,
Now dwell at their ease in the sunhot land,
And the stranger who tarries an hour,
Wonders how seemed this life to the men of old,
When they pushed their prows to the strand
Of this multiple-strange new land,
In quest of adventures bold, of lands and of gold,
Of women and slaves to have and to hold,
By the lordly king's command,
The king of Spain and the Spanish main,
Whose name over all this broad demesne,
Was graven ruddy and deep by their desire
In letters of blood and fire!
Can we judge their hearts as we judge our own,
Or were they a law to themselves alone?

V.

Those towering Spaniards of old,
Those men of blood and fire,
Of lust for conquest and gold,
They had their desire,
And now are dust;
As we have ours,
For a moment's space,
Ere we go to our mother's breast,
Twined with the roots of the flowers,
Out of the light and into our rest!
In the years unborn, not theirs nor ours to command:
Strong men and weak, just men and unjust,
Past and Present, together shall rust
When the Future holds the dominant hand!
For the world of men sweeps on apace,
And nothing that lives holds long its place!
At last, or good or bad, all comes to dust,
And a king's command, no more than a beggar's face,
Stirs the heart of the new born race.

Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Md., August 11, 1910.
(A perfect day.)

ON THE BLUE SEA :

(A song of remembrance.)

On the sea, the sea,
If my love were with me,
 To the Fortunate Isles
 Would we trim our sails,
 For the Future smiles,
 Where the sunset trails,
Far over the sea!

On the sea, the sea,
From the Past set free,
 Siren voices are in our ears;
 The echoes of other years
 Sound far away
 To-day, to-day,
On the shining sea!

On the sea, the sea,
The measureless, free,
 Blown ever by friendly gales!
 No room for fears,
 No place for tears,
 Where joy ne'er fails,
On the shimmering sea!

On the sea, the sea,
Wind-blown and care-free,
 Since Love ever smiles
 And music beguiles,
 What should we care
 How long the way there,
On the billowy sea!

On the sea, the sea,
Lovers are we
 And the wind is fair,
 Then what should we care
 How long the way there,
Far over the sea?
The summer blue sea!

On train, Woods Hole to Boston,
September 20, 1910.

A SUMMER SONG

(Of one who has not found his love.)

Ripple of wind on the golden wheat,
Murmur of bees in the summer air,
Music of birds in the meadows fair,
Ripple of waters lapping my feet—
These are the gifts I give,
Come, O come!

Fleeces of feathery clouds in the blue,
Wind of the morning blown from the west,
Shadows of clouds that are never at rest,
Fair as a dream is the earth for you.
Everything waits, my Love,
Then come, O come!

Glory of sun and of shadow thrown,
Wonder of hills and of waters fair,
Mingled with joy of the pure sweet air,
Make of my youth a glory your own.
For you, the tender and true,
All things are glad!

Golden, the hours run on. Will she come?
Yea, and my song is the song of the lark.
Over the waters I watch for her bark
Dreaming, and my heart for joy is dumb.
O light, and life, and song,
Can her way be long?

Pining and grief to the winds shall be blown—
Blown by the winds of the morning away,
Far, far, to an unremembered day,
When she comes, my own, my own!
Till then I sing glad songs,
And my heaven is blue!

September 12, 1911,
At 1474 Belmont Street.

(The notes were made in the autumn of 1910 on a glorious
Sunday morning, walking the streets of New York.)

A CHILD'S SONG.

(To Dorothy)

I sing because I am so happy,
It bubbles out of me!
The wind is in the trees at play,
The brook it sings to me!
Then come away, away, to-day!

I sing because I am so happy,
Yet know not whence my glee!
The crickets chirp a roundelay,
The birds they sing for me!
Then play away, away, to-day!

I sing because I am so happy,
God made the day care-free,
And all the golden hours for play!
Then shout and sing with me,
And dance away, away, to-day!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, February 9, 1913.

FIRST DAY OUT.

Holla, holla,

My heart is singing to-day!
For gray is the sea to the starboard,
And blue is the sea to the larboard,
And gentle the winds that have sway
As we sail away!

Holla, holla,

Still, still, is the mighty sea—
The bosom of many a fleecy cloud,
But the heart of the man it crieth aloud,
For here it is good to be!
Wind swept and free!

Holla, holla,

Keen, keen is the heart's delight,
For straight as an arrow, the path we take,
And whiter than snow our foam-flecked wake,
As we sail to meet the night,
On the sea, sun-bright!

Holla, holla,

The heart of the world is mine!
To find it I go far over the sea
And the mighty deep rejoices with me,
Alive, pulsating, divine
To the horizon line!

S. S. Lapland,
July 26, 1913.

NIGHTFALL.

As many stars as the heaven shows,
So many lights has the Protean sea!
Far over the deep the twilight grows,
And the glimmering ocean whispers to me—
Sad, infinite things!

As many moods as the human soul,
So many ways has the shifting sea!
For hither and yon its waters roll
Under the night, as my thought in me
Recurrent swings.

As many graves as our hearts enfold,
So many dead has the hungry sea!
By the swashing waves *her dead* are knolled,
While ever my heart for the dead in me
A requiem sings.

S. S. Lapland,
July 27, 1913.

FAIR WEATHER.

All day, in undulant, idle play,
The mighty ocean ambled away,
With never a fleck of foam on its breast,
And never a moment of perfect rest.

O joy of the heaving sea,
The joy of a god to me!

Encircling the dark blue sea as a crown
The dome of the pale blue sky dipped down.
On our lordly ship the sun gleamed bright,
And fleecy clouds were the heart's delight.

O joy of the glittering sea,
The joy of a god to me!

All day we sailed the broad blue main,
No ship in sight on the endless plain,
But light of heart, as the white gulls there
Flashing in sunlight their plumage fair.

O joy of the lonely sea,
The joy of a god to me!

Since only to be on the wave is a joy,
Where heart of the man becomes heart of a boy,
Enough, I ween, for serenity's sake
Are the rainbows flashed in the spray of our wake.

O joy of the sunlit sea,
The joy of a god to me!

S. S. Lapland,
July 28, 1913.

MIDNIGHT.

Dark is the sea 'neath a heaven of stars,
Wonderful, glimmering, luminous stars.
Far on the horizon's darkening rim,
Ghostly and black in the vagueness of night,
Drift on the restless tide—cloud-shadows dim,
Ghosts in my phantasy, fleeing the light.

Far to the west and its bed in the sea,
Wonderful, glimmering, darkening sea,
Trailing its stars in a luminous chain,
Diamond-glittering Scorpio glows;
Glorious diadem hung o'er the main
Low in the north, solemn, the Great Bear shows.

Diamond lights on its foamy breast,
Gleaming and vanishing lights on its breast,
Noisily rushes the surge in our wake.
Endlessly shifting and drifting it goes—
Far to the rear like a glittering snake,
Undulant, jewelled and crested, it glows.

Lonely a meteor flames through the sky,
Wonderful, jewelled and infinite sky,
Trailing its luminous path like a star,
Burning its way to the night and the sea!
Bells of the midnight my revery mar—
Severed are ocean and ego in me!

S. S. Lapland,
July 29, 1913.

INNISFREE.

(To William B. Yeats.)

Master, in some lone hour, could I but make
One poem like thine "Innisfree,"
On that one perfect thing I'd stake
Fame's immortality, and win:
It hath such longing melody
Of glamouring woodland, mere, and lea—
Avon's "one touch," that "makes the whole world kin!"

J. H. H.,
January 20, 1914.

A LOVE SONG.

Io Hymen, Hymenæe.

—Catullus.

On the red man's prairie, miles from anywhere,
The silvery, silky globes of the pasque* unfold
In the warm spring air.
By men unseen the miracle goes on
Till their bridal robes—laced-silver, and purple, and gold—
The anemones don.

Only the wandering bees and the butterflies know,
The meadows, dearer to them than the wings they have on,
Where the pasque flowers grow.
For in secret the honied blooms have sworn a pact,
Since the far-off time of mammoth and mastodon,
Together with them to act.

And the years of the pact into ages unnumbered have grown
And ever the time draws on, when the vernal gleam
Is over the prairies thrown.
Then under the tent of blue, with its white cloud-roof,
Neither the man nor the wolf disturbs their dream,
But only the bison's hoof.

J. H. H.

February 4, 1914.

*Nuttall's anemone.



SONNETS.

* * * Io mi son un che quando
Amore spira, noto; ed a quel modo
Ch'ei detta dentro, vo significando.

—*Dante: Purgatorio, XXIV, 52-54.*

I.

MUSIC AT HOME.

When now I hear the harmonies she played,
Although her gracious image haunts my brain,
The sense of loneliness will not be stayed,
And all the chords are blent with subtle pain.

The dulcet tones recall the old sweet days:
Her dainty fingers sweep the ivory keys;
With endless floods of melody she sways
My raptured soul. The mighty Masters please

Her most, and with her spirit best accord.
Wagner and Grieg* and Liszt with her agree,
But most of all she loves Beethoven, lord
Of all sweet harmony: the Master he
Under whose all-embracing watch and ward,
Our souls sail out on an uncharted sea.

At 1460 Belmont Street, Washington, D. C.

December 12, 1909.

*The Peer Gynt suite and Lohengrin were special favorites.

II.

THE LOVE OF ART.

When Michael Angelo his David carved,
He took from choice a stone rejected thrice
By lesser men; when aged Rembrandt starved,
He painted canvases beyond all price:

Which proves the common man not master-wise.
Indeed, how should he hear the higher voice,
Whose throat is overfull of specious lies?
But those who walk in Art's high way, from choice,

They breathe a purer air than ever blows
O'er common ways; and comradeship if rare
Is rich beyond compare, and fairer grows
With lapse of years. Up rugged steeps and bare
The pathway leads, but he who climbeth knows
The prospect grows at every turn more fair!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
December 12, 1909.

III.

SUMMER SEAS.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

O perfect day! I lie beneath the pines,
And watch the white sails dot the wide blue sea,
Alone I lie, remembering days with thee
By sea and shore—days quaffed like rarest wines,

Whose perfume lingers long, O vanished wife:
Dear golden days, which now return no more
To him who roams her wood-paths o'er and o'er—
Recalls on kelp-strewn shore her pure sweet life.

In countless tender ways I name her worth:
She sleeps not unremembered nor alone,
The souging pines her requiem shall sing,
The salt seas grieve for her in monotone,
And all the winds that blow shall message bring
To her whose bones are dust in Mother Earth.

On train Boston to Washington,
January 1 and 3, 1910.

IV.

EVENINGS WITH BOOKS.

"The world of books is still the world" said she
Who knew all books so well, both grave and gay.*
To us our books revealed the sacred play
Of men and women's souls, laid bare to free

The prisoned god, with power to move his world!
What long still hours we read old tales and new,
With now and then sweet interchange of view!
From our small nook what vistas were unfurled,

What old-time men and maidens trod the boards,
How rang out Milton's, Homer's, Heine's lines,
How clasped we Shakespeare's, Shelley's hands, crossed swords
With D'Artagnan, shared Virgil's corn and wines,
To dear Charles Lamb and Dickens showed our hoards,
Or delved with Keats in Fancy's Indian mines!

January 5, 1910.

The library at 1460 (now 1474) Belmont Street (where we read together).

*Mrs. Browning.

V.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Thou livest still in all our heart's best blood,
Dear Robert Louis, prince of all who tell
Strange tales of Fortune's power by field and flood.
On Apia's palmy strand, in Scottish dell,
Or wheresoe'er thy wandering footsteps fell,
The gods did grant thee Gaelic second-sight,
And wondrous power thy clairvoyance to tell.
Thy Treasure Island is our treasure bright;
Thine Arabian Nights are tales as weird, as brave
Scheherazade told, from night to night,
In Arab days of old, her life to save;
Thy songs and prayers are ours to be upright;
And that lone hill in tropic seas, thy grave,
Shall be a holy mount, a beacon light!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
January 17, 1910.

VI.

CONFUCIUS.

(B. C. 600.)

Sincere great Master Kong, of alien race,
And ancient time, as our brief record runs,
But modern in the light of flashing suns,
And modern too in ethic fire and grace,

Long years passed by ere I did know thy worth,
But now I hold thee dear as Jew or Greek.
Thy perfect Doctrine of the Mean I seek,
Thine Analects I delve as golden earth.

Clear-eyed, serene of soul, in counsel sage,
Thy wisdom and thy worth are not alone
Cathay's domain but all men's heritage:

Therefore, that simple Chefu tomb of thine,
Beneath the cedar's gloom, shall be a throne
Of righteousness for aye, and great world-shrine!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

January 21 and 24, 1910.

VII.

DEAD LOVES.

“*Helas, je sais un chant d’amour, triste ou gai,
Tour à tour*”: Its sorrows touch all hearts,
And, young or old, remembrance ne’er departs;
Its music floods the world with songs of May;
Its bliss reveals the god within our clay!
O tender love, O bittersweet! Time parts
The dearest hearts, and loves are won with smarts
As loves are lost, and all things fade away
To memories, sad or sweet, recalled by song!
Musset, Chopin, Beethoven, Angelo,
Sad names are these! Of Héloïse the fair,
Of Edith, Rosamond or meek Vallière;
Of Lammerinoor’s or Amy Robsart’s woe;
O time! What now remains but tender song?

At 1460 Belmont Street (evening),
January 28, 1910.

VIII.

MIGRATORY BIRDS.

(Probably vireos or warblers.)

With joyous eagerness, in midmost night,
"Listen, my dear," she said, and I intent,
Constraining feebler sense, as best I might,
At last, heard faint and far, and downward sent
From upper air, the voice of birds, in flight
To nesting lands far north, spring's sweet content
Within each tiny breast. If heard aright,
Your piping notes unto each other meant:

"Yes, comrades, here we are, and all is well,
Beneath the quiet stars." O wandering birds!
What knowledge guides you through the pathless air?
What simple faith inspires your unknown words?
What utter trust is yours in Nature's care!
Oh, shamed are we in lesser faith to dwell!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday evening January 30, 1910.

IX.

HER GRAVE AND MINE: SEPTEMBER.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

Days shorter grow and winds now freer blow,
The crickets chirp within the golden grass,
On unknown quests the brown ants zigzag pass,
Rains seldom fall, and trees begin to show

The red and gold of autumn's vesture gay;
Within the bush the field mouse squeaks her zest,
Or frightened seeks to gain her grass-lined nest
At scream or shadow thrown from bird of prey.

Oh, two-fold mystery of life and death:
Delight in cries expressed, fear holding breath!
The mouse spares not the beetle's tender brood,
And keenest hunger wings the hawk's fierce quest!
Each one fulfills the measure of God's mood,
And only such as we have perfect rest!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, March 6, 1910.

X.

AN AUTUMN STORM.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

O wingèd storm! The sea to-day is grand!
Poseidon's white-maned horses plough the shore!
Among the rocks, close-wrapped and capped, we stand,
To watch the foam-clad crooked furrows pour
From ocean's heart and wallow toward the land.
O'er kelp-clad slippery rocks the waters roar:
Resurging, grinding, at the god's command.
And pounding and resounding evermore,
The thwarted sea in spite upon us throws
Its bitter spray, but cannot quench our glee.
We joy in every mood the sea god knows,
In every wind that blows: of Hellas we,
And when the spell is on, her beauty glows
Within our souls and brightens stormiest sea!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

March 10, 1910.

XI.

BARACOA: 1904.

A palm-clad land whose shores abruptly rise
In range on range of rugged sea-scarred hills!
Hemmed in by ocean-shore and mountain rills,
Scant is the space where Baracoa lies
Beside her quaint round port, in crater guise.
On either hand, outstretched to distant hills,
A wealth of palmy green the landscape fills,
And earth with sea and sky in beauty vies
To cast a spell on those who know this strand.
O'er all—a cynosure for ships that pass—
Afar, flat-topped El Yunque jagged towers,
An ocean floor upthrust on slag of glass:*
Lone sentinel, and witness mute to powers
That linger still within this smiling land.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
April 15, 1910.

*Obsidian.

XII.

BARACOA (II).

The ravined sharks in all her waters swim;
In storms the ocean thunders at her doors;
The trade-winds blow her spice from distant shores;
The tropic rains to sudden torrents brim
Her mountain streams; the tireless vultures skim
Her forest tops and wheel o'er curving shores;
From cloudless blue the sudden rainflood pours—
Then all again is clear to ocean's rim.

O witching, beauteous, balmy, summer land!
O glorious, incurving, sunrise strand!
Thy mother dear has been the ocean wave,
And she shall be on some far day thy grave,
When tidal wave shall sweep from shore to shore*
And all again be slimy ocean floor.

On train between New York and Washington,
April 25, 1910.

*The high benches back of the city mark the caverned shore of an ancient sea.

XIII.

BARACOA (III).

In Baracoa's past her present dwells:

Here Time in sloth hath stayed the shaping hand!

Four hundred years of Spain have kept this land

As when Columbus saw his caravels

Aground upon her bar—and great oaths swore!

The world moves on, but Baracoa sleeps

In sun and squalor on her coral deeps,

Content to eat and drink, and sleep once more!

Upon her rocks, alone, in April days,

How oft our souls by memories were wrung,

Desiring lands beyond her lonely sea—

Good food, clean beds, home speech and modern ways!

A lonely land, indeed, for such as we,

Who know but ill her velvet Spanish tongue!

On train New York to Washington,

April 25, 1910.

XIV.

BARACOA (IV).

A tender sky is hers: earth never gave
More precious gifts than those she holds in fee!
Here summer dwells beside her azure sea,
And largess pours of all the senses crave,
While cool the trade-winds blow o'er tropic wave.
Yet this is not the land for you and me.
Of all her sons scarce one is nobly free:
A few grow rich, the many starve and slave,
And one corrupted church holds ignorant sway,
Compelling all to bend to her the knee
In servile fear, from cradle unto grave,*
Lest wrath of God should burn in judgment day.
In leading-strings they fare: they are not free,
Nor know they there what means that great word—brave!

Park Avenue Hotel, New York,

April 21, 1910.

*And after, if the grave rent is not paid!

XV.

REMEMBRANCE.

Great soul, when I thy martyrdom recall,
Those endless nights and days of torturing pain,
Thy slowly waning strength, thy beauty slain,
Thy stubborn fight with Death from spring to fall
And on, till winter days made end of all,
A new Gethsemane invades my brain!
It all returns: again my Love is slain,
And unassuagèd grief holds me in thrall!

But when I think of all thy fortitude,
Thy stoic patience kept, thy gentleness,
And most of all thy tender love expressed
For others in thy mortal hour, not less
Thy trust in God, my soul to gratitude
Is moved for nobleness so manifest!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

May 29 and 30, 1910.

XVI.

HER GRAVE AND MINE: MORNING
AND EVENING.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

The traveler here may pause with kindling eye,
Sweeping, at break of day, the prospect wide,
With scarce a thought of those that here abide
The summer's heat, the winter's cold—for nigh
Is far, to one whose sunrise hope leaps high,
Inspiring him to ride both far and wide;
And here may lovers come at even-tide,
To watch the sunset glow on sea and sky,
Or twilight fade and night reveal her stars:
A night of soft gray mists and mysteries,
Most fit for deep and pure heart histories;
Or one that sometimes follows summer storms,
When all the sky is luminous with stars.
And God's infinitude the soul informs!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

June 2, 1910.

104

XVII.

THE OLD FAITH AND THE NEW.

Of the body of Christ in the bread, Tertullian said:

Credo quia impossibile est.

Herein the Latin Father well expressed
The Middle Age: an age in texts well-read,
In knowledge weak, and unto *Credos* wed.

The Church hath not as yet the truth confessed,
But, in the end, she must disown the test,
For all blind faith in thoughtful minds is dead,
Or will be by and by, with knowledge grown.

We would believe because we cannot doubt,
Would make the unknown tally with the known!

But if to Faith you still would cling, nor flout,
To read the text in this new way were best:
Credo quia *non* impossibile est!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Midnight, June 15, 1910.

XVIII.

BEETHOVEN (I).

Devout from youth, thy spirit yearned for light!
Sceptic and infidel they branded thee,
Because thou wouldst serve God and still be free
From trammels holy men forge day and night
To bind their fellow men. For thee the right
Lay not in musty creeds, which can agree
No jot with souls by righteousness made free,
Yet no man more with God walked day and night!

In later years, when sound no more was heard,
Thy saddened, lofty soul dwelt much alone!
Beyond the reach of kindly human word,
Thy brooding spirit soared through realms of light,
And made its own the mightier organ tone
Of suns and systems rolled in endless flight.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

June 24, 1910.

106

XIX.

BEYOND.

Brooding and sad o'er loss of loveliness,
Since she hath gone, I walk too much alone;
Yet all her soul expressed of gentleness
So clingeth unto me it seems my own.

I know not where her spirit pure resides,
Nor what strange tasks are hers, but this I know,
That where she is, there deep sweet peace abides,
And neighbored so she cannot lonely grow.

And where she dwells there let her husband fare;
Although it were at need to deeps of hell,
'Twere greater joy by her companioned there,
Than, lone, in heavenly ranges fair, to dwell:

So much by loss hath Love exceeding grown,
So much, her voice unheard, the days are lone!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday p. m., June 26, 1910.

XX.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

O stormy prophet of God, Thomas Carlyle!
Much less from him who *is*, this tribute falls,
Than from the eager youth that was erstwhile,
To whom thy sounding words were clarion calls

And voices from the higher gods sent down!
The world has need of *work*, thy gospel was—
Not he who dreams shall wear the laurel crown,
Nor he that cries, "Lord, Lord!" but he that *does*!

O'er all man's devious and selfish ways,
Thy righteous wrath burned fierce, consuming clods.
Yet like I best thine earlier hopeful days—
The Sartor days, when heroes were as gods:

In age thy genius burned with smoky flame
And, more and more, fierce praise gave place to blame!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 3, 1910.

XXI.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

O brilliant woman, proud and sad, whom Fate
Decreed should Irving's tender love repel
To be a great man's household drudge and mate!
To hear eternal grumblings ebb and swell,
For such an one as thee, scant recompense
Would seem for all the lavished love of years!
Alas, that men should have no finer sense!
Too late gruff Thomas owned thy worth with tears.

I know not sadder fate than such self-scorn
And pitiful remorse as made him slave,
And moved him, mightily, when old and lorn,
To kneel and kiss the grasses on thy grave:
Alas, when one is gone, it is too late
To make amends, or loose the bonds of Fate!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 3, and 4, 1910.

NOTE: Alex. Carlyle says Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving were never rivals, and that Carlyle's fondness for Lady Ashburton was not just ground for jealousy. Whatever may have been the relations between Irving and Miss Welsh when he took Carlyle to meet her, or Carlyle's subsequent relations with Lady Ashburton, Jane Welsh by her own admission was once passionately in love with Irving, and as Mrs. Carlyle she was made very unhappy by the husband who preferred another woman's society to her own. Indeed the latter half of her married life appears to have been one long torture and torment.

XXII.

THE TWO MULTITUDES.

(To W. S. T.)

Two multitudes by turns invade my mind:

The one that swarms through myriad years unborn,

The other stretched to man's dim natal morn.

Since both by Fate are strown, as leaves by wind,

I know not which most to felicitate:

The multitude passed on and out of strife,

Or into higher strife, or that whose life

Shall find on earth a nobler human state,

When man hath looked deep into Nature's heart,

From dwarfing selfishness hath purged his own,

And upright, free, and happy, shall be thrown

A god among the gods to play his part.

A million years are in the backward glance,

Ten million more perchance, for man's advance!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 4, 1910.

XXIII.

MATA HARBOR.

(To J. B. R.)

The sea lies near, and cool the night wind blows,
An open deck our bed, we shift in vain,
Some place to find less swept by wind and rain!
How strange it is! The forest overflows
With mystery! No sense but what outgoes
Toward unknown life! 'Tis chill, but why complain
When one may have, wind-blown, so weird a strain
Of forest scents and sounds! At last light grows:

No stir on shore, no sound; no neighboring ships;
The water laps, the lonely forest drips;
And desolate her palm-thatched huts and stores
In this gray light, as when the fever erst
Swept all the Spanish traders from her shores,
And *Mata** then was named the place accurst.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

June and July 7, 1910.

*Probably from the verb "matar," to kill.

XXIV.

APRIL DAYS.

O tender green that's born of April suns!
O myriad tiny hands out-thrust to light!
Life's current now full-coursed within you runs,
Till root and shoot forget the winter's night.

And myriad million cells to one blind end,
In harmony attuned, within each tree,
Expand and bud: absorb, consume and blend
The gifts of earth and air by sun set free.

And life which seemed so dead those winter days,
In bud and bloom, by spring's sweet ferment stirred,
Now wells and overflows the woodland ways,
And nesting songs in every tree are heard.

O life within the wood and life in me,
The selfsame yearning God must in us be!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 8, 1910.

XXV.

THE GRAVEYARD AT MATA.

(April, 1904.)

O Mata, loneliest port the sailor knows,
When first I stood within thy burial ground,
That rough hill-side where one lone cashew grows,
And saw each tomb and slab and cross and mound
So utterly neglect—so overgrown
With spiny weeds and vext with sharp-edged halms,
I thought: What dreadful spot to call God's own!
And turned to glimpse the sea through dying palms.
But when I saw thy hut-born squalid race,
The brood of ignorance whom sloth has wed,
For such, I said: 'Tis good enough grave-place;
And loathing then welled up as pity fled.
O palm-sick land, what curse hath fallen on thee,
That so should dwarf the man and blight the tree?

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 10 and 11, 1910.

113

XXVI.

ON READING PIERRE LOTI'S
PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE.

To me no picture could more vivid be!
A granite land, wind-swept and desolate,*
Is this bold strand, where grinds the Channel sea.
In winter here her menfolk love and mate,
In summer sail to fish rough Iceland's lee
Leaving their women lone, to watch and wait
Return of ships which oft can never be
Because o'erwhelming seas have been their fate.

O story filled with mournful sound of sea,
And wail of fisher-folk for dear ones lost,
Across thy poignant pages, black with fate,
A wild and lovely nature wanders free,
And sharp salt spray is blown, by winds elate,
O'er all its leaves, so sun- and shadow-crossed!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
July 19 and 20, 1910.

*The coast of Brittany.

XXVII.

BARACOA (V).

The blue *petraea* blows, the flame-tree glows,
The bright-eyed lizards flash along the walls,
Its waxwhite tube the giant cactus shows,
And hot on land and sea the sunshine falls!

From spiny shrubs that line the sandy bay,
To pick red seeds, black-tipped, for necklace wear,
Through sun and sand, my dear, a weary way,
To Cyriaco's hut we slowly fare.

Here neath the palms, at mouth of river Miel,
We rest an hour or twain as welcome guests:
Mud-floored the hut—but those within are leal,
Men, women, children all, to friendship's tests.

That child-filled Cuban home, where is it now?
And where, O tender Love, where now art thou?

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, July 24, 1910.

XXVIII.

INSOMNIA.

For me in this deep night hath sleep no part,
The cells which govern dreamless rest appear
Or moribund or functionless and sere,
O'erwrought, perchance, by grief's incessant smart.
The hours run on! Unbidden memories start
In shifting throng. I dwell on dead ones dear,
Or those that live but are no longer near,
And wild and bitter longings fill the heart.

The moon has set, the stars fade one by one;
His noisy round the milkman has begun;
The clock strikes four impertinent quick strokes;
And then within my tall and reverend oaks,
Beside his mate and nest, from men withdrawn,
I hear a sweet bird sing the golden dawn.*

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 25, 1910.

*The wood-thrush, which nested again in the trees in 1915.

XXIX.

THE EARLY LIGHT.

By naught that's innocent can sleep be won!
The night is endless long, the quiet small,
For one who turns and turns, a weary thrall
To wakefulness: then welcome be the sun!
The growing faint gray light proclaims night done.
Our ivied sparrows know it first of all:
One timid note of hope, with answering call
Of doubt, I hear, then pipings are begun.

Bird memory brief, they think: "The night is long,
The daylight gone will never come again,
Our hunger grows, as grows our fear of night,
And now once more appears the long-lost light."
Wherefore their tiny throats are full of song—
A prayer more real it seems than prayers of men.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 26, 1910.

XXX.

PURITY.

White soul, that fellowshipped with me a day,
My grosser spirit knelt before thy shrine
For aye, and yet reveres the spirit fine
And high, that templed in too fragile clay!
Like crystal waters clear, thy soul's deep lay,
Reflecting day-dreams bright, and pale star-shine!
Yet tenderness divine was ever thine!
Beholding men, thy spirit said alway:

The sweet Lord Buddh, the gentle Nazarene,
And all the loftiest souls this earth has seen,
The pure white stone have sought, as man, his brother;
But neither Christ, nor Buddha, nor another,
Can ever, quite, the beast in man dissever
From the God that yearns and climbs forever!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

July 30, 1910.

118

XXXI.

THE DARK SHADOW.

Our Plato dear, who wrote with golden pen,
Bade us fear not with shadowy Death to cope,
Since needs must be, he said, beyond Death's slope,
A heaven of men! Indeed, beyond our ken
In space, may dwell a race of Godlike men,
Earthborn but come to morn of vaster scope!
Our Goethe dying voiced the strong man's hope:
Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen!

Idlest of dreamers, these! I hear one say:
Yet dreams have moved the world to higher things
Far more than unaspiring stolid clay!
We are such stuff as dreams are made on—sings
Our great Shakespeare, and all good poets pray
For faith in God: that song may rise on wings!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

August 4, 1910.

119

XXXII.

STRANGE PETS.

A sweet-faced girl of Beauty's fragile strain,
Old for her years, and dowered with noble grace
And inborn loveliness, a girl whose face
Once seen, remains for days to haunt the brain,
In play with two white mice her love made plain
For all dumb things! While daintily a space
Within her garment's fold the mice sought place,
Some loathed, some stared, and none did know my gain.

Dear Love, thine own sweet youth through hers to me
Passed greeting debonair. Anon with care
I thought how sad her own mid-life might be;
And then with joy: The same dear spirit dwells
In more than one sweet girl, and ever wells,
A heaven of grace, to make this world more fair!

On train, Washington to New York,
August 16, 1910.

Suggested by something seen in a Washington street car.

XXXIII.

SUMMER FOLK.

Once more I roam this old New England shore:
The sea-gulls scream, the blue waves dance and gleam,
The brown-green islands feel the hot sun's beam,
And stately ships go by, like those of yore.
The sea and shore—the murmur, wash and roar,
Change not, nor are swept away in Time's swift stream,
But the men and maids who walked this way in a dream
Ten summers gone—for how many the dream is o'er!
In a mighty flood of memories, bitter-sweet,
Those summers long ago come back to me—
The laughter, hope and love of years now fled,
Blent with the mournful note of the restless sea:
And again for me the dear ones gone and dead,
Retrace the long and winding wind-swept street!

Woods Hole, Mass.,

August 28, 1910.

XXXIV.

WOODS HOLE.

The wonder and mystery of the sea speak here,
To open eye and ear, their message clear;
And the soul of man throws off all doubt and fear,
Where vast thy unfathomed starry skies appear;

But nothing now seems as it did to me,
When first full-grown, I breathèd deep and free,
This ocean air; and hailed with boyish glee,
The many-islanded and wide blue sea,

The winding shore, the fields and woodlands fair;
And felt on lip and cheek and brow and hair,
And on the body pressed, as greeting rare,
The bitter kiss of wind-blown salt sea air:

For one I loved was with me here of yore
But now alone I pace the sounding shore.

Woods Hole, Mass., September 2, 1910.

Shore of Big Harbor—on Penzance.

XXXV.

GRACE AND BEAUTY.

A rare elusive beauty was her dower,
With touch of tender melancholy shown
In gracious word and gesture all her own—
A grace compelling one to feel its power.

Her beauty was the image of her soul!
In vain the sculptor strives to limn her face,
In bronze he cannot prison the subtle grace,
Swift changed, as clouds unfold or waters roll.

In vain I strive for jeweled words to make
Her beauty live again. No words can paint
The perfect image of my aureoled saint—
That all in her pure soul delight should take:

Best then to say: Each fleeting thought to grace
And loveliness was wrought in her sweet face!

Woods Hole, Mass., Sunday, September 4, 1910,

A. M. in the hot sun on the high bluff of Crow Hill overlooking Buzzards Bay.

XXXVI.

THE NČBSKA SHORE.

*Seul avec l'océan, seul avec la nature,
Seul avec vous, Seigneur!*
—Hugo: *La Légende des Siècles*.

Upon her Mother's breast here let her sleep,
O'er-blown by salt sea winds, o'er-washed by spray!
On the sounding shore, among the boulders gray,
Her bed is made; lone, where the white sails sweep
A broad deep sea, and stars their vigils keep!
The sea she loved makes music here alway,
Repeating loud or low, and night and day,
Its world-old song of change, and then of sleep!

The earth was hers, she loved all joyous things,
Yet tenderly would touch where sorrow clings;
St. Francis like, she found some form of good,
In all the denizens of field and wood:
Now evermore, on Mother Earth's rough breast,
A part of sea and shore, she lies at rest.

Nobska Shore facing Woods Hole,

Sunday, September 11, 1910.

XXXVII.

THE HIDDEN TRUTH.

In hopeful youth one settles doubt offhand!
 'Tis easy then to show how *this* is sage
 And *that* absurd, and battle royal wage
With all forthwith who fail to understand
Our point of view and logic's strict demand:
 Quite otherwise it is in doubtful age
 When search hath shown in many a trusted page
Gross error linked with truth, as hand joins hand:

Then suddenly some dreary morn we know
Full sure that time is short, and we shall go
 To silence and the dark before we find
That hidden Truth of which things seen are rind
 Or outer garment's fold; and sorrow then
 Sometime hath place among the sons of men.

Boston Common,
September 27, 28, 1910.

XXXVIII.

SLAUGHTER OF JEWS IN RUSSIA.

O God of Justice and of Vengeance high,
How long, how long, shall blood of guiltless slain,
Beneath thine heaven cry to Thee in vain!
Awake, and smite the wicked hip and thigh,
'Till cursèd priest and Romanoff shall sigh
To Judah's God to smite no more for pain!
Lord God of Sabaoth, the bloody stain
Makes to Thee night and day its mournful cry!

In vain the cry! For Israel's God is dead,
Or works his will alone through daring men!
Not till the awful power of Church and State
In bloody ruin falls, and knowledge spread,
Shall Russian man be master of his fate,
And woman safe from tyrant's sword and den!

Streets of New York,
Evening of October 1, 1910.

XXXIX.

THE EARTH MOTHER.

(To Victor D. Brenner, on seeing for a second time his
"Return to Nature.")

A miracle of love in marble wrought
Reveals the sculptor's soul: Earth Mother young,
And fair as Dawn, from the rude earth hath sprung,
To give to man new strength and joyous thought;
To bring her peace to him who lies distraught,
And weary unto death of discords flung
Him from the knees of higher Gods, unsung—
Unsolvable in terms of human thought.

Here all the tenderness of woman's soul,
Clothed in the perfect form so rarely seen,
Outflows to comfort him of noble mien
By sorrow overthrown! It is his goal!
Man finds alone in woman's spirit rest,
Till great Earth Mother folds him to her breast!

New York,

October 1, 2, 3, 1910.

XL.

EDWIN BOOTH'S ROOM AT THE
PLAYERS' CLUB.

It is the Master's room! His great soul here,
In darkness drear, did brave Death's bitter rage
Kingly to move upon some vaster stage
In this great Universe. Thank God! No fear
That souls like his should sleep the eternal year!
It must be that they move from age to age
Among the sons of God in heritage
Of dramas vaster planned than dreamed of here!

Since Booth made Hamlet's sorrow seem his own,
Not yet so many shadowy years have flown
That they should dim the luster of his fame.
Himself hath gone, but love enshrines his name,
And makes this room, unchanged since it was his,
The symbol of eternal verities!

New York,

October 9, 10, 1910.

XLI.

SPRING AT ELMWOOD.

At Elmwood now the lilac hedges bloom,
As for the poet's joy they bloomed of old;
His velvet lawns their dainty shoots unfold,
The crows from his elm-tops call. The spring has room
For all sweet things—the hyacinth's purple gloom,
The bluebird's call, the tulip's heart of gold.
All things are glad as when the brave song rolled
From the Master's lips, yea, spring would deck his tomb!
For man he spoke brave words, he did brave deeds,
His words roll through the soul like organ peals,
Awak'ning tenderness for human needs:
Therefore he lives in every heart that feels,
And each new spring the lilac's fragrance shed
Shall float in benediction o'er his head!

New York,

Sunday evening, October 9, 1910, except first line which was
at Cambridge three weeks ago passing by the hedges.
The old house where Lowell was born stands far back
from the street surrounded by the lilacs.

XLII.

THE DISTANT AIRSHIP.

(Fort Myer, Va., September 10, 1908.)

O wonder, which the poet said should be!
From other years be set apart this year
Which marks an era new in man's career,
Since air is added unto earth and sea
As his domain! Treasured the name shall be
Of Orville Wright! An hour I watched him veer
His airy craft above the forest clear
Till twilight's deepening gloom blurred man and tree.

As ship on some fair bay 'twixt wooded shore
And cloudy headland sails through calm or flaw,
So sailed this craft, its pinions flashing bright;
Or like that mighty Roc of Arab lore,
With neck and legs out-thrust, which Sinbad saw,
In flight across the sun, obscure the light.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

October 20, 1910.

XLIII.

IMMANUEL KANT.

** * * und nur so fern glauben, dem göttlichen Willen
gemäß zu sein, als wir das Sittengesetz * * * heilig
halten, ihm dadurch allein zu dienen glauben, dass wir das
Weltbeste an uns und an Andern befördern.*
—Kant: Kritik der Reinen Vernunft

His will was strong, hearing man's age-long cry,
To ponder day by day the swarming earth,
And night by night, alone, the starry sky,
Seeking through all the maze of death and birth .

Some harmony of underlying laws:

The irreducible antinomies
(Of time and space and of the primal cause)
Within the human mind, not less were his!

A subtle spirit, strong: he stood upright
Where other men had bent: his highest need
Without, he said, the cloudless sky of night—
The moral law within, his only creed.

Would all might love pure truth as much as he
And find stern duty's joy, which made him free!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

October 21, 26, 27, 1910.

XLIV.

WALDEN POND.

(September 22, 1910.)

*"The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation
is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it."
—Thoreau.*

Here dwelt, remote from men, a soul with wings!

For him was the growing world an open book
Wherein he read delectable fair things!

His altar, Earth, on him god Pan did look!

He searched for Truth afield, as all men should,

Read deep the mystic book of human life;
Scorned civic shams; found Nature ever good;
And lived his inner life, through calm and strife!

This is the shore he loved, here stood his cot.

The blue lake gleams, the autumn woods are fair;
Warm shines the sun, crows call, bees murmur here;
The Master's spirit fills the quiet air,
And all the land holds memory of the seer
Whose cairn high-piled marks here a sacred spot.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

October 30, and November 1, 1910.

XLV.

MEISSONIER'S CAVALIER.

(In the Wallace Collection in London)

The Flower of France her chivalry displays,
Those knights who knew not fear nor bore reproach:
And best she had this artistry portrays!
Here is a moving figure whose approach

We hail with joy, as down the somber stair
Gaily he trips, to palace hall perchance,
Humming the while a careless merry air.
Some worthy son is this of ancient France:

It well might chance Vicomte de Bragelonne,
So frank and manly is his handsome face,
Raoul himself, with all his trappings on,
And every movement full of strength and grace!

Great painter, thou canst make a vanished age
As much alive as Dumas' stirring page!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, November 6, 1910.

XLVI.

BEETHOVEN (II).

Great symphonist, and dear! whose tones unlock
The soul of rhythmic sound! thy precious name
Is writ on high in lordly hall of Fame,
Where lesser names for entrance vainly knock!

Low-born, ill-bred, of Rhenish common stock,
Thy simple forbears all unknown to Fame—
Nathless thy name tops highest German name—
A sunlit soaring crag, rock piled on rock!

As Dante trod the ways of Heaven and Hell,
Among the dead unscathed by *Poesy* led;
This lonely soul, through *Music's* heavenly door

Entered, a mortal man, God's citadel,
The Holy of Holies named; and there was wed
To Heaven-heard noble tone-forms evermore.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
November 12, 1910.

XLVII.

COMPASSION.

No lowliest life made sad by circumstance,
But caught her eye and moved her tender heart!
How oft did words and deeds of love upstart
At sight of child cast down by luckless chance,
Or bird with broken wing, O tender glance!
Or sad-eyed hungry beast in toilsome cart!
And hence her life is sacred and apart
From selfish lives of sad irrelevance.

For most great loves cast out all lesser ones,
Like grief to selfish ends unwitting brought,
But dearer loves have wider range of thought
To all include who need their magic touch,
Their winsome grace! Alas, not over much
Such breadth of love finds place among Earth's sons.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, November 13, 1910.

XLVIII.

THE BRIDE OF THE SEA.

(Vide Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.)

The watery sport hath been fair Caenis' doom,
Her slender form the rude god presses sore,
O'erwhelmed, borne down, for cries she hath no room.
Poseidon works his will! A maid no more,
In coral groves for him she now must bloom.
The god has fled the mocking, cruel shore,
But deep within sea caverns' twilight gloom,
His raucous laughter echoes o'er and o'er!

And ships and bones of men that here find tomb,
Dreaming Apollo comes with shafts of light
To break at last the sea god's vengeful doom,
Irresolutely stir the deep sea floor,
To hope a moment moved in fateful night,
Then sink forlorn to heavy rest once more.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
November 15, 1910.

XLIX.

WEDDED LIFE.

*"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free."
—Tennyson.*

He doth forget his wife whom self makes blind!
And though there are high souls, an honored few,
The mass take happiness for just their due,
Making but scant amends to womankind,
Or to the Gods, for wedded peace of mind!
'Tis strange how soon the vulgar cynic's view
Supplants high chivalry the lover knew!
Is then first state, or last, more grossly blind?

Whose will is strong and pure, with womankind
May walk among the Gods, year in, year out!
For wedded bliss to some is foolish theme,
As cuckoo cloudborn every man may doubt,
Yet there are those to whom it marks no dream
A high, pure joy in others' joy to find!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
November 17, 1910.

L.

HER FACE.

What bliss to me it brought words cannot tell!
A simple old-time face, divinely quaint,
Refined and pure and strong, without a taint
Of lowborn selfishness, or brooding hell
Of restlessness our age knows all too well,
Which wholly woman dear is yet half saint:
Such faces fair Luini loved to paint,
And such in highest moments Raphael.

In lonely hours her face comes back to me,
Bearing the faint sweet smile it knew so well;
I hear no voice, but love beams in her eyes,
And moving lips would speak I know if free;
So I am comforted, and daily dwell
In high sweet thoughts and deeds, by grief made wise.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, November 27, 1910.

LI.

HER GRAVE AND MINE: NOVEMBER.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

November days begin with sun and wind!

The autumn lingers still on this loved shore
As loath to yield to winter blasts unkind

A spot so fair. Of wealth what priceless store:

Where now the fringe of marsh grass golden glows,

Beside the bright blue sea—where now the hills
Are robed in royal purples, gold and rose!

A brooding haze the peaceful landscape fills,

As though the mild September hours were here,

And sunny days would never cease to be.

All this to Nature-lover's heart is dear

As once long since 'twas dear to you and me;

But now the golden round counts not at all,

For us 'tis ashen gray—from spring to fall.

Lines 1, 5, 6 and 7 in October at Woods Hole,

The remainder at 1460 Belmont Street, November 27, 1910.

LII.

DE PROFUNDIS.

As worn I stumble down the sunset slope,
O'er brevity of life despondent grown,
I think sometimes we cheat ourselves with hope,
As foolish children some pet bird has flown,

Who think it will return another morn,
But never find again their precious bird.
We are but fleeting cries of sorrow born,
The tempter saith—that lower self oft heard

When sorrow walks abroad and hope is faint;
We are but ripened leaves upon life's tree,
And winter days are near with their shrill plaint:
We shall be swept away, nor new life see!

Who knows? The whole world groans in bitter plight,
Yet hope, divine, will not be silenced quite.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

November 29, 1910.

LIII.

THE DIVINE LOVE.

All tends to good, all life is one in span:

The Love Divine beneath its brooding wings,
Tender as mother's love, enfolds all things
That live and move, from monad unto man;
And what to us seems wrong in God's vast plan,
To our disturbed and faulty vision clings,
As low-hung clouds obscure the lark that sings,
Or blot Polaris and Aldebaran.

Cross-questionings most terrible arise,

And few there are of those to knowledge wed,
Who will admit such faith as aught but lies;
Yet is not this Great Love the one sole thing
To satisfy a hungering world? To bring
A deep sweet peace? To wake the sordid dead?

At 1460 Belmont Street,
November 27, and 30, 1910.

LIV.

VICTOR HUGO.

(On reading *Les Travailleurs de la Mer.*)

Somber painter! The immensities of space
 Beat procreant hammer strokes upon thy brain
 Till thou couldst scarcely bear the parturient strain,
And light and darkness thrown across Earth's face,
On myriad forms of life, moved thee to trace
 Time linked to Space in endless moving chain
 Of circumstance, enfolding joy and pain
With all their subtle shades in one embrace!

On such a moving background didst thou paint
 The somber tragedy of human life:
 Of evil dominant, of bloody strife,
Of strong hearts overcome and beating faint,
 Of youth and hope made sick by long delays,
 Of Destiny's black form shadowing man's ways!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

December 2, and 4, 1910.

142

LV.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

(Concord, September 22, 1910.)

Pale sunshine floods the quiet country side,
The autumn hours a summer memory keep,
Birds call, bees hum, the grass-hid crickets cheep:
There, yellowing sunward, stretch her meadows wide,
Here hillside pines their old sweet music make.
A sacred silence holds me brooding near
This desolate old place to her once dear,
And dear to us in turn for her sweet sake.
Her apple trees are gone but not her elms:
Beneath their mighty shade she welcomed friends
Who loved and used this world for lofty ends,
Which have not fled with them to unknown realms.
Mock-orange blossoms still about the door,*
But not for her do bees its nectar store.

Evening of December 7, 1910.

*Variant: In girlhood's heart her words were impulse sown,
Nobly to play life's part when woman grown.

NOTE: Miss Alcott died March 6, 1888. A very pleasing bust of her by F. Edwin Elwell may be seen in the Concord Library. The Alcott house, tenanted and fallen to ruin, stands by the roadside at the extreme end of Concord village, and just below the wooded hillside mentioned as "Hawthorne's Walk" in Sonnet LXVIII. On the southeast side, the house is screened partly from the highway by a clump of ragged old spruce or fir trees, and immediately in front of the old wooden house on either side of the dooryard path are the two ancient elms under one of which, surrounding the trunk, is a rude wooden seat used by the family. In the dooryard are lilies of the valley, day-lilies, mock orange and white waxberry bushes. Bees were storing honey in the gable. On the other side of the highway is a wide brook-traversed meadow. The apple trees were in a small open space to the west of the house between the road and the wooded hillside. On the east side of the house is a wooded lane rising into the near forest, and separating the place from the Hawthorne house. The forest consists of many sorts of trees: pine, spruce, tamarack, locust, oak, chestnut, ash, birch, cherry, elm, maple, linden. Under foot grow *Clintonia*, *Celandine* and *Smilacina bifolia*. Along the hillside path in the woods are rude seats, fixed between the tree trunks probably by Hawthorne himself.

LVI.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

High-placed lone pine in our bleak northern land,
Thy fragrant boughs distill a healing balm,
And chant their mystic runes in storm or calm;
Thy roots strike deep beyond the shifting sand
To living wells; thy sun-flecked shadow thrown
Across the world makes joy of men more bright;
Thy star-crowned branches front the silent night;
And all the pure sweet winds of heaven blown
Find entrance large to greet the wingèd things
And frailer forms that love to shelter here.
An elemental strength, to Nature near,
Pervades thy trunk and in each fiber clings.
And dead in part wert thou, like such a tree,
Long, long ere Urdar Norns did set thee free.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

December 16, 1910.

LVII.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(In memory of his *Early Italian Poets.*)

Brother, if thou hadst done no dearer thing
Than make this one small book of golden verse,
Thy name to latest days should men rehearse,
Of few, as one who knew heart's deep to sing.
The fierce impassioned joy and grief that spring
From old Italia's heart, in prayer and curse,
Transplanted here to noble English verse,
Quiver and rise upon high soaring wing.

Sweet songs touching the heart are these old lays,
And fair the company by Dante led.
I see their proud sweet foreheads wreathed with bays,
And worthily among the crownèd dead,
Moves on, as in a dream, stately and slow,
Our painter-bard, to Dante bending low.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Sunday, December 18, 1910.

LVIII.

HALLEY'S COMET.

(April, 1910.)

Vast streamer, ghostly pale in eastern sky
 Preceding dawn! No thrill of terror now
 Thy apparition stirs, no pious vow!
Grim war, hushed pestilence, gaunt famine's cry
O'er earth with thee no more their courses fly.
 Science hath shorn thy crest! Man fears not now,
 But questioning uplifts his starlit brow
To ether where thy vapors wasting lie.

Measureless ways and cycles of time are thine,
 Lone journeyer through the mighty void of space
 Of thy swift flight leaving in heaven no trace!
The mind is lost before the power divine
 That sweeps this splendid pennant to and fro
 In far-off space while centuries come and go.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

December 20, and 23, 1910.

LIX.

DANTE.

Disconsolate and stern old Tuscan bard,
The music of thy words in rhythmic swell
Makes one well-nigh forget the dreadful hell
That punisheth sworn enemies full hard
In thine Inferno's deep! We now discard
The mediæval dream but cannot tell
The gain, since here in such deep pain we dwell,
To hope so lost, that joy of life is marred.

Only, sometimes, we do forget our own—
Beholding all thy grief, and that high sense
In thee of things divine, the recompense
For mortal woes; or listing those sweet strains
Of love and death, like notes from wind-harp blown,
Whereby thy lofty spirit eased hell's pains!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

January 3, 1911.

147

LX.

DANTE IN RAVENNA.

Under Ravenna's pines where waters gleam,
Musing, his feet move slow! His soul, I wis,
Is set once more on youth and Beatrice,
In Florence fair, beside the Arno stream!
He walks absorbed as one in some deep dream:
For youth and love have showered on him their bliss,
Since Beatrice hath yielded lips to kiss,
And twinned are hearts that beat, and eyes that beam.

Dreaming the dear old days of youth and pride,
His lady kind, his Florence doubly fair
With spring's sweet censer swung in all her air,
The poet's lonely face is glorified,
Like angel's face who sees his risen Lord
And hears the orchestral harps in Heaven accord!

At 1460 Belmont Street,
Evenings of January 5 and 6, 1911.

LXI.

SWEDENBORG.

He walks, I think, in crownèd splendor far
 Within that inmost Heaven of his deep dream,
 Among those angels lost to Faith's faint gleam,
Because in light more bright than sun or star,
Before their Lord revealed, they ever are,
 And *see* and *know* that Truth which reigns supreme!
 High thought and noble deed, on earth his theme,
Find scope in this third Heaven with naught to mar.

Here wedded to a tender soul that clings,
 Forever wandering on in mystic joy
 Through deep arcana of the timeless space,
They two, as one, do dream of holy things,
 In light and life and love without alloy,
 Flowing from God to saints of perfect grace.

At 1460 Belmont Street,
 Sunday, January 8, 1911.

LXII.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS.

If still she hath her will in that far clime
Or state of heaven, whereto our wishes fond
Consign the dead, her eager thoughts respond
To myriad pulses of that life sublime,
Faint glimpses in prophet's word and poet's rhyme;
And as of old on earth, so now beyond
Time's reach, at one is she in spirit bond
With those great dead who are the crown of Time!

And this high thought, daily in life outwrought
As golden *deed*, were means to dry all tears
Begot of lonely hours when life seems naught,
To make these desolate years with their low fears,
Transfigured in the light that hope has brought,
Become the shining crown of all earth's years.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

January 14, 15, 16 and 19, 1911.

LXIII.

DAY-DREAMS.

(Road beyond Nobska, Woods Hole, Mass., August, 1910.)

Close shut within her ivory house of dreams,
Where willow nods and spicy Clethra blows,
Upon a wayside pool the lily grows.
Beyond her sedgy bar the blue main gleams,
And o'er dark pines the light of sunset streams.
Her chalice opens to the morning sun,
She knows not evening's glory now begun:
Or sunset's red and gold, or bright moonbeams.
Close shut, she hears the piping frog's refrain,
The droning of the dusty-coated bee,
The crow's home call, the veery's wild sweet strain,
The swell and murmur of the sunlit sea:
Yea, most of all, the main, soft in her dream,
Blows to her cradle songs from the far Gulf-stream.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

January 20, 1911.

LXIV.

PENZANCE.

(At Woods Hole, Mass.)

The middie now holds sway upon the deep!
With rush and roar, in whirling masses torn,
Through this swart channel's throat the waters sweep
From sea to sea, restless for distant bourne.
On thrust in myriad droves, like helpless sheep
By howling wolves pursued, dispersed and shorn,
The curling waves in white crests rush and leap
With bleat and moan o'er black rocks water-worn.

The tide has turned the while my dream takes form,
And now again the troubled waters sleep
Full-breasted calm, where turmoil stirred the deep.
O melancholy heart, whose ebb and flow
Are like this flood's resistless come and go,
When wilt thou learn that calm doth follow storm?

At 1460 Belmont Street,

January 23, 1911.

LXV.

THE WET STREET.

How often, dear, spellbound, together here
At our high window-view, we stood on nights
Like this wild night, to watch the shifting sights
Of the long wet street, reflected water-clear!

Our warm hands clasped, in lovers' silence dear,
Gazing upon the hundred mirrored lights,
We stood in darkness, making wild soul flights
Into the night and storm—yet free of fear!

Now hast thou gone into a deeper night
Whose black folds yield no light to make aware,
Howe'er we strain, of what lies hidden there.

Yet when we parted fortune that drear night,
In spite of weakness wert thou free of fear,
And brave, as ever thou wert brave, my dear!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, January 29, 1911.

LXVI.

MUTABILITY (I).

Ah me, since thou art gone, what lonely hours,
What dreary wastes of time, are my estate!
Of old here shone the sun, here bloomed gay flowers,
But now the fields we trod are desolate!

No kindling light illumines my spirit towers,
No setting sun brings back my vanished mate,
Abjectly now my once proud spirit cowers,
Too much to bear is this last blow of Fate!

Yet hearts break not, and Time for our relief
Slow softens and transfigures bitter grief,
Until of joys it doth become the chief.

How strange this life, whose forces are not free
To make past grief and present peace agree
That man through all his years one mind should be!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 11, 1911.

154

LXVII.

BUDDHA : A PRAYER.

“Forbearance was our Buddha wont to teach,”
So runs the sweet and simple doctrine old;
“Root out the love of self,” that it may hold
No more man’s spirit chained; and teach and preach
The ways of tenderness, my ways, to each:
So shall divine compassion’s robe enfold
Earth’s sorrowing ones; from heart of man be rolled
The burden old; peace lie within his reach.

The dear Lord Buddha’s tender heart be ours,
And ours his will to live the nobler life
That doth forget its own in others’ needs,
Finding its strength in deeds more than in creeds,
And preaching peace, remote from selfish strife,
For man and beast, the sport of unseen powers.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday evening, March 19, 1911.

LXVIII.

HAWTHORNE'S HILLSIDE WALK.

(Concord, September 22, 1910.)

A lone wood-path that winds about a hill:
A thousand times his feet have paced it o'er,
The while he let his eerie fancy soar,
Or delved in gloom some deep ancestral ill.

Faunus himself might dwell in place so still:
Fair wild things grow upon the forest-floor;
Jays call, the squirrel chatters at his door;
Balsamic odors faint the breezes fill.

I watch a pappus, zephyr sways at will;
A measure worm, frail as the down blown o'er,
On swinging silken thread his body lower;
And think: Man has short time for good or ill.

Gone he who trod this wood and romance made,
But still his spirit haunts its gloomy shade.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 21, 1911.

156

LXIX.

AFTER READING FREDERIC
HARRISON.

In second state that conscious self reveals,
I am not *sure* that she will live again,
This woman whom I loved—for what know men
Of the deep secrets the universe conceals?
The soul knows what it sees, and what it feels,
Not how new life should be when senses rust,
Or consciousness when brain and nerves are dust.
Alone with things well-proved the Comtist deals.

But this one truth is sure, and no mean thing:
Her pure sweet deeds will ever wider flow,
In other lives unceasing live and grow,
As priceless part of earth's great heritage.
And now in me they live and kindling bring
Sweet thoughts and holy joys that grief assuage.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday evening, April 2, 1911.

LXX.

APRIL XIII.

Life's music still rolls sweet upon my tongue;
The years they give new zest to brim its wine;
I hold not life, though old, as song outsung,
But voice of things eternal and divine.

Yet would I be once more a wandering boy,
In hemlock forests dim, half-glimpsing Pan,
Or lone at sunset hour shouting my joy
In liliated meadows far from haunts of man,

Dreaming again my dreams, singing my songs,
On fire with all life's mystery to cope,
Heart set on truths for which the spirit longs,
And glowing through the quest a boy's fine hope.

In calmer mood than once but joyous still,
Fronting the Soul of All, I wait His will.

On train, Buffalo to Washington, April 13, 1911,
(Eighteenth Anniversary of our marriage.)

LXXI.

EASTERTIDE.

Now buds and blooms and sings the awakening year,

Now stirs in wood and field so long forlorn

A genial sense that cries: Awake, adorn,

The god of life is born again, is here,

The green-robed festal summer days are near!

And though not now of those to whom is born

The joy of risen Lord on Easter morn,

In pagan ways I hold the day most dear!

My Lord was never born, and never dead!

Through Him to-day I rise toward endless being;

He thrills with life to earth's remotest bound

All things that are; and through the vast profound

Of utmost being, wills and works all-seeing,

His law and justice unto mercy wed.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sunday, April 16, 1911.

159

LXXII.

THE ARCTIC NIGHT.

The igloo reeks with drowsy Esquimaux,
And I have crept into the bitter night,
A space to stand among the stars upright:
Far south the wandering Pleiades sail low;
Round zenith roll the bears; the heavens glow
With myriad stars; tall streamers ghostly slight
Weave on the sky their weird unearthly light;
The arctic winds shrill over wastes of snow.

To heaven I raise the voice of my despair,
Its deeps of awful stars heed not my cry.
A thousand leagues beyond this icebound shore,
A woman waits beside a cottage door,
And children's voices name the name I bear.
O God, my God, of loneliness I die!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

April 22 and 23, 1911.

160

LXXIII.

TO MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

(On re-reading her *Journal*.)

O thou of the red-gold hair and passionate heart,
Daughter of Muscovy whose soul was France,
Thy Book of Hours, intense, brought me by chance,
Long since, its message fraught with sorrow's smart,
Love's poignancy unlulled by dreams of Art,
And all the wild and whirling thoughts that dance
Their frenzy through the brain when those who glance
The path Love treads with him may have no part!

O bittersweet those days of France and brief,
Too brief for love's desire, that life of thine
Whose candle's light outblown yet shines full bright
Across the night of time, a fire divine,
Companioning as star, now red now white,
The way of those who walk with love and grief.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

May 31, 1911.

LXXIV.

GOD AND THE UNIVERSE.

His will alone that rhythmic force explains,
Which cell on cell of tiniest being shows—
And star dust old not less than new-born rose,
But His deep *Self* incognito remains:
In all earth's realm, I find not Him who reigns,
And vain the search where old Antares throws
A ruddy flame, or lone Arcturus glows.
Alone His finger prints the clay retains.

Man proud, some say: He dwells within the soul;
And some: He liveth not; and mournful some:
He *wills* but hath not yet to pity come;*

And some with me: He is our final goal,
He hides within the deeps, withdrawn, world-vast,
That man through search may come to Him at last.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

June 27, 28, 1911.

*Hardy: *The Dynasts*.

LXXV.

THEODORE PARKER.

“Our Father Mother God,” often he said,
Absorbed in those deep prayers that moved his age,
And strangely move us still from silent page!
On him Eternal Life its glory shed,
Its peace was his, its strength his spirit fed,
Then rising god-like in his heritage,
He thundered forth his modern prophet’s rage
On shameful deeds and creeds, to stir men dead!
Now sleeps he where the fragrant iris blooms,
And rossignols sing love on dewy tombs.
Not far from Landor’s grave his own is made,
In that fair Tuscan land both loved so well,
And grandly won—those things for which he prayed—
His great soul now in peace with God may dwell.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

July 4-6, 1911.

163

LXXVI.

THE BRIDAL MAY.

She comes, my lady Spring, bride-decked and fair,
The rustling stir of silken robes I hear,
The faint pink apple blooms I scent full near,
Wherewith for Love she binds her sunny hair!
At sight of May old Time forgets his care,
So full her coming floods, with murmurs dear,
And light and life, the joyous budding year—
And hearts of men and maids, full many a pair!

Of dainty springs long gone our Ronsard sung,
And Filipepi knew the joy she brings,
But neither painters old, nor lovers young,
Nor poet's honeyed tongue, can image clear
The deep, sweet joy that in us rings and sings,
When lady Flora wakes the budding year!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday p. m., July 9, 1911.

LXXVII.

INFLUENCE.

O kindred soul, whose thoughts in me are rife!
How hath her spirit moved me since those days,
Long told, when first I knew her gracious ways,
And all the sacred deeps of that still life
So far removed from passion's heat and strife!
And what firm hold it hath upon me still,
In these lone years, working its gentle will
E'en more than when of old I called her wife!

How deep and sweet and pure and strong is love,
To hold men unto high ideals fast!
It clothes the soul as garbs the hand a glove,
And makes the memory of a word or glance
A moving power long after life has past,
A subtle fragrance which the years enhance.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday p. m., July 23, 1911.

165

LXXVIII.

HOMER.

Blind singer of the glorious Argive days,
When gods were near and all her sons were strong,
The wine-dark seas roll evermore their song,
High pitched or low, through thine immortal lays!

The sea, the shore! As dubious battle sways,
With clang of arms on bronze, that shouting throng
Beside the ships, I hear an over-song
Of waves and flapping sails and creaking stays.

Not less thou mak'st alive the shining hosts
That on Olympian heights their nectar sip,
Careless to while away the joyous hour;

And that gray underworld of gibbering ghosts
Odysseus saw, and heard, when blood touched lip,
Mourn piteously the loss of light and power.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday p. m., August 20, 1911.

LXXIX.

AN AUGUST NIGHT (I).

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

The damp salt wind this lonely eventide
From heart of open sea comes fresh to me.
This wind I love hath blown o'er ships at sea
And nameless things that swim its waters wide,
The thousand coiling shapes those waters hide,
Past light-ships lone, o'er sailors' graves at sea,
O'er fog banks broad, past icebergs swimming free,
And wrecks that list to every wandering tide.

The shrill cicada fills the air with song:
Heartsick am I because my love is dead.
The winds are loosed, I hear the salt sea call,
O'er Naushon sinks a half moon fiery red.
O soul of man, thy joy and woe are all
In these wild waters typed—and surge sea-strong!

At 1474 Belmont Street, Sunday evening, August 20, 1911.

(Notes last August by the shore.)

LXXX.

A SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

Below the peaceful valley sleeps, cloudfree:
Watching its wind-swept fields of golden rye
Under the beechen shade, I dreaming lie
Where meadows bend in waves like a summer sea.

With drone of bees their warm scent floats to me;
From bush to tree the wood-birds twittering fly;
I hear a babbling brook, the school boy's cry,
A tinkling bell, the ring of axe on tree.

Such scenes my youth beheld and hers as well,
But sundered far were we, nor dreamed that Time
Would bring us face to face, and heart to heart.

O Love, magician old, a mighty spell
You wove about our hearts, that time nor clime
For us henceforth held joy, if lived apart!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sestet, June, 1910; octave, August 23, 1911.

NOTE: How little a thing may serve to make a poet happy or sad is well illustrated in the octave of this sonnet. On a day in June I felt it all in a fluid state, so to speak, in what was perhaps the most exquisite five minutes of my whole life. It would have been perfectly easy then to have put it upon paper worthily, but I was in the midst of something else and thrust it aside. Soon afterwards I wrote the sestet, but the octave would not return for more than a year, and now lacks all the glory of the waking dream which suggested it.

LXXXI.

CIRCE.

Music, rich scent, dim lights, and purple glooms
Mark her domain. There laughter flows and wine,
Till a vaporous mist makes Circe seem divine,
To outward view so fair the goddess blooms.

There pallid suitors endless throng her rooms,
On whom a space she smiles, and then, as swine,
Drives out those lovers scorned, who now must pine
In loathsomeness their never-ending dooms.

But deep within her secret heart she saith:
Always my joy is mother of my woe,
For whom I love, that one do I destroy.

Why unto me come they of mortal breath?
One death holds all! Weary am I, who know
How false love cheats the heart of man and boy!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

August 30, 1911.

LXXXII.

GOETHE WHEN OLD.

Traced on the all-recording book of Fate
His lustrous name in golden cursive glows,
The garnered wisdom of the world he knows,
And pilgrims come in throng to name him great,
Who far withdrawn from action's way and late,
In haste, as one who on a journey goes,
Life's garden walks, to pluck the fairest rose
In all her vast cloud-canopied estate.

The master singer worshipped beauty's form,
And yet despite his lore of man and earth,
I cannot think true love to him revealed,
Or much of woman's heart, whose deeps are sealed
To all who worship not an inner norm
As clean and stainless as a lily's birth.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 4, 1911.

170

LXXXIII.

THE DEAD CITY.

(Pompeii, March 18, 1906.)

Here crimson poppies blossomed long ago
And lilies pale their twilight fragrance shed,
Here minstrel lovers wandered to and fro,
Here songs and jests and noise the swift hours sped.

Came then the awful mountain's warning glow,
Unheeded of the throng to pleasure wed,
And then the eternal silence hushed and slow
Flooding oblivion on the many dead.

From Forum sod the dandelions gleam
In pale March sun; with endless hum of bees,*
Old days, old dreams, are sounding in our ears.

We linger near the Doric shrine and seem,
On its ancient shore, to hear the wash of seas
And shouts of men, faint borne from far-off years.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
September 10 and 11, 1911.

*Solitary bees, nesting in large numbers in a sand bank below the temple. The former sea shore at the foot of the city is now a mile and a quarter inland. Senecio and purple fumitory were also in blossom in the sod of the Forum Triangulare, and in the neighboring fields we saw cauliflower, almond or apricot, and iris in blossom.

LXXXIV.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

O thrumming finger-tips of gentle rain,
What heart doth not thy tender music know,
The lull piano, pianissimo!
The vague mysterious chords of life sound plain
When slumber's veil by thee is rent in twain,
Hours of the deep night, revolving slow;
Or days in youth beneath the rafters low,
On fragrant hay, books closed to hear thy strain.

Oh, I remember how you loved it, Dear,
This music written in an unknown scale,
Speaking to us of vague subconscious things:
A vast of tones beyond our ears to hear,
A world of harmony beyond our pale,
For those to feel in whom pure spirit sings.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, September 17, 1911.

LXXXV.

THE HARMONIES OF LIFE.

Too fair wert thou to fade as rose half-blown!
 No loveliest face of master workman old,
 In alabaster carved, or marble cold,
Or on the canvas lined, exceeds thine own
In beauty pure wherein is spirit shown!
 That luminous deep self thy smiles unfold,
 To all would I make known as purest gold,
Not hoard as miser hoards for self alone.

What magic power hath beauty o'er the mind,
 When goodness' self thereto as soul is joined,
 And grace, the fairest flower of woman's life!
Then all the harmonies in one are twined
 To make, as here, from many pasts purloined,
 The noble woman and the tender wife.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, September 17, 1911.

LXXXVI.

THE UNIVERSAL GOD.

Vast are His plans! His purpose who can show?
His *Providence* the shining ones may know,
But we are left in darkness here below,
To grope, or glimpse such shifting lights as flow

From search through nature and the world of mind,
Those books whereon we pore, our God to find—
Alas, so vast they are, and we so blind!
Yet would we think Him near, and not unkind,

Only, than man, with other, larger ends;
A subtile presence everywhere that lends
All motion, light, and life; all comprehends;
And in one harmony all discord blends.

Dissevered now and in a twilight dim,
How are we straitened till rejoined to Him.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 18, 1911.

174

LXXXVII.

LATE AUTUMN IN WASHINGTON.

(November 21, 1910, near Fort Stevens.)

The cold November sky is blue and bright,
The oaks are red and gold and green and dun,
The fields are neutral tints from summer won.
The wondrous autumn glow fades into night,
And I am lifted up to Rembrandt's height,
As orange-brown the waves of setting sun
O'er broad waste fields of shining sedge-grass run—
Beholding all this miracle of light.

O Time! How strange these fields should be the place
O'er which with scream of shell rolled war's red flood!
Nathless here fought and fell men of our race,
But not in strife against a common foe,
For brother then in hate shed brother's blood,
And all this mighty land was one dark woe.

At 1474 Belmont Street, September 19, 1911.

(Notes last November.)

LXXXVIII.

A CUBAN VALLEY.

(In the Trinidad Mountains, March, 1904.)

The sun is hot, the plains are brown and worn;
Deep purple shadows lie along the hills;
Only the cane with green the landscape fills
And distant Royal palms, whose crown half-shorn,*
Seems some green temple's broken roof, up-borne
On slender marble shafts that gleam in the sun;
Beyond, the mountain ranges jagged run;
O'er all a wild storm-cloud is piled and torn.

I sweep the landscape o'er from this vast hill,
Joying in all I see—the distant mill,
The huts, the palms, the sun, the storm-cloud's will,
In hum of bee, in bird, in bur that clings—
All save the rude watch tower† whose aspect brings
A sudden mournful thought of sterner things.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sunday, September 24, 1911.

*To make thatch for huts. The trunk of this palm is snow-white.

†Used in the last Cuban war.

LXXXIX.

YUMURÌ GORGE.

(April 24, 1904.)

Within the glen a solemn quiet reigns,
Save when as now some lonely echo calls;
The tropic forest lines the lofty walls,
Or green with trailing vines, or brown with stains.
In pairs, above the still wood-shadowed stream,
The green and crimson trogons flash like gems,
While on the wall that wood and water hems,
Entranced I gaze, as one in some fair dream.

Without, calls evermore the mighty deep,
Where bones of coral whiten all the shore;
Within, beguiled and lulled, one well might crave
To sail no more, but hour on hour to sleep:
Romantic land, of many a hope the grave,
Your witching beauty pulls my heartstrings sore!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 24, 1911.

XC.

SPINOZA.

He cared not for man's gold, nor for his praise,
Still less for his dispraise—an empty sound!
The perfect peace of God he sought and found,
Content in poverty to spend his days,
So he might walk with God the eternal ways,
Might find that *Truth* our dull sense gropes in vain.
That *Mind* of which all space is body and brain,
And all phenomena the shadowy rays.

God was his all! In Him he lived and moved
To reach his being's end. The man is mad,
His plodding neighbors said, and forthwith bade
Him leave their synagogue, as it behooved:
Far greater out, he moved the world as few,
This gentle, God-inebriated Jew.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 21 and September 30, 1911.

178

XCI.

THE SABBATH BEFORE THE
PASSOVER.

(April 22, 1910.)

'Tis good, in days when ancient faith is dead,
To see the reverence Judah still bestows
On his unseen fierce Yahweh whom he knows
In the holy of holies reigns in lone Godhead.

O awful God, for Thee the candles' gloom,
The sweet deep prayers intoned in solemn state,
The bread, the wine, the mead they consecrate;
The house itself a temple, room by room.

Yet, awful God, thy days are numberèd:
A ceaseless worm gnaws at the temple's veil;
The pillared sanctuary's hosts are fled;
Astarte hath three parts within her mesh;
And even thine own sons, stamped in the flesh,
Forsake thy courts to walk with sons of Baal.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 1, 1911.

179

XCII.

VESUVIUS.

(April 4 to 12, 1906.)

Peasants flying from ruined homes, in throng;
Torrents of smoke rolled high in murky air;*
Terrible rumblings from the volcano's lair;
Lightning flashes in the coiling column, league long;
The red flood crackling seaward, giant strong;
Showers of rocks and stones to man's despair;
Ashes and desolation everywhere,
With no green thing to love, and no bird's song.

Those fearful days strange things to us did show:
Poor peasants crushed at prayer within their church;
Soldiers with food and making paths of search;
Long lines of devotees, praying in turn
To saints, to God, to mountain's fiery glow,
To quench the flood their sins had caused to burn.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday evening, October 15, 1911.

*Nubes oriebatur cujus formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus
expresserit.—Pliny: Anno 79.

XCIH.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

The hills and plains of earth are one vast tomb;

No spot that hath not been of man or beast

Unwilling grave: life seems of all things least!

Full loth we go to make for others room,

And in our going find but pain and gloom.

Who may the dark of life and death declare?

One thing devours another everywhere

And all things wait but their eternal doom.

No hope is there unless a Father's hand

Sustain the dream-child's long and painful climb,

Leading, in ways we do not understand,

To far-off ends, and ever higher good.

By such great hope made strong, men have withstood

All mortal pains, all buffetings of Time.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sunday evening, October 22, 1911.

181

XCIV.

KEATS.

(Rome, April 20, 1906.)

O wistful boy—blowing those pipes of Pan
In English fields besprent with morning dew,
Trinacrian Theocritus once blew
By fair Ionian sea to gladden man—
Of golden singing days, how brief the span
Dark Clotho spun! Of longed-for things how few
Were thine to hold! Only the bitter rue
Distilled for thee its drink of Caliban.

Those longing, luminous deep eyes of thine,
They haunt us like a draught of bitter wine;
And all that fierce desire to glean thy brain
Of teeming thought comes over one like pain!
Dear Keats, whose wounds Lethean waters lave,
A blood-red rose I place upon thy grave.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 29, 1911.

182

XCV.

SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

(Protestant Cemetery, Rome, April 20, 1906.)

Near Cestius' tomb his mournful ashes lie,
In that close crowded village of the dead,
Where dark the cypresses their mantles spread!
Small birds throng here when hawk and owlet cry,
Sunshine and shadow here for mastery vie,
The dripping rain falls on his lowly bed,
The wind sobs through these aisles, but high o'erhead
The birds trill songs of hope eternally.

Sad heart, and dear, sleep peacefully and deep
In this lone wood that once you loved so well!
"Cor cordium," though earth thine ashes keep,
Dead art thou not, but hast high place apart
Within man's soul! In thought's clear light, where dwell
The fairest, noblest things, there, there, thou art!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Evening of November 6, 1911.

XCVI.

THE DEAD POET.

Silenced the singer's lips, and closed his eyes:

Noble, with upturned brow, and brave strong face
Composed and still, how like Charlemagne he lies,
Fallen but full of more than kingly grace!

With Cymbeline close held to that dear breast,
His form outlined by floods of weird moonlight,
In God's own peace the singer now must rest,
So rapt he lies, so still, in solemn night!

The ringing master voice of English song
Was silenced here! nay, more, noblest of men!
Steadfast, he followed "the gleam," and did no wrong;
His peer, therefore, we shall not see again.

Nathless, the poet's gold, a priceless store
For men who strive and hope, bides evermore!

Park Avenue Hotel, New York,

November 23 to 27, 1911.

184

XCVII.

TOLSTOI WHEN OLD.

The bravest man the Russias ever grew,
The noblest one since their great Peter born,
He lashed the wicked great with his fine scorn,*
And plead for common men their cause as few
Could plead or dared to do. Great man and true,
Though fitted royal places to adorn,
He mowed his meadow lands and reaped his corn
Content, so he might keep his Christ in view!

A peaceful mystic, flouting church and creed,
A Russian to heart's core, and yet a voice
Wherein sounds brotherhood for all who toil
And suffer loss, bidding make God their choice—
Lone voice in our mad age of sensuous greed
Striving in vain to stem its wild turmoil!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 3, 1912.

*See his open letter in the *London Times* (June 27, 1904) denouncing the war with Japan.

XCVIII.

JESUS.

The stainless one is brother to us all!

What though he dreamed his home of heavenly bliss!

Are we not dreamers here? Give then to kiss

His piercèd hands, his feet, to list his call!

How dear to sail with him on Galilee,

To walk and talk through fields of ripening wheat,

And hear him cry to doubting ones: Take, eat,

The letter kills, the spirit lives in me!

Shall he not be our guide who dreams the best?

His church and doctrine fade into the past,

His dream remains. To that let men hold fast:

God is our strength, our life-long eager quest.

And unto whom shall come the Paraclete,

To him all bitter things shall be made sweet.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sunday, January 28, 1912, and earlier.

XCIX.

SCIENCE.

On gates of brass man knocks for evidence,
And will not be denied: *Science* the key
Wherewith he would unlock all mystery
Of time and sense, of life and death, of whence,
And whither borne! Appalling consequence!
More than his wrath, God's vastness frightens me,
His star-clouds wheel vast orbits endlessly,
His yawning gulfs of space whelm all my sense.

Yet are the stars of selfsame elements
As earth and man: if they by law are whirled,
The Cosmos one, then must the near and small
Foretell the great and far, and all the world
Of supersensuous things ring true to call,
And God himself be like the world of sense.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 28, 1912.

187

C.

ELI, ELI, LAMA SABACHTHANI.

One should be maiden pure, of him to sing,
The gentle one who died on Calvary,
Accurst in Judah, loved in Galilee,
And hailed of all the lowly poor as king.

From march triumphal where hosannas ring
To that despairing cry upon the tree!
How swift the way, how sad and lone was he!
Yet still to him the sorrowful do cling.

O disillusioned brother! Thy mournful cry,
Loud sounding through the melancholy years,
Is voice of all flesh in its agony!

"My God, my God!" ascend with groans and tears
The quavering cries of men who fear to die,
And though He answers not, I think God hears.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
January 25, 27 and 29, 1912.

188

CII.

COMPENSATION.

Your death and mine make room for babes unborn;
The blast that whelms Armada saves a State;
The Nile that drowns a plain brings Egypt corn;
Decadent Rome leaves Europe bold and great.

All things fall equal in the scales of Time!
Who will may find a thousand parallels
Since man was born from primal spawn and slime;
On one alone my thought insistent dwells:

For her lost years of earth may heaven atone
Since love must hold rich life as more than breath,
And hope unweariedly to find its own
Beyond the solemn barrèd gates of Death.

God let me then in her sweet spirit dwell,
Believing, though alone, that all is well.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Feb. 4, and March 23, 1912
189

CIII.

A CHILD'S SPIRIT.

The freshness of the morning dwelt in her:
A dewy purity of maiden bloom,
Like wild rose bordering a forest's gloom,
Or lily on a stream faint ripples stir—
The joy of childhood lingering on, as 't were,
Within the woman grown: angel for whom
All somber messengers of life make room
With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Gay spirit of the child within us all!
How art thou whelmed beneath convention's gloom,
Where all sweet impulses of youth lie drowned
In lees of talk a silly world lets fall!
Poor world, that hath not one bright hope to bloom
In place of all snatched flowers the child has found!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Octave: 1st 4 lines November, 1911, in New York, last 4,
February 4, 1912.

Sestet: March 24 to 30, 1912.

CIV.

POESY.

To dwell in Arcady! To hear that horn
Remotely echoing through woodland ways
That Milton heard, and Wordsworth all his days,
Were means to greet each heavy-laden morn,
Each wan-hued eventide, of sorrow born,
With their own calm and unperturbèd gaze—
So sure lies there the home, beyond all praise,
Of deep sweet peace, no fate can render lorn.

Where then is Arcady? 'Tis where he lives
Whose sylvan thoughts flow on in peaceful vein,
Unvexed by vexing ways, since there Zeus gives
Sweet hope to all. 'Tis that divine estate
Within the soul which men do nominate
High Poesy, Apollo's fair domain.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

April 28, 1912.

191

CV.

THE BODY OF GOD.

Not that dear mystic of the sacred shore,
 Preaching God's love to man, with face aglow,
 And life as pure as fields of driven snow,
Nor yet that bread his saints have knelt before,
Soon twice a thousand years, and still adore
 When solemn mass is sung, voice hushed and slow,
 Doth surely unto me God's body show,
Wherein upborne and permeate we soar;

Far more to me, and thought in awe expressed,
 It is that stellar ether's lone expanse
 Whereof the mighty man of science dreams,
 Wherein the suns and planets swim, light gleams,
 And all those myriad throbbing waves advance,
Of Becquerel, Hertz, Roentgen, and the rest.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
 Sunday, May 12, 1912.

192

CVI.

HENRIETTA RENAN.

La paix divine du devoir accompli.

—Rechatologie: Louis Ménéard.

A woman unto whom no childhood came,
Nor motherhood to still an aching heart,
She dwelt from all she loved long years apart,
Eating the rich man's bitter bread with shame,
To save a home, and make a brother's name.
Long hours of lofty study left her grave,
And loneliness and love did make her brave,
But God alone could give the spirit flame!

A saint not on the Roman calendar
She hath her crown from all who have not lost
The primal Christian sense, in many waned,
That duty bravely done, whate'er the cost,
Is deepest miracle of Time by far
And noblest height man's spirit hath attained.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Saturday evening, July 13, 1912.

CVII.

THE NILE.

*It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought, threading a dream.*
—Leigh Hunt.*

Lonely and far, the sunset's waning flame
Burns o'er the Libyan waste; the clear night grows;
In vast and eddying curves the brown Nile flows
Through all the sand-strown wreck of Egypt's fame.

Past pyramids and pillaged tombs, our shame,
From Æthiop's heart to shores the Mid-sea knows,
Sweeping, star-flecked and still, dim Nilus goes,
And so hath gone since Horus bore his name.

On Earth the good, in Heaven the judge of all,
No more Osiris reigns; no more Ra gleams;
Dark Set and gentle Nephthys live no more;

Nor yet at Abydos doth Isis call;
But still the river murmurs through our dreams
Of Egypt old and gods who loved this shore!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

July 20-23, 1912.

*Hunt's sonnet on the Nile was one of her favorites. We read it often,
usually along with Shelley's *Ozymandias*.

CVIII.

YGDASIL.

Strange tree, drawing sweet life from thine own dead!
Three-fold thy roots mole Ymir's ancient earth;
World-wide, four-square, thy thick-set branches spread;
Chaos and deep night consorted at thy birth!

Dipped from the mystic font of Odin's love,
The life in thee, passed on, can never die!
Dead, dead below, but growing ever above,
Thy towering crown shall some day pierce the sky!

Mightily from of old Balder and Thōr
Welcomed thee! Freya and the Norn-maids fair!
Joyously, thy crowded leaves push evermore,
Drinking amain their Heaven of light and air:

Most unregarded fall, but now and then
Is born one for the healing of all men.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Evening, August 9, 1912.

CIX.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.

'Tis come! For Heimdal's horn rings far and near,
The Fenris-wolf, broke loose, goes ravening,
The Midgard serpent plots a gruesome thing,
Frost-giants fell, with Loki's brood, appear,
And hearts of men and gods are filled with fear.
Foredoomed, not Odin's will, Thor's hammer swing,
Can thwart the chill of Hela's winnowing.
The sun is dim, the world's long night is here!

Norse Ragnarok! Dread eon void of light!
In dimmest past, and dimmest time to come,
Thou hast thy place! Midway, we have our birth
To hold and rule a most mysterious earth,
But short our time: Arouse then, be not dumb,
Gird on, fare forth, nor dread the one last fight!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Sunday, August 11, 1912.

196

CX.

PAESTUM.

(To H. N.)

I see it all once more: clouds, wind, sunbeams!
A summer day, joyous, idyllic, kind!
And flung like crimson gonfalons to wind,
Across the sward, her poppies haunt my dreams.
Below, the green and blue Tyrrhenian gleams;
Above, her temples stand, strong yet to bind
The soul to noblest types of Grecian mind,
In whom creative power found god-like themes.

What silence to the columned grandeur clings!
What hope and fear, too big for words to tell!
What multitudes implored Poseidon here,
And passed, long since, to Acheron's dim cheer!
Crows flap and call where gods were asked to dwell,
And all is eloquent of vanished things!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

August 15, 16, 18, 1912.

CXI.

AN AUGUST NIGHT (II).

How calm this night, whose perfumes drift afar!

A heaven of fleecy clouds, a bright full moon,
With here and there a pallid blinking star,
Make one forget the sticky, torrid noon.

The grass and weeds inhale the mild still air;
The dark-crowned maples long black shadows cast;
With folded leaves the locusts cease from prayer;
And all things find a dim sweet ease at last.

The open fields are full of quiet love;
A thousand crickets chirp unto their own
Their resonant love tones; the tender dove
Of peace broods now: O why am I alone?

Below, the city lies, a book of Fate,
Where many leaves unfold, or soon or late.

Washington, D. C.,

Sunday evening, August 25, 1912,

Hill top between 15th and 16th Streets, overlooking the city.

CXII.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

As torrent swift to me those last hours sped
 (My life compressed into a moment's thrill
 By some bad dream, subversive of the will),
But endlessly for her their slow way led
Through utter weariness to Lethe's bed;
 And I, in bitter grief, would keep her still
 Or bear her pain, so might it be His will:
"Do not grieve for me, but do your work!" she said.

And now that she is gone, this gentle one,
 Her words come back to me like prayers that bless,
 Fragrant with that divine forgetfulness
 Of large sweet souls, who make this world a heaven
Of peace and love, a paradise begun,
 Leav'ning all souls with this their holy leaven.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

Finished September 3, 1912.

CXIII.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD.

At night and morn my golden beads are told:

Children who danced brief space in April's sun,
Maidens whose morn of May had scarce begun,
Strong men and women loved as men love gold,
And faces calm of those who died when old.

Each bead is shining group of lives foredone,
And lovingly I linger o'er each one:
Yea, my rosary hath longings manifold!

I know not if my prayers by Him 'are heard,
Yet still I bare my head and pour my wine.
One thing I know, that I through spoken word
Am lifted up toward Him, the All Divine,
In passionate accord and, spirit stirred,
Do hold communion with His saints and mine!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 4, 1912.

CXIV.

THE EPIC MUSE.

The wingèd rumors of vast deeds are rife:
Now shall we hear war-cries and trumpets blown,
Where old blind Homer makes Achilles known,
And him that loved Andromache, true wife;
Where Milton sets the hosts of heaven at strife,
Hurls Satan headlong flaming to his own;
Or the Tuscan grim heaps scorn on popes who groan
In Malebolge's deep their fire-stressed life.

These are her woes, her teeth of dragons sown,
That spring up armèd men to mortal strife:
But purer, more triumphant notes are rife
From chorused voices and from trumpets blown,
Where Dante's dream unfolds, circling God's throne,
The great white rose of His Eternal Life!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 6, 1912.

201

CXV.

MOTHERHOOD.

(On seeing a young mother kiss her baby on the back of its neck.)

O rosebud fair! Unfolding tender one,
In whom is lodged infinitude of grace,
Thy mother's heart is awed before thy face,
As one who sees a miracle begun.

O child divine! My own and his dear son!
Thy groping innocence our hearts embrace,
And each, than other, seems the dearer place
For kisses showered once more, no sooner done.

And thou dost ever nearer, dearer grow,
Reaching thy baby hands to my full breast
With that sweet mother-trust God giveth thee!
Thy comforter am I, thy heaven of rest;
And thou art unto me Shekinah's glow,
The Holy of Holies, where *He* speaks to me!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
September 11, 1912.

202

CXVI.

RACE HATRED.

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said,
I know not: Am I my brother's keeper? And He said, What hast thou
done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.
Genesis IV, 9, 10.

Sear, crisping flesh of our black brother man,
Writhing within the hell of torturing flame—
Kindled, O lust! in purity's dear name
By men of baser sort, more lewd than Pan—
The smoke and groaning of thy torments rise
As from those awful pits the Tuscan saw!
Is there on earth no righteousness, no law?
No venging God above to hear these cries?
Are we then devils who, before our time,
Must maim and burn to show whose sons we are?
God's image in the ebon flesh must mar,
Atoning crimes unproved, through baser crime?
Great God, while such things are a Nation's shame,
No right it has to name Thy holy name!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, September 15, 1912.

CXVII.

OLD LETTERS.

Turning these faded leaves, so doubly dead,
 What voices speak to me across the years!
What morning hopes, that with the morning fled!
 What faces smile! What eyes are wet with tears!

For some who wrote were fair, and some were strong,
 And some were wise, and many light of heart,
And all to me so closely knit and long,
 My heart's blood chilled when they from Life did part.

O poignant memories! O days long sped!
 My heart beats slow, with their dull freight of pain!
Yea, I am sick and weary with my dead,
 As one alone who hears November rain!

Oblivion, come to me with healing wings:
That I may live henceforth in vanward things!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
 September 21, 1912.

CXVIII.

SEA GARDENS.

(The Bahamas, March, 1904.)

Beneath the azure wave our fronds are spread;
We love the dimly lighted cool salt deeps;
Purple and brown, and gold and green and red,
Our banners drift where clean the strong tide sweeps.

Bright multi-colored fishes round us swim,
And tawny madrepores grow 'neath our shade,
While closer veiled, in rift and cavern dim,
Strange, slimy, crawling things their foes evade.

Where deep and clear the tidal waters run,
The bright light filters down, pale gold, sea-green,
Transmuting all, with tender touch of sun,
In this dim under-world, to fairy sheen.

'Tis like some magic realm within a dream,
So still our world, so fair, so faint its gleam!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
October 29, 1912.

CXIX.

THE HEMLOCKS OF MY BOYHOOD.

Huge trunks that twice a hundred summers knew,
On soil o'er-carpeted with needles brown—
How solemn 't was beneath their dark green crown,
Where ghostly pale the sunlight filtered through,
Where scarce a tiny weed or grass-blade grew,
And summer rain-drops seldom pattered down!
Yet there in glee we built a mimic town
Whose play-house ways were palace walks perdue!

Gone now! Waste pasture lands where once they stood,
And gone the men who owned that solemn wood,
The merry playmates, too, of that far day!
Decayed, forlorn, the country village stands,
But the stream I loved still winds its meadow way,
And now, as then, crows call o'er autumn lands.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 30, 1912.

206

CXX.

THE SHINING ONES.

Gentle my lady was, and ever dwelt
 Serene in some fair heaven of love and peace,
Whereto she drew a lonely one who felt,
 Within her pale, dull sorrow's pain surcease.

Now shall he never see again her face,
 Nor hear the low sweet music of her voice:
So many shining ones in that high place,
 So many things to do, so vast heaven's choice!

Ah me, so far will she have passed his ken
 That he may ne'er o'ertake his lady's train
Of seraphim, and heaven-born maids and men:
 To hope to reach their lordly height—vain, vain!

Enough, if he might see her joy afar!
Serving in lowliest place where the heavenly are.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
 October 30, 1912.

CXXI.

CHOPIN.

On his divine whirlwind of melody
Caught up and borne away, we float—a dream
Within a dream—in purest phantasy,
Where mortal life becomes an empty theme.

Absorbed in this divine world-ecstasy
Of flowing sound, hearts beat, eyes glow, stars gleam,
And moved to tender chords eternally,
Our lives become one with the cosmic stream.

Anon, the cloying sweetness palls the sense,
And banished then are we from that estate
Where music is both God and Providence.

Large loom the black and bitter things of fate,
Since man knows naught of whither or of whence,
And is for God or cosmic force no mate!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 31, 1912.

208

CXXII.

THE PALACE OF TEARS.

I built within my soul a palace-tomb,
A solemn, spacious, lordly place for tears,
Wherein to dwell with grief through lonely years
Whose footfalls sound the ashen way to doom.

Its stately corridors and chambered room
Should speak but of the dear and vanished years;
Here mourn thy dead, and pour thrice bitter tears,
Here heal thy hurt, or dwell alone in gloom.

But joyously within its garden ways
For my soul's sake, anon, a dear bird sung—
Sung peace and hope and sunlit summer days,
Till through the palace dim the clear notes rung.

And then I knew that Love is *life* and *song*,
And selfish grief a cruel, sterile wrong.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

November 1, 1912.

CXXIII.

APRIL AT WOODS HOLE.

The call of spring is in the balmy air!
About the island shores, from April's throne,
The first divine arbutus' scent is blown;
The sea is like a burnished mirror rare
Whereon white fleecy clouds throw shadows fair;
With winter birds the winter days have flown;
The swelling buds their tender green have shown;
And orioles in sunny orchards pair.

What is it stirs in me this ecstasy,
At hum of vagrant bee, at call of crow,
At touch of all the spicy winds that blow?
The earth is like a mother's breast to me,
I hear her cradle song, her litany,
And warm in sun I ask no more to know!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
November 2, 1912.

CXXIV.

ROBERT BROWNING.

(The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.)

Thy mortal part Westminster gray entombs,
But I do think thy spirit moves along
The Arno stream with Cimabue's throng;
With Titian haunts Venetian palace rooms;
Or dwells with Shelley 'neath the cypress glooms
Where nightingales pour forth their heavenly song:
With these, and Angelo, dost thou belong,
So loved thou art, so large thy spirit looms!

A mighty past lives in thy verse with power
To stir the deeper chords of human life!
Yea, Master mine, 'tis some vast Gothic tower,
Where Guido, Lippi, Sarto, Pippa chime,
With Roland, One Word More and James Lee's Wife,
Their golden bells, to mark the flight of time!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

November 2, 1912.

CXXV.

RICHARD WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Wagner, of trumpet-sounding, world-wide fame,
The Norns of Time and Fate, those sisters gray,
Whose spoken word the gods do not gainsay,
Did with thy genius blend a fatal flame,
That should consume the glory of thy name,
Should make thee wife and friend alike betray—
Coarse pessimist to love and hope alway—
And flicker round thy brow, a light of shame.

Thy Lohengrin touched heights few souls attain,
Brunhilde too: but thine Tannhäuser's stain
In many a Venusberg of low desire.
Minna alone stands forth, the sorely tried,
From selfish, sordid pages, fit for fire,
The faithful one, by the faithless master's side.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

November 3, 1912.

212

CXXVI.

A VASE OF OPAL GLASS.

Harmonious the curves thy contour shows,
Whose perfect form the master Greeks did love!
Outward, thy color shames the burnished dove,
A bronzed, purple-green: old Neptune's rose;
Within, the heart of Ancient Egypt glows,
A heaven of purest blue, most liquid bright—
A peacock-blue, which glows like magic light
On Indian seas, where broad the Gulf-stream flows.

Of Eblis and the East no doubt thou art,
Since whoso looks into thy glowing core
Is slave unto thy beauty evermore;
And bathed within its mystic sapphire light,
Forgets his lonely world, would sell birth-right,
And only feels the glow that warms his heart.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

November 20, 1912.

CXXVII.

BEYOND POSILIPO.

From Posilipo stretch Phlegræan fields
And curvèd shores where Roman galleys lay,
Blue seas o'er which Cumæan Greeks held sway,
And islands where the vine its warm heart yields!
O land of dreams! I see the Legion shields
Round Nero thrown; speak Seneca good day;
Hear Marcus Brutus plot the night away;
Saint Paul plead Christ in Pozzuolan fields!

Scarce one stone left to tell of Cumæ's sway;
Dead, Maro's tongue; dispersed, Misenum's fleet;
O'er Nero's palace Baian waters play;
But still Avernus lisps what Virgil told;
And Nisida is fair, as when of old
Her gardens thrilled at touch of Portia's feet.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
November 23, 1912.

CXXVIII.

FIELDS AND WOODS.

Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere.
—Thoreau.

Sky-blue the gentians gleam this sunny day,
On the meadow-bank by the wood, where stray my feet;
And from their dim-lit, whispering retreat,
The gray oaks cast afield their rippling spray
On long straight arms to greet the autumn ray,
And make of light and shade the background meet
For picture painted by the moment fleet,
Where fringed banners pave a sapphire way.

Be it the sun's confiding, tender ray,
Or but the wind-kissed gentians' airy sway,
Of this-day-morn I am no more the clod;
Life thrills and trills, the red blood sweeps along;
I run, I shout, I am become a god;
And Nature sings for me the eternal song!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

November 30 and December 1, 1912.

CXXIX.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

(1816-1853.)

The fragrant memory of saintliness

Still clings about thy once beloved name,

Dear Robertson, of Brighton-chapel fame:

A saintliness that is both more and less

Than customary canon-saints confess—

More, that it deeper burned with whiter flame,

Less, that it feebler clung to dogmas lame,

Seeking the Spirit pure all creeds address.

Strong soul, the saint shone clear, both in thy word

And in thy life for men outpoured, yea, more,

Thy love irradiating places dim

Seemed his who taught in Galilee of yore,

And whoso read thy stirring words, or heard,

Was straightway moved to follow thee, and him.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 1, 1912.

CXXX.

REMINISCENCE.

(EDUARD REMÉNYI, 1830-1887.)

The warmth, the perfume faint, the lights turned low,
The tense white faces lifted, row on row,
The quiet room, the master's face aglow,
Drive out the wailing elves of wind and snow;

But when, superb, he lifts the magic bow,
And wave on wave his soul begins to flow
In swift and stormy runes, or pleadings low,
From those thrilled finger-tips to souls that grow;

Or when, in revery, his features show
The dreamy god, whose sacred joy and woe
On thrilling strings outpoured, tender and slow,
As brother gods immortally we know:

Then, O then, Olympian faces glow,
And worlds unseen the gracious gods bestow!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 17, 1912.

CXXXI.

DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI.

Thomas of Kempen, saint in high degree,
That I do love thy book, here I confess,
Gentle teacher and preacher of righteousness,
By love untold from bonds of self set free.
Thy mystic spirit draweth men to thee;
The pure white flame of thy God-towardness;
The inborn gentleness thy words express;
And last, O jeweled crown, thine honesty!

Yet am I truly thankful that I read
Thy golden book of longings and of prayers,
Untrammelled of the mediæval mind.
Let me the strong sweet life of Nature find—
The God of earth and heaven whom Science bares—
And whoso will may have your church and creed!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 26, 1912.

218

CXXXII.

THE APENNINES.

(May 18, 1906.)

Fair chestnut woods and nestling villages,
 With many an old stone church and wayside shrine,
 And many an olive grove, and many a vine,
Adorn the slopes we climb in curving stages.
Here loud a zigzag dark-green torrent rages;
 And in a heaven of blue, white with sunshine,
 Uncertain drift above the summit-line
The lazy clouds whose shadows blot the villages.

O Italy! Arcadian charms are thine!
And all the joy of all thy sons is mine
 To-day, as I wend o'er these mighty hills,
 With one who knows the story of thy past,
Bathed in the glory that thy landscape fills,
 And that diviner glow the dead years cast.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
 December 28, 1912.

CXXXIII.

FOG ON SHORE.

(Woods Hole.)

Hillside and valley, island, sea, and shore,
With misty clinging robes, for three full days,
The fog has swathed—those soft and lovely grays
Whose monotonous unchanged become a bore.
Its dank form drifting, creeping, evermore,
Past blotted ships at anchor in the bays,
Through dripping village street and forest ways,
Has filled our souls till they are gray and sore.

But lo! the sun breaks on the sea and land,
And swift the scattered hosts of fog disband,
As Earth with glint of blue and gold is thrilled.
So be it with our hearts that grief has chilled,
Let hope eternal drive the mists away,
And be the sunrise of a nobler day!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 30, 31, 1912.

220

CXXXIV.

FOG AT SEA (I).

A double watch is set, the ship is slowed,
And warning bells clang o'er the misty deep
Most damnably, hours long, disturbing sleep,
That all who sail may know where we are stowed.

But from the silent ones, so near at morn,
Which now, fog-wrapped, like grisly phantoms loom,
Reaching in stealth their icy hands to doom
The beat of our warm hearts—O, who shall warn?

The fog above, the gurgling waters round,
I seem to hear their crunching blades like steel
Grind through our good ship's body, bow and keel,
Which bubbling sinks within the vast profound.

Nay now, the sunrise lights the sea afar,
And dim on horizon, the icebergs are!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 31, 1912.

CXXXV.

MYSTIC AND HALF-MYSTIC.

That flowing back to Being's primal store,
With loss of self, for which the mystics long,
Would nothing add to God—no joy—no song—
Some small accretions of Himself—no more;
But if to Him were joined, as sea to shore,
Our human qualities in loving throng,
They would increase His joy and make it strong—
If like his creatures He doth con love o'er.

And since He *must* be like His universe—
Because things made reflect the maker's mind—
And most of all like man, at least not worse,
I think that we shall live again in Him,
And nobler and diviner then shall find
Clear light from Him to read what now is dim.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 31, 1912.

222

CXXXVI.

THE GEOLOGICAL RECORD.

The prescient God, let him maintain who can!

The rocks are full of types sketched out, reviewed,

Found wanting, cast away, or slowly trued

To perfect forms. Ceaseless, God's winnow-fan

Sorts better still from best, as ages span:

Last prototype, and like the others rude,

His neolithic man, hairy and nude,

Who slowly now becomes the perfect man.*

From dawn of life in paleozoic age

This swarming earth has been a trial field

Wherein a virile God has sown in haste

A horde of struggling forms, hoping as yield

To reach some consummating perfect stage—

Elusive ever and evermore erased.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 2, 1913.

*How slowly, and through what unutterable woe, let Europe answer!
May, 1915.

CXXXVII.

COMPANIONSHIP.

No thought on her, most unexpectedly,
I met her on the street this Christmas day;
She smiled on me the selfsame lovely way,
Nor changed was she in aught that I could see;
It seemed as in old days we should agree,
Therefore, I said: "Ah God, how long away!"
And gently, she: "It seemeth but a day,
And yet I know 'tis long indeed to thee."

And with her would I fain have spoken more—
Of whatsoever place she dwells in now,
But with the longing words: "When comest thou?"
She slipt away, and I beheld, as meet,
Only the common faces on the street,
But each did seem with bright light glinted o'er.

At 1474 Belmont Street.

December 25, 1912, and January 4, 1913.

CXXXVIII.

WORDSWORTH.

Spake Nature's God: "O son, in me abide;
To know diviner good, forsake the throng."
In this clear faith he sang his lyric song,
And every stream, and wood and field replied.
And such a glory floods his country-side—
Inviolate and pure, methinks, his strong
Sweet spirit moveth, musing still, along
The Windermere, and Derwentwater wide.

In peace and love he dwelt; with poet's pen
Warring 'gainst all that made for human wrong:
Hence shall his grave, sun-lit, grass-turfed, dew-kissed,
Be place for pious pilgrimage, so long
As kindred souls shall love their fellow men,
And find in Letters what the creeds have missed.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
January 5, 1913, and earlier.

CXXXIX.

GEORGE GISSING.

(In memory of *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft.*)

Dear brother of the pen and of the heart,
For meager bread toiling in London ways,
Thou did'st deserve more comradeship and praise,
More gold, than men did grant—a life apart
From bitter want that stung thee like a dart
And all life's petty needs in thronging maze,
Where thou could'st give, unvexed, thy nights and days
And thy whole soul devoutly to thine art.

Set free, thy swan-song shows to what divine
Clear wells of thought thou let'st thy buckets down,
But all too late the meed of praise is thine—
The cold dead brow receives the victor's crown.
Yet could'st thou come again we should know how,
Sad one, to laurel-crown thy living brow.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
January 6, 1913.

CXL.

THE WESTERN ALPS FROM VARESE.

(September 7, 1906.)

Strolling alone, heart-sick, the old fir-wood,
Where-in Varese takes her holiday,
And from dark hill-crest looking far away
Across the fertile plain of Lombardy,
Dotted with lakes and little villages,
And olive-green with harvests yet to be,
The sealèd heavens opened suddenly—
As unto him who saw from God let down
The New Jerusalem to dwell with men—
And I beheld full fifty miles away,
In range on range uplifted gloriously,
The sunlit splendor of the snowy Alps
Whose valleys, filled with steely glaciers, shone,
And in remotest majesty, Mont Blanc.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 7, 1913.

227

CXLI.

WINTER DAYS.

Gray, melancholy tones perfuse the air;
Mists veil the sun; the snow hides all below;
The birds have flown; concealed, the rivers go;
Midwinter gales the last brown oak leaves tear
From their frail moorings. Cold is everywhere;
Insistent, searching, chill, it fain would know
The heart of man and still for aye the flow
Of that warm stream within its secret lair.

One part of earth alone is kindly warm—
That nestled in the silent dark, below;
There hushed from all the beatings of the storm
Her still life waits the summer's quickening glow:
Communing low, how yearn those roots of things
For sun and shower and bee, warm April brings!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 9, 1913.

228

CXLII.

FIRST LOVE.

(To Pierre Lenoir.)

What gives thy pictured bronze supremest worth
Is youth and love, in whom the mystery
And dateless melancholy of the sea
Have hushed the shallow-rippling note of mirth.
Twinned in the tender heaven of Love's new birth,
With thoughts intent on deathless years to be,
These lovers on the shore sense not the sea
They gaze upon in dream, nor sky, nor earth.

Sad poet's heart is thine, Pierre Lenoir,
To set, as counterpoint of human soul,
The fickle beatings of the yeasty main;
Yet is that heart a deep whose billows roll
On barren shores—where Love is not, or vain;
But deeps respond, when Love is guiding star.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, January 12, 1913.

CXLIII.

SUR "L'INTIME" DE PIERRE LENOIR.

C'est amour printanier en plus doux ciel de foi,
Que votre bronze beau brode, traduit, explique
Par le mer ténébreux, peu sûr, mélancolique,
Qu'impose un grand, tendre silence à leur folle joie.
Ces amants transportés, par la plus haute loi,
Ils rêvent ans joyeux, marchant à la musique;
Ils n'entendent jamais ce qui le mer réplique—
Pour eux, en songe, entonne et finit tout en soi.

Un poet sombre est ton coeur, Pierre Lenoir,
Qui fait de l'océan, vaste, écumeux, sauvage,
Symbole surgissant, du libre esprit volage;
Pourtant en coeur humain, par amour négligé,
S'élève un mer profond, stérile et désolé;
Mais beau ce mer à ceux que l'amour donne à boir!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 14, 1913.

CXLIV.

PERSEPHONE.

(Suggested by Rembrandt's picture in the National Gallery in
London.)

How vividly the picture lives in me!

The white-robed clinging forms; the sunlit plain;

The god, the maid, the tiger-harnessed wain;

And that dark gulf down which they plunge so swiftly.

From Dis the dark god's grasp to set thee free

The wailing maids of Enna seek in vain;

Too late, too weak, fair daughter of the plain,

Those maids, who never more shall follow thee!

The fanes of Sicily are broken stone;

And alien races dwell on Enna's plain

Who worship other gods than Hellas owned;

Yet still the magic dreams of Greece remain

To us, as to the poet-painter lone,

Clear voices of the past, chanting full-toned.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 16, 1913.

CXLV.

IDEALS.

Just God! I would not that my life should be
One long succession of unmeaning days—
Each ennuyé and banal, many ways,
Each one gaunt bond-slave driv'n, and all unlovely;
But each should flash from many-sided me
Some love, some truth, some hope, of ruddy blaze,
To drive before its face life's somber haze,
As rising sun whom all the night-mists flee;

Yea, Lord, give me but lowliest work to do,
So it be Thine and mine, and all divine
Of love concord, with clear light flashing through,
And I shall be complete, as yon tall pine,
Or this clear lake wherein 'tis mirrored true,
A part of earth whose will is wholly Thine!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 19, 1913.

232

CXLVI.

ON THE KAHLENBERG.

Beethoven's star, Beethoven's genius lone,
His kindly heart, his harmonies divine,
His lofty words, his Nature-love are mine,
As through my soul his music makes its moan,
Swift moving, endless drifting, tone on tone,
Where listening to the murmurs of the pine,*
On this vast hill, in floods of warm sunshine,
Lonely, I tread his ways, a soul storm-blown.

And here the haunting nightingale was heard
By him of old in awe, as now by me,
Warbling his high notes clear, where heaven appears;
And the voice of the bird wings swift across the years
To the master's self, whose kindling face I see,
As his soul responds, deep-moved by the wondrous bird.

Sestet, May 24, 1912.

Octave, February 22, 1913.

*This pine wood, which was probably planted since Beethoven's day, is on a steep hillside overlooking his brook. Most of the forest covering the top of the Kahlenberg is beech and oak. Below are vineyards and villages and the blue Danube, and farther away the domes and spires of Vienna.

CXLVII.

THE SONNETS OF HEREDIA.*

Heredia, Cuban born, Parisian bred,
Painter of the great past, with skill to seize
The high reliefs, and power to hold and please
Our fancy more than all thy fellows dead;

Proud that hot land should be that gave thee birth,
And that which welcomed thee as foster-mother;
France cannot show of poets crowned another,
Among her many great, of nobler worth!

Here Egypt lives, old Greece and pagan Rome,
Barbarian times, the Renaissance star-bright;
Each shining in its own immortal light,
Each speaking unto us its own words home,
And over all the melancholy gleam
Of light from dying sun and shattered dream.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

February 22, 1913.

*These may now be had complete in three English translations:
Taylor (rhymed), San Francisco: William Dozey, 1897; Sewall (blank
verse), Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., 1900; Johnson (blank verse),
Brunswick, Maine: Chandler & Son, 1910.

CXLVIII.

THE WIND-HARP.

What prisoned spirit stirs these wailing strings,
Till my sad heart no more endures the tone?
It seems the woe of elemental things,
Blent with all human woe, that here makes moan:

Of hammer-beats on steel, the clang and groan;
The shriek of hungry atoms loosed and bound;
Mad wash of seas on continents o'erthrown;
The ceaseless ebb and flow of lost and found;

Dead loves; and longings fierce, unsatisfied;
All heartache, failure, pain, remorse and crime;
The wail of hunger; cries for life, denied;
All sorrowful deep mysteries of time!

Spirit of disillusion, cease! Be gone!
For I would hear the higher gods chant on!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

February 27, 1913.

CXLIX.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

(To G. J. P.)

When turns the sky at morn from gray to gold,
 Making a heavenly path for his great car,
Unto our Lord, the Sun, our leaves unfold,
 And all in trembling eagerness we are.

Day-long we praise him with our leaves at strain,
 Lest any look of his bright face be lost,
In joy so tense almost it thrills like pain,
 Yet must we follow him, be pain love's cost.

At flood of even-tide our prayers are done,
 The coming night a dewy quiet brings,
And all our leaves relax with setting sun
 To that dim sleep of fragrant voiceless things.

Sleep, sleep! A perfume faint on wood and sward,
A whispered lull, till comes again our Lord.

At 1474 Belmont Street.

March, 9, 1913.

CL.

THE VEGETARIAN.

Of times at thought of all the innocent
Whose blood is shed that men may eat and live,
My heart is sick within me and doth give,
Of my some share, a shamed acknowledgment.

At bleatings of these mangled, helpless ones,
Which I must hear far-off, but very plain,
I'd fain live all my days on roots and grain,
To ease their pain, and check the blow that stuns.

But not enough of roots and fruits are there,
And these are also full of life—not dead!
How then shall men who swarm the earth be fed?
Were it not better not to have life's care?

Buddha! Compassionate and tender guide!
To-day, how are men's frailties multiplied!

At 1474 Belmont Street.

March 19, 1913,

237

CLI.

THE DARWINIAN.

The joys of life are many, brief the pain;
Here age and slow disease play not the thief;
And if we count the joy, albeit brief,
Of all the millions bred for food and gain
Which else had never been at all, 't is plain
The credit-side of this red ledger-leaf
Belongs to man, who hath no cause for grief,
Since joy o'erwhelms the pain, nor leaves soul stain.

But neither man nor beast implicit fares
At Nature's hands. With them she strows her way—
Only the *type* is precious in her eyes.
In our brief time we find what joy we may
And pass it on. The race is *all*; nor cares
Earth much for race, type follows type—and *dies*!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 25, 1913.

238

CLII.

APRIL IN THE NORTH.

(To R. H. T.)

Robins and blue-birds sing of winter done;
In field and wood an impulse strong has stirred;
The swelling maples redden in the sun;
In every pool the piping frogs are heard.

The sun is bright, but chilly winds still blow;
The grackles call, the crows respond full harsh;
By every stream the pussy-willows grow;
The cowslip's cup of gold redeems the marsh.

The boy's heart thrills—what though his feet are wet,
His hands are full of all the wealth of spring:
Pale anemone, blue rather violet
And harbinger-of-spring, bright lowly thing.

Happy the man who keeps the boy's heart still,
And he whom piping frogs can change at will!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 25, 1913.

239

CLIII.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN.

There lilies opened white and creamy wells;
There daffodil and tulip flaunted gold;
Rathe primrose, crocus, hyacinth, made bold;
There larkspurs grew with Canterbury bells,
Dark peonies where no sweet odor dwells,
Snow-ball, mock-orange, iris yellow-stoled,
June-rose, tall hollyhock, pinks manifold,
With half a hundred more fond memory tells.

And there the boy each spring and summer saw
The lithe shoots push from beds of warm brown earth,
Then leaf and flower appear, by some fixed law;
And wondered o'er it all, as seasons rolled—
The yearly miracle, the strange new birth—
And wonders yet the more, now he is old.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, April 6, 1913.

CLIV.

GRAVES NEAR BALTIMORE.

A hundred thousand graves on these bare slopes
Have often called to mind our nothingness,
Life's shattered dream, its futile mad caress,
Fierce strivings, vain regrets, and vainer hopes.

Nor swifter 'neath the sod the black mole gropes
Than doth my fancy where these bodies lie:
Forlorn, skulls fallen in, long bones awry,
Dank matted hair—what speaketh here of hopes?

Yet sweet to mingle with the roots of things,
And slowly draw again to light and air,
In grass and herb and tree, in bud and flower,

And all the myriad storm of beating wings
That hum and buzz and gleam, in vision fair,
Before the face of God, the appointed hour.

On train,
April 8, 1913.

CLV.

THE AVON.

What memories are thine, O Avon stream,
Of him who crowned Elizabethan time
And made all men subservient to his rhyme,
Supreme in power where others did but seem.
Mystic for us thy placid waters gleam;
Magic thy willowed banks where in his prime,
The tragic lord of every age and clime,
Now Hamlet, Lear, he moved within a dream!

His dust is here beside the peaceful stream,
But his great spirit lives from age to age,
And moves all men who speak our English tongue,
And love heroic deeds on tragic stage,
As naught can move us else, or said or sung,
Since he has caught the whole of life's fair dream!

New York,

April 14, 1913.

CLVI.

EVANGELINE.

(To William Couper.)

Ideal beauty lives for him alone
Whose eyes have felt Minerva's touch divine:
So Keats, so Shelley loved the Muses nine;
So, sculptor, thou hast heard the trumpets blown,
And all the world-old glorious masters known;
Heaven-touched hast seen a light more bright than day
On old immortal marbles flickering play
Till thou hast made their mastery thine own.

Thy marble fair her purity doth tell
Who pensive waits in vain her Gabriel.
From poet's tender page, moving to tears,
"O my belovèd!" sounds her mournful cry,
Far off and faint adown the gray old years;
Yet here she lives again immortally.

New York,

April 17, 1913.

CLVII.

TO GUTZON BORGLUM.

The high gods grant not all our hearts desire,
But unto each who nobly strives for power
Some portion of themselves they give, to flower
From day to day, as we climb high and higher.
Were it not so, burnt with consuming fire
The heart must die: but with the lordly dower
Of noble beauty glimpsed in lofty hour,
Heroically we strive, compel, aspire.

So touched was he who from the marble's gloom
Bade Milo's Venus live in beauty lone;
And he who carved the wingèd Victory;
Who wrought the Thinker on Lorenzo's tomb!
Yea, what of sculptor's art can never die
Are those immortal gods wrought in the stone!

New York,
April 18, 1913.

CLVIII.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,

* * * * *

*soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

—Catullus.

Sweet voice, and sad, across the gulf of years
 Proclaiming life's swift flight and love's sharp thorn!
 O Veronese Catullus, noble born,
On thy wild Lesbia whom no kiss endears
Wasting thy wealth of love and youth and tears!
 For her, the wanton one, the world's deep scorn;
 For thee the laurel crown to time's last morn,
As poet-lover, sighing hopes and fears!

Thine old, fierce Roman years have gone their way
 To night and sleep, with rise and set of suns,
And brief as thine is our fast fleeting day;
 Yet hope, and peace, and joy have come again
 To dwell among the stalwart sons of men
Forevermore, as he may read who runs.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

May 3, 1913.

CLIX.

JUNE.

God dwells in growing things, as hope in the boy!
The myriad magic forms that bud and bloom,
That procreate and swarm this great earth-room,
Are but the symbols of his mighty joy!
I feel it e'er—my faith no pains destroy,
No doubt on my fair dream casts aught of gloom,
For world-attuned, I am as one to whom
A lordly symphony brings purest joy!

Therefore I sing! Yea, all my heart is glad
In Him whose boundless joy in green is clad,
Or rainbow-hued makes fair the summer world.
Therefore, the heart leaps in me as of old
It thrilled the boy, morn, noon, and evenfold,
Who knelt before the banners May unfurled.

On train,
New York to Washington,
June 2, 1913.

CLX.

DA VINCI.

(Humanist, poet, musician, painter, sculptor, anatomist, inventor, mathematician, architect, engineer.)

*Veramente mirabile e celeste fu
Leonardo figliuolo di ser Piero da Vinc.*
—Giorgio Vasari.

O land, whose matchless painters all acclaim,
Was ever greater, tenderer soul than he—
The boy who set the captive wild birds free,
And with his angel spoiled Verrocchio's fame;
The youth to whom all god-like knowledge came,
And all superb creative mastery;
The noble man of matchless energy;
The loving sage who bore a stainless name!

Leonard who left the Supper of the Lord,
That marvel on the Milan cloister-wall,
Unfinished dream, in ruin slow to fall,
Because he could not make the Master's face
With his divine fair thought of Him accord,
Nor paint an all-compelling, perfect grace!

Minneapolis, June 18, 1913.

Washington, July 6, 1913.

CLXI.

SISTER JOSEPH.

(The Mayo Clinic, St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn.)

O woman, strong of will and sure of deed,
As I have seen thy blood-stained fingers move,
Obedient to the surgeon's slightest need,
And swift to clamp or stitch the quivering groove,

Serene of soul as he who wields the knife,
Unblanched by what would pale a sister's face,
Intent alone to save imperiled life
For love and service yet on earth a space—

Have seen thy graciousness on all lay hold,
And how to gentle mercy thou art wed,
To thy firm soul, as unto him of old,
The law of service being daily bread—

I said: St. Francis lives again in thee,
Yearning to bless our frail humanity.

Rochester, Minn.,

June 26, 1913.

CLXII.

GRANT'S POINT, ORONOCO, MINN.

(To Dr. and Mrs. MacC.)

It haunts me still—that sunset woodland where,
Breath held, tiptoeing silently along,
In fear to lose one note of that high air,
We heard the thrushes' deep, contralto song;

That cloudy evening sky, that mild June air,
The wooded hills, the farms, the forest plain,
The lonely lake where all were mirrored fair,
And our deep joy of life akin to pain;

But most of all, that barren limestone shore
Where snowy larkspurs flung in bright array,
Like fairy lancers moonbeam silvers o'er,
Did storm up rugged banks a glorious way.

O wedded love divine! O friendship fair!
Let not the years thy deep pure joy impair!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

July 4, 1913.

CLXIII.

MY CHURCH.

I hate not pillared groin, or slender spire,
Or stained windows' gorgeous blazonry;
But smell of altar-smoke is not for me,
Nor pomp of chanting priests in golden tite,
Nor organ peal, nor sermon dry, or dire;
For my cathedral arch is open sky,
My choir, the woodland's echoing minstrelsy,
And God's immense green earth my altar-fire!

Yet I do know all ways, eternally,
So they are righteous ways, lead unto Him.
Lead they to church, to wood, to cloister dim,
To lonely mountain range or far-off sea,
To dark and humid mine or desert rim,
They are His paths—and there His church must be!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

July 17, 1913.

250

CLXIV.

JANE AND THOMAS.

In Cheyne Garden-walk the children call,
And gray old Thames crawls on her muddy knees
And glints in wannish sun, stirred by the breeze,
Where 'neath the elms in bronze he lives for all.

In Cheyne Walk first leaves of autumn fall
Round that sad, seated figure naught can please;
The morning birds sing in his garden trees,*
The ivy that she planted lines the wall.

Within their sunny rooms, where Tennyson
And Emerson and Froude were loving guests,
Are letters, pictures, books—the precious rests
Of forty years—from Fate by sheer toil won.

But where are they who here matched love and strife?
Here tasted all the bittersweet of life?

London,

August 20, 1913.

*An old pear tree and a mountain ash.

CLXV.

TINTAGEL.*

Soft drifting mists of the bold dark Cornish shore,
Ghostly and gray o'er hill and vale they stream,
The while I hear, wrapped in a tender dream,
The mournful ocean at Tintagel's door;
Reverberant from cavern roof and floor—
Dun mottled walls where sun-rays never gleam—
I hear, above the sea-gull's plaintive scream,
The mighty ocean's muffled boom and roar.

O land of myths and memories dear to me!
'Tis Arthur's land of dreams; Isolde's home;
Here came the wondrous child born from the foam;
Here Merlin heard the long sea-surges roll;
Here world-old mysteries of moaning sea
Are blent with deepest woes of the human soul.

Cornwall,

August 31, 1913.

* Pronounced Tin-tá'-jel.

NORR.—Since this sonnet was written I have found a paragraph by Thomas Hardy which chimes in very well with my feeling and admirably characterizes the lonely grandeur of the Cornish coast. "The place is pre-eminently (for one person at least) the region of dream and mystery. The ghostly birds, the pall-like sea, the frothy wind, the eternal soliloquy of the waters, the bloom of dark purple cast, that seems to exhale from the shoreward precipices, in themselves lend to the scene an atmosphere like the twilight of a night vision."—(Preface to "A Pair of Blue Eyes.")

CLXVI.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

(On reading *The Story of My Heart*.)

Peace, peace, O loving soul! Now art thou blent
With all the light and beauty of that world
Of suns and stars, and dreams on dreams unfurled,
That was to thee thy soul's pure element.
Beyond the sensuous sway of color, scent,
Of line and form, thou sawest pure spirit climb
The infinite degrees of space and time:
Therefore, could death alone bring sweet content.

Peace, peace! As mist of dawn, there shalt thou find
Thy deepest sorrow gone; thy soul, aglow,
The pitiful and tender God shalt know,
Whose handiwork in mountain, sea and plain,
Upon the dear, dim earth thou sought'st in vain:
There grow the lofty, longed-for, larger mind!

Hôtel des Capucines,

Paris, Sept. 26, 1913.

CLXVII.

BEETHOVEN (III).

Immense, soul-filling harmonies are thine
Thou god of quivering bow and sounding strings;
Of trumpet tones; of singing wingèd things;
Of silver, bronze and wood; all notes divine
Of storm and stress, soul's purpose and repine;
Of all the subtle melody that wings
Like perfume faint round all fair woodland things;
And of the lofty soul, and eyes that shine.

Thy firm-set lips seem e'er at strife with fate,
God of the bulging brow and noble mind;
Master of all the harmonies divine!
And lonely thou, missing an earthly mate,
Lonely and sad, but brave withal, and kind;
Lord of her tender soul and lord of mine!

Paris—Antwerp,
October 10—17, 1913.

CLXVIII.

BAUDELAIRE.

(Montparnasse.)

Mephisto.—

Thou see'st, 'tis as I told thee long ago,
Now art thou dead and gone to that gray shade
Where joy is not, and all hopes slowly fade!
Man's heaven? Behold it where thou liest low!
I only live, I guide the Time-stream's flow!
A book declares: Man's in God's image made,
But all such gods are buried with the spade,
Of that be sure—no more is there to know!

The poet.—

A little wiser grown since here I lie,
I dream a time when all *my* flowers are dead
And purer, brighter ones have come instead.
But ever round me in the dark it clings—
That nameless thing of smothered hovering wings;
And time creeps on, slow as eternity.

Paris,

October 14, 1913.

CLXIX.

MOLIÈRE.

In Père Lachaise his ashes recreate

Themselves each year in a fringe of garden flowers

As though, heart-weary of the creeping hours,

They fain would live again and mock at fate.

Of old he claimed the sun for his estate

Choosing, as wiser part, to hide 'neath showers

Of merry jests and actor's mimic powers,

His broken heart and loveless bitter fate.

Now is he throned within our hearts as one

On whom forever shines a genial sun:

With Scapin, Sganarelle, Alceste, Don Juan,

Mascarille knave, and many more who plot,

The charming Gallic comedy is on,

And Armande Béjart's follies are forgot.

Paris,

October 14, 1913.

CLXX.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Discordant ways his flaming soul was drawn :

Rude Norse, he loved the wild Valhalla din ;

With Percivale, the pure, found heaven within ;

And was of Cyprian Venus willing pawn ;

Saw mournful Elsa, clad in shimmering lawn,

Take sad farewell of her loved Lohengrin ;

Knew all the hopeless woe of Tristam's sin ;

And heard Rhine-maidens singing in the dawn.

Then poured his tortured soul in massive tones :

Pure harmonies ; divine orchestral groans ;

All discords swept across the poet's mind ;

All cries of joy ; all moans of utter pain ;

All loves, all hates, all fears ; all longings vain ;

All lost and wandering cries, borne down the wind !

Vienna,

October 29, 1913.

CLXXI.

THE POET.

I am a part of my lord Bacon's shame;
I feel the dagger in Paolo's heart;
With Prospero I muse, with Hamlet smart;
With lumpish Caliban the gods I blame;
I see the pentecostal tongues of flame;
I jolt with joltings of the tumbrel-cart;
With low-browed Judas I am set apart;
With Jesus on the cross I name His name;

And far beyond the bounds of time and fate,
A spirit pure, freed from the body's weight,
Across the voids until I see His face,
Through dim eternities, His ways I trace.
Which world I love the best let him divine
Who also knows a world of dreams like mine!

Vienna,

November 6, 1913.

CLXXII.

IL CINQUECENTO.

(Johannus Bellinus faciebat Anno MDXV.)

Lady, I know not if thou hadst a soul
That with thy body's beauty did compare,
But this I know: thine image here is fair
As hers who bore to Zeus the golden bowl!
Long dead, thou livest still, a radiant whole!
Goddess, behold, how down thy golden hair
And naked limbs and perfect body bare,
The curving lines of glorious beauty roll!

So well old masters knew the way to fame,
Linking their own with some fair woman's name;
Knew how to save from wreck of drifting years
The witching beauty of a woman's grace,
From all the weltering flood of human tears
The madonna glory of a heavenly face!

Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen, Vienna,
November 11, 1913.

CLXXIII.

ALPENLÄNDER.

Unten, ein grauer Nebel streift Thalgrund
Ganz wie ein See; hoch oben schimmert klar
Die Morgen-Sonne Herbsts auf Gipfeln starr
Die leicht mit Schnee bekleidet ragen bunt;
Dazwischen kommt der gähnend Felsenschlund;
Da kommen Klippen grau, die Tannen-Schar,
Schwarz' Fichten Reih'n, mit gelben Lärchen bar;
Auch schöne grüne Weid'n, der Hügel rund.

Traum-sanft ein Zauberwind weht über all;
Die hohen Bergenländer lächeln weit;
Sieht ganz wie Götter wohnen Berg und Thal;
Und mitten in des einsam Herzens Pein,
Kommt strömend all des Gipfels Freiheit ein:
Ein Himmels Ruf zur neuen Heiterkeit.

Breitenstein, Oesterreichische Alpen,

November 12, 1913.

260

CLXXIV.

SAN REMO.

*Son oggi anime e mare due pure solitudini,
due luminosi azzurri dove confusa non è.
Sov'esse il gran mistero dei firmamenti incarcati,
e canta l'Infinito dentro e d'intorno a me.*
—Marradi.

Ligurian sea and shore! What lovely light,
Shot o'er the hills from softly fading day,
Rests on thine olive groves and floods thy bay
Now purpling slowly into star-strown night!
The cloudy mountain crowns are silver bright;
Below, slant splendors of the dying ray
On towering palms and red-roofed villas play;
Calm is the sea, broad-striped with bands of light.

And now the angelus sounds far away
From some old tower hid in the valley's end,
And I too breathe a prayer for those once clay.
The darkness comes, but kindling lights are fair,
And all her lovely orange-gardens send
Rich fragrance forth upon the cool night air.

Grand Hôtel de la Méditerranée,
November 21, 1913.

261

CLXXV.

TRANSMUTATION.

He.—

Mine, mine! Now shines the sun in cloudless sky,
Now sings my heart one song: "Her love is mine,
Dear love, all roseate and all divine,
No crownèd king is richer now than I!"
For such dear love I thank the gods on high,
And I will drink to it in golden wine
Of heart's desire till our two souls entwine,
Yea, more, will love her madly till I die!

She.—

My soul longs to possess him utterly,
And plunge its empty self in love's vast main!
What drifting, worthless thing am I alone,
But lost in him what heaven to find my own
And procreate new worlds, nor mind the pain!
High God, grant me to love him perfectly!

Montpellier, France,

November 26, 1913.

NOTE.—In this sonnet I have tried to portray the effect of a strong mutual love on two diverse natures: the man's sceptical and selfish; the woman's devout and unselfish.

CLXXVI.

MINERVA: A PRAYER.

(Suggested by the Greek fragment in the Museum at Bologna.)

Goddess of scornful lips and flashing eyes,
Of wavy locks with Grecian fillet bound
Or with the awful helmet serpent-crowned,
Thy lofty spirit stirs to high emprise!
Thou bringest quick'ning light from Attic skies,
The earth thy foot hath touched is holy ground,
And men who worship thee the whole earth round,
Thy wisdom guides, thy strong will purifies!

Goddess of Learning, may thine altar fires
Burn in our hearts with lambently clear flame
Remaining, night and day, always the same!
Fill us, thy worshipers, with noble thought
That swift shall be in noble deed outwrought,
And grant us only best of our desires!

P. L. M. (Rhone Valley),

November 26, 1913.

263

CLXXVIII.

THE PESSIMISTS.

*Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen;
Dein Sinn ist es, dein Herz ist todt!*
—Goethe: *Faust*, I. 443-444.

They say, who think they know life's rise and wane,
That scarce its lambent, star-bright way begun
The guttering flame of human life is done,
That much we strive and little is our gain,
That we are born in pain to end in pain,
That ruth and love with subtle lusts are one,
That selfishness glows in us as the sun,
That lofty hopes and noble strife are vain.

But I would rather be ten thousand times
The fool of hope and radiate the sun,
And feel that life in me has scarce begun,
Than in their fogs of doubt despondent go,
Assured that nothing is—above, below,
Beyond—that with man's love and longing chimes.

On train, New York to Washington,

December 9, 1913.

CLXXIX.

TO MARGERY.

She would have loved thee, child, from her full heart,
As one in whom a subtle witchery lies,
And would have followed thee with tender eyes
Adown the years, lost to her own life's smart;
In thee she would have seen *love*, mirror-wise,
As o'er clear sands the ripple-shadows dart,
Or dwell in stream, lovely, deep-arching skies,
And of her own strong soul have dowered thee part.

Dear child, I love thee too in my rough way,
And pray the years may keep thee fair and gay,
But most, that thou in heart shouldst be her mate:
Lover of song, of books, of all high deeds;
The lower self forgot in others' needs;
Gentle of soul, loyal, compassionate!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 27, 1913.

265

CLXXX.

HELEN B.

Warm-hearted woman-child, to sorrow born,
 Quaint, sweet Helen! Tenderly she loved thee,
Marvelling much, her way, how meekly thorn
 And cross were borne, till time should set thee free.

Now art thou wrapped in that divine to-be
 Whereof thy girlish dreams were manifold,
And wafted on the bosom of that sea,
 Which like an ocean o'er all time is rolled,

Serene, thou movest, breathing larger air
 Than yielded here thy narrow, thorn-set way,
And all thy tender small romances there
 Have space to grow in shadow of His day.

But with some few remains thy memory here
Till they join thee within that larger sphere.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 29, 1913.

266

CLXXXI.

STONEHENGE (I).

(To R. A. W.)

Alone it stands, hoary with times unknown!
Naked and vast the undulating down
Sweeps upward to its solemn granite crown,
Awesome and desolate—a lost god's throne!
Silent as the stars, its lichen-covered stone—
As Egypt old! Forlorn, it seems to frown
On Christian days, bewailing lost renown,
While round it generations gone are blown.

'Tis elemental now as the granite rock,
Round it the wandering shepherd feeds his flock,
The lowly scabious blooms, the wheat-ears flit;
The seasons come and go; rain, wind and sun;
Starlight and dawn—and they companion it,
Not we! With them 't will speak when we are done!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 30, 1913.

267

CLXXXII.

THE VALLEY OF THE DANUBE.

(October 24, 1913.)

Blue is her sky, and blue her waters gleam!

Green are her fields with the joy of the new-sown grain!

Again I see the lordly sweep of her plain,

And the sun on the rolling flood of the Donau stream!

Call of the raven and flash of the bream;

Wealth of her woods and her fields, of her brawn and her
brain;

Quaintness of cities and villages glimpsed from the train—
Of that autumn day, what a glorious waking dream!

Then who is the man to say that life is vain?

When graven in memory clear such pictures remain:

The wavering golden light on mountain and plain;

The shifting face of the earth, now dark, now bright;

The shadows slowly deepening into night;

The curve of the hills, faint seen in the glimmering light!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

December 31, 1913.

CLXXXIII.

STONEHENGE (II).

(September 3, 1913.)

On curving crest of Sarum's great chalk plain,
Huddled like stags at bay—despairing band—
Its lichen-covered, rude stone-pillars stand,
Darkened with touch of time's corroding stain
And blood of countless victims, altar-slain,
Where myriad sun-god men bowed head, raised hand—
Their bones in cairns fill all the silent land,
But who they were or when, we ask in vain!

O incongruities of mocking Time!
Some lordling now has fenced great Stonehenge in,
To reap mean shillings from our England's sin,
Who here neglects her noblest, sacred plain
And leaves to vagrant flight of poet's rhyme
The praise of her most ancient Druid fane!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 1, 1914.

CLXXXIV.

ENTOMBMENT OF CHRIST.

(Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts d'Anvers.)

Quentin Metsys! I was as one on whom
New worlds have dawned, with more than sunrise gleam,
When first, entranced, I saw thine Antwerp dream
Of Jesus laved and ready for the tomb!
Divine of hue and form, of light and gloom;
In it are limned all griefs of human kind;
All harmonies with loveliness combined;
Nor is forgot the lowly wild flower's bloom!

Painter, a great and tender soul was thine!
No man in Flanders soared on higher wing,
In Italy has done a greater thing!
In woman's love 't was wrought, as high things are—
Her love, that was to thee a guiding star,
A pathway leading unto things divine.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

January 4, 1914.

270

CLXXXV.

MILTON, ENGLAND AND LIBERTY.

*Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely
according to conscience, above all other liberties.*
—John Milton: *Areopagitica*, 1644.

Milton, thine England of the olden day
Forbade free speech, maintained free books to be
A great subversive power, but thanks to thee
And thine, long hath she trod a nobler way;
Yea, now she knows the common sense will sway
And opens wide her doors to heresy;
Yea, every wind of doctrine sweeps her sea,
And lips of lonely exiles kiss her clay—

For there men know that tyranny's red hand
Is powerless over them; there are they free,
And stand erect, and bless a great free land!
Milton, whose words like mighty waters flow
To some vast sea, lover of liberty,
How glad thy heart, could'st thou this England know!

J. H. H.,

January 16, 1914.

CLXXXVI.

NATURE AND GOD.

Under some oak or thorn-bush let me die,
Twin-brother to the life that in it clings,
Self hushed and lulled by tiny twittering wings,
While silvery soft the summer clouds drift by.

Strown far and wide there let my ashes lie,
Where lush the clover blooms and June-grass springs,
A source of life to lowly budding things,
Of song to that which wings and sings on high.

Mourn not for me become just earth and sky,
Since they are more divine than they do seem,
And on His hands and in His heart do lie,
A sacred part of His eternal dream.

Be then my scroll: Lies one beneath this sod
To whom all nature voiced the living God!

J. H. H.,

January 25, 1914.

THREE VOICES OUT OF THE PAST AND AN ANSWER.

*"The absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather insanity, that liberty of conscience should be procured and guaranteed to every one. The path of this pernicious error is prepared by that full and unlimited liberty of thought which is spread abroad to the misfortune of Church and State. * * * With this is connected the liberty of publishing any writing of any kind. This is a deadly and execrable liberty for which we cannot feel sufficient horror."—Pope Gregory XVI: Encyclical (1832).*

"Ejusmodi pestes [Socialism, communism, secret societies, Bible societies, liberal clerical societies].—Pope Pius IX: Syllabus errorum (1864).

*"It is also the duty of bishops to prevent writings infected with modernism or favorable to it from being read when they have been published and to hinder their publication when they have not. * * * The Holy See neglects no means to put down writings of this kind, but the number of them has now grown to such an extent that it is not possible to censure them all.—Pope Pius X: Encyclical, Pascendi dominici gregis (1907).*

First Voice:

Long feared, the day of doom must be at hand!
For earth, what serpent deadlier thing can be
Than speech of cynical strong men made free
And books like locusts filling all the land!

Second Voice:

In Italy no longer we command,
Not less in England, France and Germany
Are saints impugned with vilest liberty,
Only in Spain we make a final stand!

Third Voice:

We can no more the people hold in thrall,
O God, within the narrow way and steep,
Adown the barren hills they stray like sheep,
Sweet herbage on the flowery plain their choice,
And heeding never more the Shepherd's call—
Albeit He said: "My sheep they know my voice!"

The Multitude:

We seek not wickedness but light, more light,
Too long have we been told that *dark* is bright!

J. H. H.,

January 28, 1914.

CLXXXVIII.
THE FAR EAST.

(To H. M.)

While Indra dreams, gods and men exist.
—Indian saying.

While Indra dreams, gods live, and men, and things,
And time flows on and on, like the Ganges stream,
But all things are a dream wrapped in a dream,
Though unto men the sense of being clings.

While Indra dreams, tiger and cobra live;
Man tills the earth; rice yields its golden grain;
Wine-palm and pipal dot the shining plain;
And the sacred Ganges takes what women give.

While Indra dreams, the mystic shadows drift,
Like multi-colored leaves before the wind;
Yet all seems true within the human mind,
And life in man, the god's divinest gift;

But only that is real which potent is
Within the god in his eternities.

J. H. H.,
February 1, 1914.

CLXXXIX.

THE ART OF HEALING: ANCIENT,
MEDIAEVAL, MODERN.

(To L. F. B.)

Through devious ways has Art of healing passed
Since men to him of the twisted cockatrice
Offered, for aid, a cock in sacrifice,
And ordered that a horoscope be cast;

Or said: Hippocrates must better know
Than any later man what should be done!
Well earned they Shakespeare's jibes, Molière's rude fun,
Those solemn owls who purged, then let blood flow.

All sister sciences have joined hands now
To help Hygeia find the healing might!
To-day, face toward the sun, feet on the hight,
She walks with Truth, a glory round her brow!

And evermore she searches hidden things,
And evermore bears healing on her wings!

J. H. H.,

February 5, 1914.

CXC.

ALFOXDEN WOOD.

(August 24, 1913.)

With the lone dove's moan, the memorious hills resound.
His hollies are here whose dead leaves danced in the hail,
His sylvan paths leading up from the quiet vale;
His beeches and oaks with their "bristled serpents" wound.

Damp is the earth; green mosses cover the ground;
His belovèd stream babbles on in the leafy dale;
And floods of sunshine above it glimmer pale
Through the top of the wood, mottling the forest round.

A hundred sixteen happy years ago,
Within this solemn wood and on these hills,*
O joy, the flower of poesy had birth!

Here walked with Dorothy, her face aglow,
The dreamer S. T. C., whose least word thrills,
And that serene high priest, the young Wordsworth!

J. H. H.,
February 8, 1914.

*The Quantocks.

CXCI.

SHELLEY'S ITALY.

*He is a portion of the loveliness,
Which once he made more lovely.*
—Shelley: Adonais.
*We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather.*
—Shelley: Epipsychidion.

Oft have I dreamed blue mornings on that bay
Whose bitter waters healed thy mortal ills;
And I have seen the sunset burn to gray
Behind the rounded Eugean hills;
Have seen the Apennines thy Pisan way;
Those broad lagoons the night sea's perfume fills*;
Those inshore greens that round Sorrento play;
That Roman grave, where holy peace distills!

And when her sacred beauty fills my soul,
Lifting it out of sordid human things,
Endowing it with strong and radiant wings,
Poet, I feel thy spirit blent with mine
And drink renunciation's strong, sweet wine,
Till earth's dear breast doth seem a longed-for goal!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

February 15, 1914.

*The Venetian.

CXCII.

MUTABILITY (II).

Where once Atlantis stood, sea-grasses sway;
O'er many-gated Thebes the rice fields wave;
The jackals cry upon the ruined grave
Of Susa, Babylon, and Nineveh;
The streets of Cumae now are no man's way;
And Greece herself is Time's decayed bond-slave,
Whose templed grandeurs—plinth and architrave—
Are wasted bones that long have moldered gray.

The generations born to Mother Earth
Make one vast tomb of her who gave them birth,
And scant their recompense for endless strife—
Some joy, much toil, much grief, and then the pall:
For swift and tragic is our human life,
And long and dark the night that covers all!

Alone remains immutable one gleam:
The wingèd hope born of the poet's dream!

At 1474 Belmont Street,

February 17, 1914.

278

CXCIII.

CENACOLO VINCIANO.

(Milan, November, 1913.)

Io son rapito, mai meravigliato,
Al terzo cielo, quando nella chiesa
Domenicana vedo questa cena
Così alta e scura del grande Leonardo.

Sono moltissimi i spiriti, maestro,
E nobilissimi, per tua pittura
Esaltati, co'al una cima antica,*
Pittura che fa sacro il tuo Milano.

E quando svaniranno interamente
I sui fosche traccie del muro vecchio
I sui vivi ricordi restaranno:

Dei discepoli l'occhiata sorpresa;
Del Redentore, piu afflitto e dolce,
L'occhiata—"l'un di voi me tradirà."

On train, Washington to Madison,

June 16, 1914.

*Greek art in the time of Pericles.

CXCIV.

FOR A PLACE IN THE SUN.

(France, Belgium, Poland, or another.)

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
—Juvenal X, 356.

By an empire's sorrow swayed, thus wrote in age
That bard whose memory trod the frightful round
From Domitian back to him who mad with rage
And all the lusts burned Rome, and loved the sound!

Mad Cæsars drenched the elder world with blood,
And o'er the groaning mediæval time
By light of flaming homes rolled their grim flood
Of dead men's bones and inexpungeable crime.

Nor are those raging Teuton Cæsars sane
Who conquest-mad now barter lives for power!
Crass luxury, race hatred, fierce disdain,
These, clamoring, urge them on! Hell rules the hour!

Mens sana—No! Still Europe's blood is spilled;
And still the Roman's prayer is unfulfilled!

Washington, D. C.,
December 6, 1914.

CXCV.

A SNOW STORM IN THE WOODS.

An endless cloud of white-winged angry bees,
A buzzing world in Brobdingnagian swarm,
The somber sky lets fall on the swaying trees
When the wind from his mantle shakes the blinding storm.
Then over the woods that stretch gaunt limbs to the swarm
And over the naked fields, that cower and freeze,
Criss-cross, singing and stinging their way in the storm,
The myriad snow-bees fly where the storm-winds please.
Dark wood and meteor-world wherein I dream,
Buffeting on beside the swift dark stream,
Sole neighbors here a nuthatch there a crow,
How good, as glimmering daylight wanes, to know
That face of friend and hearth-fire's radiant gleam
Wait me beyond your wilderness of snow!

December 27, 1914.

CXCVI.

SCANDAL.

*And thus it appears: how seldom we weigh our
neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.*
—Thomas à Kempis.

Let me not tell what I have heard of shame
Told of my brother-man! Let me be dumb,
Lest in the shameless telling I become
One with the thought that leaves a tarnished name!
A little scornful word may dull his fame
That else had been sun-clear of dross and scum,
Make his soul bitter, leave aspiration numb,
Or from his little, kindle greater blame!

My God! do I not know how hard it is
Never to be from justice passion-hurled!
To bide in will and deed unsoiled of hell!
To walk with blameless feet a thorny world!
Then why should I think aught of him but well
Who, falling, strives? My path, is it not his?

At 1474 Belmont Street,

July 4, 1915.

282

CXCVII.

VASTNESS.

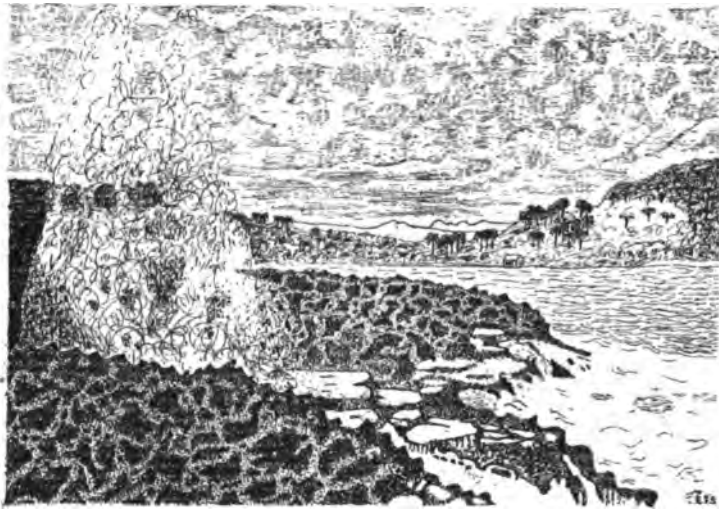
Lord, what are we that struggle, dream and pray!
For every star whose image ocean keeps
A hundred million glow in those vast deeps
The telescope reveals, light-years away!

From some vast whence to some vast whither go
These hurtling multitudes—constrained and blind!
Drifting like chaff before a mighty wind,
Eons they burn and detonate and glow!

Nay more! For every whirling sun that's bright
Ten thousand dark stars sweep their chilly way
—Dead suns or stuff for worlds of later day—
Across lone ether voids in age-long night.

Brave must that spirit be, yea utterly,
That quails not, Lord, at thine infinity!

At 1474 Belmont Street,
May 11, 1915.



PROJECTED SONNETS.

(Most of these subjects were matters of common interest to us.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>The Neighbors.
Dante's Vita Nuova.
Stray Dogs and Cats.
Child and Mother (the child's view).
Ancient Egypt.
Mother and Child (the father's view).
Sharp Eyes. The Amazon.
The Mississippi.
The Sacred Mountain (Varese).
Early Loneliness. The Tiber.
The Thames. The Rhine.
The Quiet Life.
The Nuptial Flight of Ants.
Russian Music.
Dante's Inferno.
The Joy of Life.
Self-Restraint.
Childhood Days.
The Children of Men.
The Italian Lakes.
The Eastern Alps from Venice.
Folk Lore. Dumb Things.
Holy Week at Baracoa.
Forgiveness of Sins.
The Scientific Imagination.
Grief (using French lines).
Gray Days (internal).
A Church Procession in Bologna.
Bayard Taylor.
Boy's Face of Sidney Lanier.
Dante's Wife. Pain.</p> | <p>The Egyptian Book of the Dead.
Sense of Color. Ancestors.
The Fear of Death.
Grimm's Maerchen.
Midnight and Morning (interior—wash on shore—surge bell).
The Quantock Hills (the young Coleridge and Wordsworth).
December, August, May—At Woods Hole.
Noon and Afternoon (drowsy; bees).
The Struggle for Existence.
October Woods. Hell.
Sir Walter Scott (Meg Merrilies, Edie Ochiltree, Dandie Dinmont).
Wind and Rain in Autumn.
Demeter. Home Life.
Milton. The Eternal City.
Kismet. The Catacombs.
Cocumella or Sorrento.
Pico (dead—in the clouds).
Stromboli (Vulcan).
Solfatara (dead—under sea).
Tahiti. The Coliseum.
Cuban Seas (bones of battle ships).
Italian Peasant Life.
The Gates of the Mediterranean.</p> |
|---|---|

The Full Moon over Gibraltar.
 A Sunset in South Carolina.
 Brown Races. The Fetish.
 A Sin of Patriotism.
 The Curse of Race Hatreds.
 Milton in Italy. Jean Ingelow.
 Varuna. Jotunheim. Yoga.
 Christina Rossetti. The Devas.
 The Confessional.
 Ghosts (primitive beliefs).
 Longfellow. Whittier.
 Epictetus. Heine.
 Faust. Socialism and War.
 Goethe's Home in Frankfurt.
 On Reading Goethe's Italien-
 ische Reise.
 Byron in Italy.
 Maryland Tide-water Rivers.
 Letters of Keats.
 Coleridge. Sill.
 Charles Lamb (Essays).
 Charles Dickens.
 Swinburne. Solidarity.
 Soledad del Morte.
 War Among Christians.
 Wagner's Lohengrin.
 Alfred de Musset (A Night in
 December).
 François Villon.
 The Two Heredias (Faith—
 Scepticism).
 Washington Irving.
 Lamartine (melancholy).
 George Sand (on reading her
 journal).
 Turner. Gainsborough.
 Hogarth.

On Reading for the Third Time
 Hallam Tennyson's Me-
 moir of his Father.
 Huxley and the Bishops.
 Protoplasm.
 Primitive Man.
 The Mill-wheel.
 The Women of Shakespeare.
 The Drunkards of Shakespeare
 (Uncle Toby, Falstaff, etc.).
 The Children of Shakespeare
 (pathetic).
 The London of Shakespeare.
 The Clowns of Shakespeare.
 The Loves of Goethe.
 Ghosts of Dead Years.
 Eberswalde (deep beech and
 pine forests).
 Spreewalde (Forest of Arden
 effect).
 Potsdam (Ghosts of Frederick
 and Voltaire).
 Our Brothers of the Field.
 Rotterdam (Erasmus).
 The Marsh at Sunset
 (S. C. storm, thunder-clap,
 flight of frightened birds).
 Sunrise on the Marshes, S. C.
 Storm at Sea. London Streets.
 Venice at Night.
 Snow Storm or Sleet Storm.
 Monasticism.
 Street Life in Naples.
 Storm on Lake Erie.
 San Georgio Maggiore in
 Venice.
 A Swiss Village.
 Mediaevalism. The Odyssey.

Jeremiah. Isaiah.
 Homer's Underworld.
 Vishnu. Thor. Siva.
 Nanna (Balder's wife. The
 mistletoe).
 David Swing (Preacher of
 Righteousness).
 The Pine Woods of the South
 (hot resinous odors).
 The Pine Woods of the North
 (dark, cool, sighing).
 Booth's Hamlet.
 Partridge's Tennyson.
 The Discords of Life.
 Charles Darwin. Cruelty.
 The Arctic Summer.
 Weakness (moral).
 Weakness (physical).
 The Body. Duty.
 The Universe of God.
 Bibles (old and new).
 Fog at Sea (terrible, rolling in
 swiftly on us in a sailboat).
 Polar Jungles (Tertiary times).
 The Gulf Stream (blue in the
 green ocean).
 Indigo Seas (West Indies).
 Jules Bréton (painter, poet).
 A Bronze Buddha (Benares).
 Rousseau (painter). Corot.
 Jean Jacques Rousseau and the
 French Revolution.
 Rembrandt (Poet-painter).
 Rembrandt's Unknown Grave.
 Rembrandt's House in Amster-
 dam.
 Summers by the Sea.
 English Woods and Fields.

Galland's Arabian Nights.
 Cranford.
 Esmeralda (Hugo's Notre-
 Dame de Paris).
 Luini's Frescoes at Saronno.
 Titian (Assumption and Mary
 as a little girl before the
 high priest).
 Ruysdael's Lily Pool.
 The Brain. Walt Whitman.
 The Alpine Meadows.
 The Southern Foot Hills of the
 Alps.
 The Love of Books.
 Transmigrations. Van Dyck.
 Benares (where Buddha taught
 first).
 Ellen Emerson (A New Eng-
 land Saint).
 St. Francis (The Mediaeval
 Christ).
 The Greek Anthology.
 The Egyptian Underworld.
 Cicero's De Senectute.
 Angelo's Sonnets (Rugged)
 St. Peter. Isis. St. Paul.
 Osiris (The Egyptian Christ).
 The Asphodel Meadow.
 Voices of the Dead.
 Maya. Grieg. Brahms.
 Angelo (Creator).
 Modern German Poets.
 Modern English Painters.
 The Iron Age. The Ice Age.
 Islam. The Koran. Azrael.
 Edens (young loves).
 Bitter fruits (inheritance).
 The Coming Man.

Ashes of Roses (disenchantment).
A Tropical Sunset.
Eve. Adam. Cain.
On Re-reading Verga's *I Malavoglia*.
Theocritus. Hobbema.
Napoleon's Code.
Baal and Ashtaroth.
Ravenna (deserted effect).
The Ravens of Odin.
Modern Medicine.
Modern Surgery.
Visual Memory.
The Joy of Discovery.

The Altruism of Science.
Longing or Desire.
The Cave-Man.
The Circulation of the Blood.
Sudden Death.
Dorothy Wordsworth (the Sister).
Post-Impressionism in Art.
Sleep. Chemical Affinity.
The Sound of Falling Water.
Realism. Dualism.
John Stuart Mill.
The Index Expurgatorius.
Esmond. Denis Duval.
Edwin Drood.

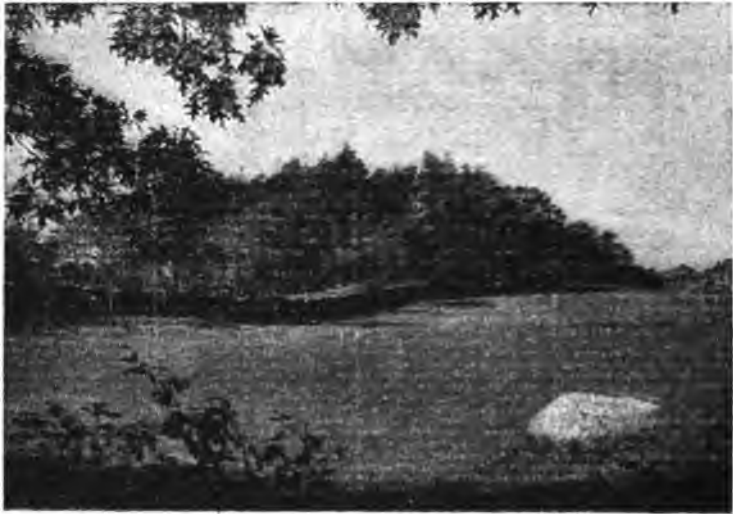


TRANSLATIONS.

**Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniß;
Das Unzulängliche
Hier wird's Ereigniß;
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist's gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.**

—Goethe: Faust II, 12104–11.

FROM THE GERMAN.



I.

A MAY SONG.

(Wie herrlich leuchtet
Mir die Natur!)

GOETHE.

(Time 1771, *i. e.*, when he was 22 years old. About the time of his love affair with the pastor's daughter, Friederika Brion, of Sesenheim, near Strassburg.)

What glorious prospects
Nature yields!
How gleams the sunlight,
How laugh the fields!

From every twig
The blossoms push,
A thousand voices
Well from the bush;

And mirth and rapture,
From every breast.
O earth! O sunshine!
O happiness! O zest!

O love! O fondness!
So golden bright,
Like morning clouds
Upon that height!

Delightfully thou dost increase
The sweet field's worth,
With blossom fragrance
Dost enrich the earth.

O maiden, maiden,
How love I thee!
How beam thy glances!
How lov'st thou me!

So loves the lark
His song in heaven
And morning flowers,
The mists sky-given,

As I love thee, and yield
Heart's blood without alloy,
Because thou giv'st to me
Fresh youth and joy,

For songs and dances new
A spirit free.
Be ever happy
As thou lov'st me!

The many-sidedness of Goethe:

Literature.—Prose; Dramatic, Epic and Lyric Poetry.

Science.—Physics; Mineralogy; Botany; Anatomy.

Art. Business capacity. Critical faculty. Self centered, rather selfish but capable of many generous emotions. Broader than the Germany of his time. Not a patriot. One of the great universal minds of the world. The apostle of intellectual culture.

Peculiar relations to women:

About twenty of these women in literature. Most of these affairs of the heart were before he was 27, but he was very sensitive to the smiles of enchantresses all his life. Women as "models." His marriage to his servant Christine Vulpius.

II.

THE GODLIKE.

(Edel sei der Mensch,)

GOETHE.

(Time about 1781. Goethe was then about 32 years old.
This is the Frau von Stein period.)

Noble should man be,
Helpful and good!
For that alone
Distinguishes him
From all existences
Within our ken.

Hail to the unknown,
The Higher Ones,
For whom we yearn!
May man be like them—
His example should teach us
In them to believe.

For unfeeling
Is Nature:
The sun it shines
On the good and the ill,
And the moon and the stars
Beam on the worst,
As on the best.

Torrents and wind
Thunder and hail
Rush on in their way,
Laying hold on one
As on another
When swiftly they pass.

So also good fortune
Gropes blindly the crowd,
Seizing sometimes the youth
Curly-headed, innocent,
And sometimes the smooth
And wicked crown.

Under reverend, eternal,
Mighty decrees
Must we fulfil,
Each one,
Our being's end.

But only the man
Can do the impossible;
He distinguishes,
Chooses and judges;
He can to the moment
Permanence lend.

He alone is able
The good to reward
The bad to chastise,
To heal and to rescue,
All the erring and straying
Usefully to bind.

And we reverence
The Immortal Ones
As though they were men
Doing in large
What the best in a small way
Does or would do.

The noble man
Should be helpful and good!
Unwearied should do
The useful and the right,
Be a prototype
Of those longed-for Beings!

NOTE. Tennyson's opinion: "Edel sei der Mensch' is one of the noblest of all poems."—Memoir, Vol. II, p. 288.

III.

THE POWERS ABOVE US.

(Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,)

GOETHE.

(From Wilhelm Meister, second book. The first Weimar period, probably between 1780 and 1785.)

Who never ate his bread with tears,
Nor tossed through midnight's weary hours,
Uneasy on his bed of fears,
Knows not your might, ye Heavenly powers!

Ye bring us into life amain,
Yet let us stray from birth,
Then loose on us the lash of pain,
That Nemesis of guilt on earth!

IV.

THE WANDERERS NIGHT SONG.

(Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,)

GOETHE.

Over all the mountain helms
Is rest,
In all the treetop realms
Is scarce a breath of wind
Express;
The birds in the wood are silent now.
Wait a little, thou,
Soon thou too shalt find
Thy rest.

NOTE: This song was written by Goethe in September, 1780, on the wall of a hunter's hut on the Gickelhahn, near Ilmenau. The place was revisited by him in 1813 and the lines reinscribed. In 1831, a few months before his death, he again visited the place and was fêted there, recognized the lines and read them with tears and deep emotion.

V.

A FRAGMENT.

(Willst du dir ein hübsch Leben zimmern,)

GOETHE.

Would'st thou a fair life make thine own,
Then must thou not o'er bygones groan,
Nor mix thy soul with grief's alloy;
Must evermore to-day enjoy,
Assuredly, must no man hate,
And wholly leave to God thy fate.

VI.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

(Die Wunde brennt, die bleichen Lippen beben,)

THEODOR KOERNER.

(Done on the battle-field when severely wounded and in expectation of death.)

The wound it burns, the pallid lips they quiver,
My heart's pulsation faint to me portends
That I have come to where my journey ends.
God, as thou wilt! I rest in thee, the giver.
Around me many golden shadows waver;
In wail of death the fair dream picture ends.
Cheer! Cheer! What my true heart defends,
That must beyond with me remain forever!

And what I here as holiest have learned,
For which with youthful rashness I have burned,
Whether as freedom or as love discerned,
As shining seraph now before me stands;
And when at last my mind no more commands,
Bears me a breath to roseate morning lands.

Evening at 1460 Belmont Street,

March 29, 1910.

NOTE: Koerner was born in 1791, and died at 22 (1813) from a wound received in battle. He was son of Christian Gottfried Koerner, Schiller's intimate friend. For a time Koerner was an idol of the German people.

VII.

THE DEAD MAIDEN.

(Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein.)

UHLAND.

Three students by chance strolled over the Rhine,
And stopped with mine hostess to sample her wine.
"Frau hostess! Have you good beer and wine?
And where have you hid your daughter fine?"
"My vintage and brew are cool and clear,
Alas, my daughter lies dead on her bier."
And when they had entered the room
There lay the maiden prepared for the tomb.
The first drew the face-cloth awry
And gazed on the dead with sorrowful eye.
"O did'st thou yet live, my beautiful one,
My love should not fail from this time on."
The second the grave cloth drew over
And turned weeping away like a lover,
"Alas, that she lies on death's cold bier
Whom I have loved so many a year."
The third quickly tore away the veil
And kissed her on the lips so pale,
"I loved you ever, I love you to-day
And love you I will eternally."

NOTE: Uhland (1787-1862) suffered for his political views. His songs were many times set to music by the best composers and have become true folk-songs. This one is rather beery.

VIII.

LOTUS-LOVE.

(Die Lotusblume ängstigt)

HEINE.

The lotus chalice shrinks
Before the sun's fierce light,
And dreamily on nodding stem
Awaits the coming night.

The moon is her lover,
She wakes at his silver grace,
And softly unveils for him
The charms of her gentle face.

For love and love's longing
Her fragrance is shed,
While mutely she gazes with tears and sighs
On high where her lover has fled.

NOTE: Heine (1799-1856) owed much to his mother and his uncle. The latter paid for his legal studies. His father wished him to be a merchant: failure. Then a lawyer: failure again. Studied law three years, and renounced Judaism to obtain a public law position but did not get it. Finally accepted letters as his chosen field and settled in Paris. With passage of an act in 1835 forbidding sale of his writings in Germany he fell into great poverty. Released by a pension of 4,800 francs from the French Government which he received annually for twelve years. Then a revolution reduced him to poverty once more. Like Goethe he married his mistress. This woman, Mathilde Mirat, remained faithful to him all his life. During the last eight years of his life he was bedridden but continued to write to the end. Heine was romantic, wicked, full of tender feeling, very original, full of humor, a spendthrift in youth, ironical, democratic, interested in humanity, and a social, friendly man. He is still hated in Germany. He satirized the government, army, nobility, clergy, ministry, and professors. Two big books have been published in Germany recently to show that Heine is in no proper sense a German. For his "Buch der Lieder" he received 50 louis d'or, and the shrewd publisher sold 10,000 copies.

IX.

MAYTIME.

(Im wunderschönen Monat Mai.)

HEINE.

(1822 or 1823.)

In the heavenly month of May,
When all the buds were springing,
And all the birds were singing,
Love was born within my heart,
And all my longings unto her I did impart,
In the heavenly month of May.

X.

A DEAD LOVE.

(Die Welt ist so schön und der Himmel so blau,)

HEINE.

(1822 or 1823.)

The earth is so fair and the heaven so blue,
And the breezes blow so gentle and low,
And the blossoms smile on the flowery plain,
And sparkle and glitter in morning's dewy rain,
And the people rejoice wherever I go,
Yet I would I were dead in the ground,
In the arms of my dead love wound.

XI.

TWILIGHT.

(Wir sassen am Fischerhause)

HEINE.

(Time 1823 or 1824.)

We sat near the fisher's house
And gazed on the sea hard by.

The evening mists came on
And climbed up to the sky.

The lights in the lighthouse
One by one were kindled,
And far, Oh far away,
One ship still dwindled.

We spoke of storm and wreck,
Of the sailor and how he lives,
And tossed from sea to sky,
His heart to joy and sorrow gives.

We talked of far-off coasts:
To south and to north we fare,
Beholding the barbarous peoples,
And wondrous customs there.

On Ganges it shimmers and fragrance exhales,
Gigantic trees their blooms unseal,
And beautiful silent men,
By lotus blossoms kneel.

In Lapland are dirty people,
Flatheaded, broad-muzzled and small,
They crouch round the fire and bake
Themselves fish, and chatter and call.

Earnestly the maidens listened,
At last no one spoke more—
The ship it could not be seen,
The darkness had covered it o'er.

XII.

LUCK IN LOVE.

(Wer zum erstenmale liebt)

HEINE.

(Time 1823 or 1824.)

Who the first time loves
Is a god, if he's happy or not,
But who a second time
Luckless loves, he is a fool.
And I am that fool; again
I love, no love returned;
Sun and moon and stars they jeer,
And I laugh too—and perish.

XIII.

PHILOSOPHY.

(Zu fragmentarisch ist Welt und Leben)

HEINE.

(Time 1823 or 1824.)

Too fragmentary is the world and life—
I will hie me to some German professor,
Who knows how life should go together,
And he will make a comprehensible system out of it;
With his nightcap strings and his bedgown shreds
He will stop the gaps in the world house.

XIV.

A DREAM.

(Mir träumt': ich bin der liebe Gott)

HENNE.

(Time 1823 or 1824.)

I had a dream: I was the dear Lord God,
And sat in heaven upraised,
And angels sat about
And all my verses praised.

And cakes and candies did I eat,
At cost of many a florin gay,
And cardinal I drank therewith,
And had no debts to pay.

And yet I wisht I was on earth,
For ennui plagued me sore,
And were I not the dear Lord God,
The devil's would I be once more.

You lanky angel Gabriel,
Go, nor slow about it be,
And my dear friend Eugene
Thou shalt him straightway bring to me.

Seek him not in college halls,
But where the Tokay flows, inquire;
Seek him not in Hedwig church,
Seek him by Mam'sell Meyer.

This angel then his wings spread out
And flew straight down,
And found him out and brought him up,
This friend, this well-belovèd clown.

Yes, youngster, I'm the dear Lord God,
And I rule o'er the earth,
I've always told you, too,
That I would yet do things of worth.

And I work wonders every day,
Which would enchant you.
And for your merriment to-day,
I will Berlin review.

The paving stones upon the street
They shall right now split open wide,
And an oyster fresh and clear
Shall in every stone reside.

A rain of lemon juice
Shall dewy them besprinkle so,
And in the city drains
The best Rhine wine shall flow.

How the Berliners do rejoice,
Already they begin to gobble;
The High-court lords,
They swill upon the cobble.

And how the poets do enjoy themselves,
In such a revel of the gods!
The lieutenants and the ensigns,
They lick up the streets in squads.

The lieutenants and the ensigns,
They are the cleverest folk!
They think: No such a wonder
Did ever any other day evoke.

XV.

THE DEVIL.

(Ich rief den Teufel, und er kam,)

HEINE.

(Time 1823 or 1824.)

I called the devil and he came,
And with surprise his figure I did scan.
He is not ugly and he is not lame,
He is a dear and charming man,
A man that's in his prime,
Obliging and polite and conversant with every clime.
He is a skillful diplomate
And speaks right well of church and state.
If somewhat pale he is, 'tis no surprise,
His mind to Sanscrit and to Hegel he applies.
His best-loved poet still remains Fouqué,
Yet of criticism no more is he a lover,
This has he now entirely given over
To his dear grandam Hecate.
My legal studies he with pleasure noted,
Himself was formerly thereto devoted.
He said my friendship must not be
Too dear for him, and nodded me
And asked: Have we not met before—
Once at the Spanish minister's levee?
And as with care I looked him o'er,
I was aware that old acquaintances were we,

XVI.

A WARNING.

(Solche Bücher lässt du drucken!)

HEINE.

Oh, how dare you print such books!

Dear, my friend, your state's a lost one!
Would'st thou gold and honor gather,
Then bend low with humble looks.

Ne'er did I advise you so to tempt the fates!
So to speak before the people,
So to speak of clergymen,
And lordly potentates!

Friend, for you I've worst of fears!
Princes they are known to have long arms,
Clergymen they have long tongues,
And the people have—long ears!

XVII.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

(Denk' ich an Deutschland in der Nacht,)

HEINE.

Think I on German land at night,
Then I am brought to sleepless plight,
I cannot close my eyes at all,
And hot my tears will fall.

The years they come, the years grow old!
Since I my mother did behold,
Into the past twelve years have flown;
And ever has my longing grown.

My longing groweth evermore,
The mother hath bewitched me sore;
Still think I on the one who's old,
The mother old, whom may God hold!

No end of love the old Frau sends,
And in the letters which she pens
I see in forms her hand has taken
How deep the mother heart is shaken.

The mother dwells upon my mind.
Twelve outstretched years have sped like wind,
Twelve long, long years their ways have told,
Since her dear heart my own did fold.

The German land for aye shall stand,
It is a heart-sound land,
And by its oak and linden cover,
That land it shall be known forever.

But toward that land with no such care,
I'd long, were not the mother there;
The Fatherland will last alway,
The mother old—she may not stay.

Since I that German land have known,
So many there the grave has made its own,
Those I had loved—when I do count them o'er,
My soul drops blood, and more and more.

And I must count them—with the count
My torments ever higher mount;
It is, as if upon my breast the dead
Held carnival—Thank God! The dawn is red!

Thank God! Now through my window, bright
There gleams the cheerful French daylight;
My wife comes like the morning fair
And smiles away the German care.

XVIII.

THE WEAVERS.

(Im düstern Auge keine Thräne.)

HEINE.

(Time—between 1839 and 1846. This song is still prohibited in Germany, it is said.)

Their gloomy eyes no tears have wet,
They sit by the loom and their teeth are set:
German land, we weave the cloth for thy hearse,
We are weaving therein the threefold curse—
 We are weaving, weaving!

A curse for the brazen god we implore
In the winter's cold and our hunger sore;
We have waited and hoped but all in vain,
By him we've been fooled and held in disdain—
 We are weaving, weaving!

A curse for the king, the king of the land
For our woes have not reached his heart or his hand;
By force he would take the last groschen we've got
And allow us like dogs to be shot—
 We are weaving, weaving!

A curse be on false Fatherland,
Where dishonor and shame are on every hand,
Where every flower is snatched from sight,
Where rottenness and mold the worms invite—
We are weaving, weaving!

The shuttle flies, the loom it creaks alway,
We are weaving steadily night and day—
Old German land—the cloth for thy hearse,
We are weaving therein the threefold curse—
We are weaving, weaving!

XIX.

POESIE.

(Poesie ist tiefes Schmerzen.)

JUSTINUS KERNER.

(Lived 1786 to 1862.)

Poesie is deepest smart,
And the truest song upwells
Only from the human heart
Wherein lasting sorrow dwells.

But the songs of purest feeling
Silence like the deepest smart,
Only like to shadows stealing
Move they through the broken heart.

NOTE: Kerner was a very hospitable, friendly man. He entertained a great deal. He was a physician and a spiritualist.

XX.

THE HEART.

(Zwei Kammern hat das Herz,)

HERMANN NEUMANN.

(1808—)

Two chambers has the heart,
Where joy and sorrow dwell apart.
When joy in the one awakes,
In the other sorrow slumber takes.
O joy, speak low and great care take
That grief does not awake!

XXI.

THE HUMAN WILL.

(Willst gutes du und schönes schaffen.)

JULIUS HAMMER.

(1810-1862.)

Wouldst thou the good and fair create,
With living fullness round thy life,
Then must thou gird up thine estate,
Nor aught consider heavy strife.
No wishes help, no idle fancy's play,
No dream that days will mend thy state;
No, thou must struggle with thy clay,
And mightily compel it into shape!

XXII.

THE HEART'S ANSWER.

(Mein Herz, ich will dich fragen:)

FRIEDRICH HALM.

(1806-1871.)

My heart, I will question thee:

Tell me, I pray, what's love?

"Two souls with but *one* thought,

Two hearts with but *one* throb!"

And tell from whence comes love?

"'Twas not, and now 'tis here!"

And how does love depart?

"True love departeth ne'er!"

And what is perfect love?

"That which its own foregoes!"

And when is love the deepest?

"'Tis when it stillest flows!"

And when is love the richest?

"'Tis richest when it gives!"

And pray what voice has love?

"No voice! her love she lives!"

XXIII.

CO-WORKERS WITH GOD.

(Gehe hin in Gottes Namen.)

K. T. PH. SPIRITA.

(1801-1859—Religious hymns and songs; many now in the hymn-books.)

(No attempt to keep the rhymes.)

Forth in God's own name,
 Joyously take up thy work,
Early scatter well thy seed,
 What is done, is done.
Look not toward the distance,
 What lies near thee must thou do,
Thou must sow, if thou wouldst reap,
 Only toiling ones shall know the joy of rest.
And of daydreams be thou wary,
 Welcome labor, nothing stinted,
Then shall be at eventide with honor
 On thy brow the sweat of day.
None can tell thee what shall prosper,
 What miscarry: only be thou certain
God's own blessing follows
 All thy worthy deeds.

XXIV.

AT SEA.

(Wie so rein des Himmels Bläue)

ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

(Lived 1806 to 1876. Anastasius Grün is a pseudonym for the Austrian Count Auersperg.)

O'er my head I naught discern,
Save the gleaming vault of blue,
Strong, and bright as truth eterne,
Unconfined and changeless too!

Like the peace eternal sheeneth
Restful, clear, and green the sea,
And the sun above it beameth,
Bright as holy love can be.

Free and light o'er rocking billow,
Holds the ship her steady way,
Proud the white sails fill and flow,
Freedom's victor banners they.

Sun and sea and Heaven's deep azure,
Only these 'round keel and prow!
Love and freedom, peace and pleasure!
Answer—What more needest thou?

Oh! If breezes from the land,
Might a green leaf waft to me,
Or a blossom from the strand,
Bring its message o'er the sea.

XXV.

THE WATER LILY.

(Die stille Wasserrose)

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

(Lived 1815-1884.)

The silent water-lily

Shoots up from the azure below,
Her dampened leaves atremble,
Her calyx white as snow.

The moon from Heaven its splendor,
Its wealth of golden light,
Into her bosom raineth
Through all the silent night.

Around the lily's chalice
Doth sail a snow-white swan,
And sweet and low he singeth,
The while he looks thereon,

A plaintive song and tender,
Where love and death combine.

O lily! Snow white lily!
Canst thou that song divine?

NOTE: Geibel was born and died in Lubeck. He was University professor in Munich and two years in Greece with Curtius as a young man. His poems exhibit: (1) romanticism, (2) melancholy, (3) Greek feeling, (4) catholic breadth, (5) patriotic feeling, (6) sympathy with nature, (7) religious feeling. He made many translations from Greek and Latin and from Spanish and Portuguese. At his funeral a copy of the 100th Edition of his poems was placed in his coffin. He has been called the Longfellow of Germany.

Jede sprossende Pflanze,
Die mit Düften sich füllt,
Trägt in Kelche das ganze
Weltgeheimnis verhüllt.

Every budding plant
By its odor revealed
Bears in its calyx cup
The whole world riddle concealed.

[1845.]

These verses are earlier than Tennyson's, "Flower in the crannied wall."

XXVI.

I SAILED FROM ST. GOAR.

(Ich fuhr von Sanct Goar)

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

From Saint Goar to the mountains

I sailed the green Rhine;

An ancient man with silver hair

Was helmsman mine.

But little we did say;

Down stream the rocks sailed fast

Upon the mirroring wave,

And my thoughts were on the past.

And when the palace at Caub

Was over against our beam,

Came the sound of clear singing

From a ship which sailed with the stream.

The evening's ruddy glow

Upon the white sails shone;

And students sat therein,

Round whom were vine leaves thrown.

From hand to hand the cup

Of luster green was past;

And, golden-haired, a maid

Stood fair beside the mast;

And down upon the flood
She scattered roses red,
And gave us greeting there
As softly by we sped.

And hark—I now heard clear
What they were singing:
'Twas one of mine own songs,
Once sung, from far returning:

Made drunk with the sunshine of May,
I sang it years ago,
When I like them by Rhine
A student was at Bonn.

How strange from strangers' lips
Upon my ear it swelled!
Out of the depths of my heart
Nostalgia upwelled.

I listened till the sound
Upon the wind was lost;
Long watched the waters where
The shining boat was tost.

As on and on it went,
Back would my glances stray;
To me it seemed therein
My youth was borne away.

XXVII.

THE GIPSY BOY IN THE NORTH.

(Fern im Süd das schöne Spanien,)

EMANUEL GEIBEL.

Far to south lies lovely Spain,
Spain that is my own dear land,
Where the shady chestnuts rain
Leafy music on the Ebro strand,
Where pink-tinted almonds blow,
Where the fiery cluster gleams
And the roses fairer glow
And the moonlight goldener beams.

Now I wander with my lute
Sadly on from place to place,
For no bright eyes do me salute
Nor do friendly glances meet my face.
Meagerly they dole me pittance sad,
Sternly drive me from the land;
Oh, the brown-skinned beggar lad
Will no mortal understand!

Clouds they weigh on me like wrongs,
 Cloudy skies my sunshine blot,
And the old-time merry songs
 Have I all almost forgot.
Ever now into my songs
 Come the selfsame yearning strains:
'Tis for home my spirit longs,
 For the land where sunshine reigns!

When of late in harvest feste
 Famous singing dances they have made,
Have I freshly all the best
 Of my music for them played.
Yet as couples wound the dance's pace
 In the evening's sunny gold,
Down my dusky face
 Hot the tears have rolled.

Oh, I thought of merry dances
In the land in which my fathers rest,
Where in fragrant moonbeam's glances
There is freer breath for every breast,
Where, the zither's tones begun,
Every footstep wingèd feels
And the laddie with his fair one
Glowing the fandango reels.

Nay! I can not longer hide
Yearnings of my throbbing breast;
Every other joy denied
Let me have the homeland zest.
Southward! Toward the land that's Spain's
Will I journey! 'Neath the chestnuts' shade,
In the land where sunshine reigns
Shall at last my grave be made.

XXVIII.

THE FOREST.

(Im Walde leben, im Walde sterben,)

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

In forest to live, in forest to die,
What fairer lot!
For bed the blossoms, for grave and grave-stone
The green moss-plot.

Dragon-flies shimmer through the holy gloom
Like jewels rare,
And ivy winds round lofty elms
Embraces fair.

The trees they murmur in evening wind
Many a sweet song,
And softly it drips from lofty branches
On leaves and sedges in throng.

So stretched out there in sweet repose,
Remote from sorrow,
Oh sweet the eyes to close and blest to dream
With no to-morrow!

NOTE: Johanna Ambrosius was born in East Prussia in 1854. She was the daughter of a poor mechanic. She and her sister learned to read and had "Gartenlaube" for which the father subscribed. She had no education worth mentioning. Her years of hard work began at eleven; at twenty she married a peasant lad as poor as herself and for the next twelve years led the hard life of the peasant women, working in the fields and stables side by side with her husband, without books or papers to read. Two children were born, a boy and a girl. Poverty, sickness, and sorrow of soul oppressed her. Suddenly she found relief in song; her first poem is said to have been written in 1884. The first edition of her poems was published in 1894 and brought her the unexpected sum of 500 marks. This was the beginning of easier days. Many editions followed in rapid succession, and a second volume was published. The first volume has now passed through forty-two editions, and the second volume eight (in 1898). Up to the beginning of her career as a poet she was unfamiliar with the German poets. Her range of singing is narrow, but within it she exhibits much power and pathos. Ambrosius is her maiden name.

XXIX.

FIRST LOVE.

(Zarte, maiengrüne Liebe.)

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

Tender, May-green love,
 When I think on thee my eyes are wet with tears;
Thou art like a milk-white dove
 Driven through the forest by its fears.
Thou art sweet as morning song of birthplace bells,
Pure as primal draught from Heaven's wells.

Fragrance from that azure bloom
 Which the God in his own bosom bears,
Altar image, face to whom
 Bows the sinner low and fealty swears.
Pristine love, no cause art thou for jest!
Callous hearts by thee are won from their cold rest.

No one e'er forgets thee quite,
Star-hemmed, tender morning red,
 Not though to us given richest life,
Light of thousand golden suns upon us shed.
 Evermore our fairest daydream must thou be,
Lovely, first-born bloom upon life's tree.

XXX.

HOME COMING.

(Mutter, stell' wieder die Ofenbank so,)

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS.

Mother, again draw the seat to the fire,
Where it stood in the long ago,
Sit down thereon and let thy hand
As once o'er my hair move soft and slow.

Sole comforting place!
My head on thy breast I will lay.
O world, with thy smothering burdens,
Thy woe, how far art thou now away!

Kiss my brow, 'tis burning hot,
No more to the maiden your kisses go,
The spot where your lips now rest
Will by nothing be healed, I know.

Restore my shattered trust.
You take me as I am! Your love I keep,
The world cannot rob me of this!
Now, little mother, sing, Oh sing me to sleep.

XXXI.

WOMANHOOD.

(Die reinen Frauen stehn im Leben)

JULIUS RODENBERG.

(1831- . Professor of Poetry. Founder of "Deutsche Rundschau."—Author of many books.)

Pure women are in human life
Like roses 'mong their dusky leaves:
Upon their wishes and their noble strife
Lies ever finest blossom dust.
In their fair world is no defect,
There all is quiet, soft, complete:
A glance into a woman's soul
Is like a glimpse of paradise.
Well dost thou listen unto lofty souls,
Well dost thou honor manhood's strength;
Thy masters they shall teach thee all
That's possible in science and in art.
Yet what is noblest here below,
The symbol of the infinite,
What beauty is, and poetry, and peace—
These only women thee can teach!

XXXII.

ESTIMATE OF WOMEN, CALLED
"MÄDCHENLIED."

(Gestern, Mädchen, ward ich weise.)

FR. NIETZSCHE.

(No effort to keep the rhymes, *i. e.*, not worth it.)

Yesterday, maiden, was I wise,
Yesterday was I seventeen—
Now do I compare to grayest
Of the grisly—but not in hair.

Yesterday there came to me a thought—
A thought? Mockery and scorn!
Came there ever a thought to you?
A feeling rather, let us say!

Seldom ventures she to think,
For the ancient wisdom says:
"Woman she shall follow not direct:
Thinks she, then she will not follow."

Nor believe I ever what she says;
As a flea so jumps she, and so bites!
"Rarely thinks the womankind,
When she does, 'tis good for nothing!"

Wisdom old and handed down
 Best of reverence to you!
 Hear ye now my wisdom new
 Quintessence of all that's newest!

 Yesterday there spoke in me, as ever
 In me speaks: Now hear me out:
 "Fairer is the womankind
 But more interesting is—the man!"

NOTE: In another place Nietzsche said: "Thou goest to women? Forget not thy whip!" And again: "Woman is not even shallow!"

In a recent book: "Der einsame Nietzsche" (Leipzig, Alfred Kroner) his sister Elisabeth Forster Nietzsche maintains that Nietzsche's sharp, scornful words about women apply only to the "emancipated ones," but it is not clear why she supposed this explanation would help his case; nor is it clear to me how any independent, self-respecting woman can be interested in Nietzsche's vagaries.

For his master's estimate of women, see the curious essay "Über die Weiber" in Schopenhauer's collected works. It forms Chapter XXVII of "Vereinzelte, jedoch systematisch geordnete Gedanken über vielerlei Gegenstände," in my copy (Inselverlag: Leipzig).

There is a new spirit in German poetry, mostly since 1870.

Some great names:

Sentiments:

Nietzsche.	Worship of power.	Avoidance of pain.
Jordan.	The right of might.	Agnosticism.
Liliencron.	Pleasure.	Worship of beauty.
Conradi.	Self-interest.	Lower estimate of women.
Bierbaum.		

This new spirit in poetry is like the new spirit in art—very different from the old. It smacks of the frivolous side of Paris and of scientific materialism. It is less *German* and less interesting than the older singing. "*Jugend*" gives one a good idea of what some of the younger men are trying to do.

The above judgment was written and printed before the events of the great German war, which events, so far as Germany is concerned, can be no surprise to anyone familiar with modern German literature, either in prose or verse, since they have their root in sentiments of world-domination broadcast over Germany for a generation and entering into all her life.



FROM THE FRENCH AND ITALIAN.



XXXIII.

THE ANTIQUE MEDAL.

(L'Etna mûrit toujours la pourpre et l'or du vin)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

Still Aetna ripens wine of gold and purple stain
Wherewith antique Erigone warmed Theocrite,
But the graceful maids from whom his verses caught delight,
The poet now would seek for them in vain.
From her profile losing the purity divine,
Arethusa, slave and favorite by turns,
Has mingled in her vein, where Greek blood burns,
The Saracen fury with the hauteur Angevine.

All yields to time: even the marble its use.
Agrigentum is only a shade, and Syracuse
Beneath her soft blue sky sleeps out her doom.
The hard metal alone, obeying Love docilely,
Still, on medals of silver, retains in its bloom
The immortal beauty of the virgins of Sicily.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

May 1, 1910.

341

XXXIV.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

(Certe, il était hanté d'un tragique tourment,)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

Surely, he was haunted by a tragic torment,
When in the Sistine, and far from Roman fêtes,
Solitary, he painted sibyls and prophets,
And on the somber wall, The Last Judgment.
Titan, whom desire chained to deeds most high,
Within he heard unceasing lamentation
For country and glory and love and their negation;
He felt that all things die, the dream a lie.

So those heavy giants, weary of bloodless power,
Those slaves in bonds unloosed to their last hour,
How he has twisted them in uncouth fashion;
And in marbles cold, where his lofty soul held sway,
How he has made tremble with a mighty passion
The wrath of a god who is conquerèd by clay!

At 1460 Belmont Street,

Sunday, May 7, 1910.

NOTE: In attempting these translations from Heredia I have followed his ideas and rhythm as closely as possible but was compelled to break the octave into quatrains. In some verses I have used the English pentameter, but wherever I could I have followed the French hexameter.

XXXV.

OBLIVION.

(Le temple est en ruine au haut du promontoire.)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

The temple in ruin stands on the high promontory,
And Death, upon this tawny ground, has mingling strown
Heroes in bronze and goddesses in sculptured stone,
Of whom the lonely herbage buries the glory.
Only at times a herdsman leading his bulls to drink,
With his conch, in which sobs an antique refrain,
Filling the calm heavens to the rim of the main,
Outlines his sable form on the infinite azure's brink!

Maternal and kind to the ancient gods is the Earth,
For one sees each spring-time, vainly eloquent,
With the broken capitals a green acanthus blent.
But man, esteeming the dream of his elders little worth,
In the depth of nights serene, without trembling hears
The voice of the sea, lamenting the sirens with tears.

At 1460 Belmont Street,

Finished May 29, 1910.

343

XXXVI.

STOICISM.

(Sois fort, tu seras libre; accepte la souffrance)

LOUIS MÉNARD.

Be strong, thou shalt be free; accept the sufferance
Which makes thy courage great and pure; hold kingly state
In the inner world, and follow thy conscience,
That infallible god, within each one innate.
Dost hope that those who by their providence
Do guide the golden spheres, for thee will violate
The universe? Go to! Endure in silence,
Strive to be a man, to accomplish thy fate.

Only the great gods know if the soul be immortal;
But the just man toils at their work eternal,
Be it but for a day, leaving the future to those on high,
Not envying them the least, because, for justice
He offers freely his life a sacrifice,
While a god can neither suffer nor die.

(Rêveries d'un païen mystique.)

At 1460 Belmont Street,

June 20, 1910.

XXXVII-XXXIX.

THE VISION OF KHEM.

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

I.

(Midi. L'air brûle et sous la terrible lumière)

Midday. The air burns, and under the terrible glare
The ancient flood rolls sluggishly its waves of lead;
Blinding from the zenith falls the daylight dead,
To wrath of the pitiless Phré Egypt is bare.
The colossean sphinxes, who never have closed their eyes,
Outstretched on flanks deep billowed in yellow sand,
With a long mysterious gaze survey the land
Where towering to heaven the monoliths arise.

Only afar specking the sky serene and white,
The gypaëtes wheel endlessly their flight;
The flame's immensity lulls man and beast.
Crackles the burning soil, and the bronze Anubis
Impassive in the heart of this ardent feast
Silently barks to the sun his noon-day bliss.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 28, 1911.

345

II.

(La lune sur le Nil, splendide et ronde, luit.)

The moon on the Nile shines splendid and round!
And lo, in the ancient necropolis a stirring shows,
There, where each king keeping the hieratic pose
Lies under the funeral wrappings pitched and wound.
As in days of the Rameses, a whole people in sight,
Innumerable and still, forming the mystic stream,
The throng imprisoned in a granitic dream,
Falls into line, deploys, and marches in the night.

Stepping down from the walls broidered with hieroglyphs,
They follow the Bari borne by the pontiffs
Of Ammon Ra, the mighty god of the sun-disk's sweep,
And the sphinxes, and rams engirt the vermeil disk to keep,
Dazzled and all at once, standing erect on their griffes,
With a bound awake from their eternal sleep.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 29, 1911.

346

III.

(*Et la foule grandit plus innombrable encor.*)

A more innumeros throng swarms ever into sight:
For the somber hypogaeum, with its couches in rows,
Is bare; and on the cartouches the space deserted knows
That the sacred hawks have begun again their flight.
Beasts, people, and kings, they go. The uraeus of gold
Around the fierce brows glittering, undulant dips;
But the thick bitumen seals the meager lips.
At their head, Hor, Knoum, Ptha, Neith, Hathor: the great
gods old,

Then all of those who are led by Toth of the Ibis head,
Clad in the schenti, coiffed with the pschent, for ornament
The lotus blue. The pomp, errant and triumphal, flows
Undulantly in the horror of the temples dead,
And on the cold pavement of the halls, resplendent,
The moon lengthens strangely the gigantic shadows.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Evening of March 31, 1911.

XL.

MAY-TIME.

(From Giovanni Marradi's "Questa, divino maggio, immensa e varia")

Divine May time! This manifold broadwayed
Festal of flowers, of swallows, and of sun,
And this measureless murmuring of the air,
So full of odors from rose and violet won,
Cradles and lulls in centenary shade
Of greenwood ways, and on meadows rich arrayed,
This soul of mine, that lone as a solitaire,
Of other murmurs, and other words, dreams on.

Dreams the soul, and beholds a splendor upstart
Of visions and raptures—dreams and is carried away
By an ardent eye where light of love holds sway;
And smiled upon by love my youthful strife
Is renewed, and forth from the veins to the heart
There courses in me a quickening wave of life.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

March 26, 1911.

348

XLI.

FOR HELEN.

(Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,)

RONSARD (1524-1585.)

When you shall be grown old, evenings, by candle-flare,
Down set beside the fire, winding and spinning,
You'll say, chanting my songs, and o'er them marveling:
"Ronsard, he sung of me, in days when I was fair."
Such news astir, you then will have no maid of care,
Though half asleep she be under hard laboring,
Who shall not at the fame of Ronsard wakening
Heap blessings on your name praise makes immortal there.

And buried then, a boneless ghost whom no man knows,
Among the myrtle-crowned, shall I take my repose;
While you a woman old shall crouch beside the fire,
Regretting love I bore and your high-flown disdain.
Take then my word, live now, nor wait to-morrows vain,
Gather to-day, to-day, the rose of life's desire.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

June 23 and 29, 1912.

349

XLII.

MARSYAS.

(Les pins du bois natal que charmait ton haleine)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

The pines of the natal wood that charmèd heard thy strain
Have not burned thy body, O unfortunate!
Thy bones are dissolved, and thy blood knows the fate
Of the waters the mountains of Phrygia pour to the plain.
The jealous Citharist, pride of the Hellenic day,
With his plectrum of iron has broken thy reeds
Which, conquering the lions, showed to the birds their needs;
Naught now remains of the chaunter of Celænzæ.

Naught but a bloody shred fluttering from the yew-tree bole
Where they bound him to flay him, a living soul.
O cruel God, O cries! Voice lamentable and tender!
No, you shall hear no more, under a finger too kind,
The flute die away by the shores of Meander—
For the skin of the Satyr is the sport of the wind.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

August 24, 25, 1912.

350

XLIII.

SUR LE LIVRE DES AMOURS DE
PIERRE DE RONSARD.

(Jadis plus d'un amant, aux jardins de Bourgueil,)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

More than one lover of old, in Bourgueil's garden-side,
More than one name has graved in the bark, gashing it apart,
And under the gold of the Louvre's high ceilings more than
one heart

At the flash of a smile has trembled with pride.
What matters? Nothing has told their transport or their defeat;
Between four planks of oak they moulder one and all,
And no one has disputed, under their grassy pall,
For their silent dust with the oblivion of the winding sheet.

Maria, Helen, proud Cassandra: Life ends in sorrow.
Your beautiful bodies would be but a senseless clay
—The roses and the lilies have no to-morrow—
If Ronsard's hand by Seine or blonde Loire in story,
Had not tressed for your brows, immortally,
With the myrtles of Love the laurel of Glory.

At 1474 Belmont Street,
Sunday, August 25, 1912.

XLIV.

GILDED VELLUM.

(Vieux maître relieur, l'or que tu ciselas)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

Old master-binder, the gold that you chased on
At the back of the book and in the margin's plain,
In spite of the irons by a firm hand urged, does not retain
The primal glow—somewhat of the gleaming splendor has gone.
The inwoven figures that the interlocks bind,
Themselves from the fine white skin each day efface;
'Tis much if my eyes on the covers can trace
The branch of the ivy which there you have serpented.

But this supple ivory of almost diaphanous gleam,
Marguerite, Marie, and perhaps Diana, as well,
With their amorous fingers have caressed it of old;
And this faded vellum, by Clovis Ève covered with gold,
Evokes, I do not know by what forgotten spell,
The soul of their perfume and the shadow of their dream.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

August 28, 29, 30, 1912.

XLV.

THE CONCH.

(Par quels froids Océans, depuis combien d'hivers,)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

For how many winters, through what Oceans cold,
—Who will ever know, frail and pearly Shell!—
The surge, the currents, and the mountainous tidal swell,
Thee, in the hollows of their green abysses rolled?
Under the sky, to-day, far from briny, ebbing plain,
Thou hast made thyself soft bed on the golden sand.
But thy hope is vain. Disconsolate and grand,
In thee forevermore groans the voice of the main.

My soul has become a sonorous prison cell:
As still in thy coilèd chambers ebb and swell
The plaint of the refrain of the ancient clamor;
So from the innermost deeps of this heart too full of *Her*,
Dull, slow, aimless, and yet eternally astir,
Grumbles in me the stormy and distant rumor.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

September 7, 1912.

XLVI.

A GOTHIC WINDOW.

(Cette verrière a vu dames et hauts barons)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

This painted window hath seen dames and high barons
A-glitter with pearl and gold, flame-color, and azure,
For consecration bend, beneath the august dexter,
The pride of their helmet-crests and of their chaperons,
When forth they went to noise of horn or of clarions,
Short sword in hand, the gerfalcon or the saker,
Toward the plain or the wood, Byzant' or Saint-Jean d'Acre,
Setting out for the Crusade or for the flight of herons.

To-day, the seigniors by the side of the chatelaines,
With slender hunting dog beside their long poulaines,
Are stretched upon the slabs of marble black and white;
Voiceless, gestureless, deaf, they lie upon their tombs,
And with their eyes of stone, wherein is no eye-sight,
Behold the rose of the panel-window that ever blooms.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 29, 1912.

354

XLVII.

A RISING SEA.

(Le soleil semble un phare à feux fixes et blancs,)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

The sun a beacon seems whose fires are fixed and white.
From Raz to Penmarc'h entire the sea-shore fumes,
And lone against the wind which ruffles up their plumes,
Athwart the storm the sea-gulls wavering hold their flight.
One after other tost, with a muffled thunder roar,
The waves, a glaucous green beneath their frothy comb,
With furious upspringings break in misty foam,
Pluming afar the streaming reefs of ocean shore.

And I have let rush on the flood-tide of my thought,
Dreams, hopes, regrets for strength dispersed to naught,
Till nothing now remains but a bitter memory.

The ocean has spoken to me with a voice fraternal,
For the same clamor that rises still from the sea
Ascends from man to the gods, vainly eternal.

At 1474 Belmont Street,

October 29, 1912.

XLVIII.

MAY-TIME IN FLORENCE.

(From Giovanni Marradi's "Or che Firenze, de'bei soli al raggio,")

Now that our Florence glows in the sun's fair ray,
And rosy blooms their fragrances exhale,
And all her marbles gleam, and all the vale
Is full of song, under the heaven of May;

Now that her Tuscan tongue triumphantly has sway,
In the May-day song of storied olden time,
And to the sound of Medicean ballad rhyme
The wild arboreal gonfalon makes way:

Most sweet also upon your lips is the flower
Of eloquence that unto love beguiles,
Lady, that hast for love genius and dower;

And here where an eternal glory smiles
Of arts and roses, here in the roseate hour,
On a fragrant hymn, life wings to Elysian isles.

XLIX.

THE SPRING.

NYMPHIS AVG. SACRVM.

(L'autel gît sous la ronce et l'herbe enseveli;)

JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

Thorn-hid, the altar lies where grasses interlace;
And the nameless fountain tells its melancholy tale,
In plaintive accents, drop by drop, to the lonely vale:
It is the nymph who wails her aye-forgotten grace.

The mirror vain whereon no ripple leaves its trace
Is scarcely surface-broken by a flight of dove,
And the moon, alone, bending down from the dark heaven above,
Sometimes still sees reflected there a wan white face.

Therein at times his thirst a wandering shepherd slakes.
He drinks, and pours upon the roadway's antique stone
From hollow of his hand the water that remains.

The hereditary sign unconsciously he makes,
And the libatory vase remains to him unknown,
That with its cup the Roman cippus still retains.

October 1-10, 1914.

L.

THE ATHLETE.

(Je suis initié, je connais le mystère)

LOUIS MÉNARD.

Initiate, I know the mystery of life:
'Tis an arena where immortal birth
Rewards the fray, and wishing birth and life on earth,
Freely I plunge into the close-locked strife.

The heroes half-divine have suffered and have fought
Their lineal triumphant place in heaven to gain:
Let then by manly strife and austere pain,
Firm as the bronze is tempered, my free will be wrought!

Our metempsychoses let us follow unafraid;
Under the eyes of our dead who reach to us a hand,
Mount the hard path that leads to the summit land.

They will receive, from the height of their Godhead attained,
In the starry Olympus their courage has gained,
The soul that strives as they strove, undismayed.

(Rêveries d'un païen mystique.)

November 10, 1914.

358

LI.

HOMER.

(E sempre a te co 'l sole e la feconda
Primavera)

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

With coming of the sun and fullness of the spring
I turn again to thee and to thy song,
Divine old man, around whose temples cling
The starry lights that to immortal youth belong.
Let the daughter of the Sun her incantation sing,
Tell me the tale of blond Calypso's cave,
Tell of Nausicaa and the mantles of the king,
Her sire, joyously washed in the fair wave.

Tell me—Nay, do not tell! Let the Cumean judges know
The earth is made an unclean judgment place,
That kings are vile, the gods a brutish race:
And if thou should'st to this our world returnèd be,
A Glaucus now I could not find for thee:
To thee, O vagabond, none would a penny throw!

November 21, 1914.

LII.

VIRGIL.

(Come, quando su' campi arsi la pia
Luna. . . .)

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

As when, upon parched fields, her pity strong,
The moon from heaven the summer coolness pours,
The while the rivulet between its narrow shores
In white light scintillant is murmuring along;
And secret nightingale forth from her leafy doors
Floods the vast heaven with melodious song,
Listening, the wanderer recalls the throng
Of golden curls he loved, and time forgot restores;
And the bereavèd mother sorrowing vainly
Turns her eyes from a grave to the shining sky
In whose diffusèd light the soul finds ease;
The while the mountains and the far sea-line
Give back cool winds that sigh among the mighty trees—
Such is thy verse to me, poet divine!

November 21, 1914.

LIII.

ALASTOR.

(Le découragement, la fatigue et l'ennui)

LOUIS MÉNARD.

Upon my soul discouragement, fatigue, ennui
Lay hold, before th'implacable resilience
Of things; law, destiny, chance, providence,
Some evil power, 'gainst which I can do naught, crushes me.

Perhaps the demon souls of those that formerly
I harmed, somewhere in another existence,
Invisible in the air surround me in the silence
And for the evil then take vengeance now on me.

Whate'er their numbers are, whate'er their strength,
I would behold them face to face; a form, at length,
My evil destiny should take—I will not run;

I cannot always struggle thus within the shadow,
If expiation must be made, then let me go,
Like Ajax proud, to fight and die in the sun!

(Rêveries d'un païen mystique.)

November 28, 1914.

LIV.

ERINNYES.

(Je sais que toute joie est une illusion.)

LOUIS MÉNARD.

I know that every joy is an illusion,
That for each one there must be made stern recompense,
And that I ought to bless the stubborn providence
Who now on me imposes trial and expiation.

Barren regrets, the joyous lying sense,
Attain not to the pure and tranquil region
Where the sage is lulled, free from passion,
In the serenity of his intelligence.

I know, but yet I keep in memory
A dazzling dream, that never can be dreamed again,
Neither beyond, nor in this world of men.

Angel, Demon, God, for me no one avails;
I've lost a joy beside which bliss of heaven pales,
And nevermore will it be given back to me.

(Rêveries d'un païen mystique.)

November 28, 1914.

LV.

DANTE.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

Dante, whence doth it come that speech and prayer
In adoration rise when thy proud face is seen,
That bent above the verse which made thee lean
The sun leaves me, and the new dawn still finds me there?

For me Lucia's prayer remains unplead,
Matilda's healing bath a thing afar,
And Beatrice to the sacred lover wed
In vain ascends to God from star to star.

Thy holy empire odious is; and the crown
By a spade upturned might have covered the brow
Of thy good Frederick in Olona's plains.

Empire and church are a sorrowful ruin now,
O'er which soars thy song till echoing heaven sends it down.
Jove perishes! The poet's hymn remains!

February 15, 1915.

LVI.

THE GULF.

(Pascal avait son gouffre, avec lui se mouvant.)

Charles Baudelaire.

Pascal had his dread deep that journeyed on with him.

Alas! All is abyss—action, desire, dream

And speech! And o'er my flesh that creeps I feel, grim,

And many a time, the wind of terror stream!

Above, below, everywhere, the deep, the strand,

The silence, the frightful fascinating space . . .

A multiform nightmare, God ceaselessly doth trace

On the background of my nights, with His unerring hand.

As one who fears a great hole, I am afraid of sleep,

Full of vague horror, leading one knows not whither—this deep;

Out of all my windows only infinity I see,

And my spirit by vertigo ever annoyed

Longs for the insensibility of the void.

—Ah! From Numbers and from Beings never to be free!

(Les Fleurs du mal.)

LVII.

TO DANTE ALIGHIERI.

(Dal mondo scese ai ciechi abissi, e poi,)

Michael Angelo.

He descended from Earth to the blind abysses, and then,
The two Infernos seen, guided by his great thought,
Ascended living unto God, and brought,
In Earth's true light, his message unto men,

Star of high valor, whose radiance the hidden
Eternities to our blind eyes unfurled,
And had, at last, reward the wicked world
Oft gives unto the most heroic men.

Of Dante crudely was the labor known,
And fair desire, by that ungrateful race
Who only unto just men stinted grace.

But were I such as he! born to like fate,
For his harsh exile, being to his virtue grown,
I would exchange the world's most blessed state.



LVIII.

THE ABYSS.

(Je suis l'esprit, vivant au sein des choses mortes.)

VICTOR HUGO.*

MAN.

I am the spirit living in the bosom of dead things.
When doors are closed I forge the keys;
I make the lion retreat toward the desert;
I call myself Bacchus, Noah, Deucalion;
I call myself Shakespeare, Hannibal, Caesar, Dante;
I am the conqueror; I hold the flaming sword,
I enter, frightening the shadow I pursue
In all the terrors and in all the nights.
I am Plato, I see; I am Newton, I discover.
From the owl I bring forth Athena; from the wolf,
Rome; and the Eagle has said: Do thou go first!
I have Christ in my sepulcher and Job on my dung heap.
I live! Level in my two hands I bear
Soul and body; I am man, master at last and free!
I am the ancient Adam! I love, I know, I feel;
I have taken the tree of life in my strong hands;
I shake it joyously above my head.

*"La Légende des Siècles."

As though I were the tempest wind,
I shake its branches, laden with oranges of gold,
And I cry: "Come hither, nations! take, and eat!"
And on their brows I make the apples fall;
Because for me—my sons, all men—knowledge,
Thy sap, in waves descends from the kindly heavens,
For life is thy fruit, eternity, thy root!
All germinates, all grows, the fiery furnace spreads.
As red in a forest the conflagration runs,
The fair ruddy progress, eye fixed on the azure,
Marches, and in marching devours the past.
I will, all things obey, matter inflexible
Yields; I am almost equal to the great Invisible;
Hills, I make the wine as He makes the honey;
Like Him I hurl globes into the heaven.
I make a palace of that which was my jail;
From pole to pole I string a living thread;
On the wing of the lightning I speed the mind;
I bend the bow of Nimrod, sacred bow of iron,
And the arrow which hisses and the arrow which flies,
The arrow I send to the end of the world, is my word.
I make Rhine, Ganges, and Oregon talk together
Like three travelers in the same wagon.

Distance is no more. Of the old giant Space
I have made a dwarf. I go, and, before my daring,
The dark jealous Titans raise their tarnished front;
Prometheus, on Caucasus bound, utters a cry,
Beyond measure astonished when Franklin steals the thunderbolt;
Fulton, whom a Jupiter once would have crushed to powder,
Mounts Leviathan and traverses the sea;
Galvani calm extorts from death a bitter smile;
Volta seizes the sword of the archangel
And dissolves it; the world trembles at my voice and changes.
Cain dies, the future resembles the young Abel;
I reconquer Eden and I finish Babel.
Nothing without me. Nature roughed out, I complete her.
Earth, I am thy king!

THE EARTH.

Thou art only my vermin.
Sleep, heavy want, fever, subtle fire,
Abject belly, hunger, thirst, vile stomach,
O'erwhelm thee, black fugitive, with countless infirmities,
And, old, thou art a specter, and dead, a shadow.

Thou goest thy way to the ashes! I remain in the light;
I have always the springtime, the dawn, blossoms, and love,
I am younger after millions of years.
I fill the astonished beasts with dreamy instincts,
From the acorn I bring forth an oak, from the apple seed a fruit.
I pour myself, somber urn, on the blades of grass, on the pine tree,
On the clustered vine, on the wheats that yield the sheaves.
Like superb sisters, hand joined to hand,
On my face, where the shadows fall, where the daylight gleams,
The twelve hours of the day, the twelve hours of the night
Dance incessantly a sacred rondeau.
I am source and chaos; I bury, I create.
When the morning was born in the azure, I was there.
Vesuvius is my work-shop and Hecla my forge;
I redden the high chimneys of Etna.
In stirring Cuzco, I move the Pyrenees.
I have for slave a star; when evening comes,
Casting its black veil over one of my sides,
I have my lamp, the moon, with its human face, to light me;
And if some assassin, in an age-old forest,
Toward the surest shadow, and the craggiest spot,
Has fled, I follow him with this masque of fire.
I people the air, the flame, the wave; and my breath

Creates the bat, as it creates the whale;
As I make the worm, so I bring forth typhons.
A living globe, I am clothèd with deep waves
With forests and with mountains, as with an armor.

SATURN.

What weak voice is this that murmurs?
Earth, why turn in thy restricted field,
Grain of sand, by a grain of ash companioned?
I, I trace in the vast azure an enormous circle;
Space with terror sees my deformèd beauty;
My ring, which purples the paleness of the nights,
Like the golden balls by the juggler criss-cross thrown,
Hurls, mingles, and returns seven colossal moons.

THE SUN.

Silence in the deep of the heavens, planets, my vassals!
Peace! I am the herdsman, you are the beasts.
Like two carts 'neath one portal, side by side,
In my least volcano Saturn with the Earth
Would enter in nor touch the crater's walls.
Chaos! I am the law. Dirt! I am the fire.
Contemplate me! I am the life wherein you live,
The sun, the everlasting storm of light.

SIRIUS.

I hear the atom speaking. Away with you, sun, dust-speck,
Be still! Be still, phantom, species of brightness!
Herdsmen whose flocks flee in the immensity,
Obscure globes, I am less haughty than you.
How proud you are, O keeper of planets,
For seven or eight muttons that you pasture in the azure!
As for me, I carry vast and pure, in my august orbit,
A thousand spheres of fire, the least with a hundred moons.
Dost thou even know it, maggot who questions me?
What profits it me to shine upon this dwarf?
The pigmy star does not even see the giant star.

ALDEBARAN.

Sirius sleeps; I see! He scarcely so much as stirs.
Three suns have I, one white, one green, one red;
The center of a whirlwind of frenzied worlds,
Chained by an invisible chain they turn
So quickly, that a drunken flame appears to pass,
And the lightning says: I cannot follow them.

ARCTURUS.

I have four turning suns, a quadruple hell,
And their four rays make but one single flame.

THE COMET.

Make way for the bird-like comet, terror of the deep nights!
Tremble! I pass. Each one of you, O worlds,
O suns! is to me only a mustard seed!

THE GREAT BEAR.

A mysterious arm holds me forever raised;
Of the pole I am the candlestick, seven-branched,
Like foot-soldiers, the sword upon the shoulder,
My fires watch the bounds of the void where all things end;
The worlds sown from the nadir to the zenith,
Under all the equators and under all the tropics,
Say to themselves: "We see the tip of their pikes;
They are the black guardians of the monstrous pole."
The tenebrous ether, full of wandering globes,
Knows not who I am, and in the ruddy night
He spies at me, while I, the brightness, keep my watch.
He sees me, the immense enlightener, advance;
He rouses and, trembling, listens with horror,
To hear the tramp of my invisible steeds.
He hurls at me wild and terrible names,
And sees in me the beast wandering in the heavens.

Now we are the North, the torch-lights, the eyes,
Seven living eyes, having suns for eyeballs,
The eternal torches of the eternal shades.
I am Septentrion who appears to you.
Sirius with all his worlds would be
Not even a sparkle in my least furnace.
Between two of my fires a hundred worlds are at ease.
I dwell on the radiant summits of the night.
The furnace-fiery comets themselves would never
Dare to touch with the flames of their tails
My rolling chariot in the deeps of the blue.
I do not even see that star which spoke.
The stars of the heavens go and come down there,
Drawing their spheres of gold and their faithful moons,
And I, if I began to move in the midst of them,
In the fields of the ether obedient to my splendor,
My wheel would crush all of these ant-like suns!

THE ZODIAC.

And what then is thy wheel by the side of mine?
From whatsoever point in the sky light comes,
It strikes 'gainst me, the capstan of the abyss.

I say to the suns: "Go thou, thy way, and thou come back.
It is thy turn, thou goest forth, I send thee!"
For I exist not simply that one may see
Forever, in the fierce and flaming azure,
The bull, the ram, and the lion, fleeing
Before the monstrous hunter Sagittarius;
I plunge a bucket profound into the wells of mystery,
I am the enormous wheel-work whence descends
The invisible order to the bottom of the dazzling gulf.
Sacred heaven, if eyes could have entered
Into thy wonder, and into the measureless horror,
Perhaps, in the gear where I am, they would see,
Like the black Ixion of a divine Phlegethon,
Some fearful damnèd, some vast soul in pain,
Recommencing and never ending a vain ascent,
And, quitting the star that flees for the star that comes,
Climb the sinister ladder of the night!

THE MILKY WAY.

Millions, millions, and millions of stars!
In the frightful shade and under the sacred veils,
I am the splendid forest of constellations.

It is I who am the heaps of eyes and of rays,
The unheard of and gloomy deeps of lights.
Still overflowing with the primal effluvia,
My luminous abyss is your source of all.
O stars below, I am so far from you
That my vast archipelago of motionless splendors,
My heap of suns, is, for your feeble eyes,
In the bottom of heaven, a mournful desert where sound dies,
Only a few red ashes scattered in the night!
But, O creeping and heavy globes, what terror
For him who could penetrate my living light,
For him who, close, could see my vermilion cloud!
Each point is a star, and each star is a sun.
So many stars, so many strange diverse
Humanities, approaching demons, approaching angels,
Whose planets make so many nations;
A group of worlds, all a prey to the passions,
Circles around each one of my flaming suns;
In each humanity are hearts and souls,
Deep mirrors open to the universal eye,
In each heart is love, in each soul is heaven!

All this is born, dies, grows, decreases, multiplies.
The light casts it forth and the shadow is full of it.
In the gulf, under me, dazzled by my dawn,
Globes, grains of light in the distance blossomed,
Thou, Zodiac, and you straying comets,
Trembling, you traverse the pallid distances,
And your rumors are like vague clarions,
And I have more of suns than you have gnats.
My immensity lives radiant and fecund.
Sometimes I know not if the remnant of the world,
Wandering in some corner of the desolate firmament,
May not have vanished in my radiance.

THE NEBULÆ.

To whom then speakest thou, far passing cloud?
We scarcely hear thy voice in the gulfs of space.
We distinguish thee only as a nimbus obscure
In the most lost corner of the most nocturnal azure.
Let us shine on in peace, we whiteners of the darkness,
Spectral worlds hatched in the mournful chaos,
Having neither austral nor boreal pole,

We, the realities living in the ideal,
Worlds on worlds, whence flow the immense swarm of dreams,
Dispersèd in the ether, that ocean without shores
Whose wave to its confines has never returned;
We the creations, isles of the unknown!

INFINITY.

Multiple being lives in my somber unity.

GOD.

I have but to breathe, and all would be a shadow.

November 26, 1853.



L'ENVOI.

(Woods Hole, Mass.)

These songs are done! Farewell, my dear, farewell!

Out of thine ashes grow all lovely things

That bud and bloom, or rise on joyous wings,

Or in the beryl sea-deep twilight dwell!

Thy spirit unto mine a quickening flame

Of high resolve, an impulse unto good,

A hand that never tires—all this I would,

Till hungry souls through me shall bless thy name.

So shalt thou live in other lives on earth,

And from thy dwelling place within God's heart

Find all is good! There may each have his part,

And find in Nature's God divine re-birth.

Then be with earth and sea forevermore

Thy sacred ashes part of this dear shore!

On train, New York to Washington,

December 9, 1913.



I shot an arrow into the air.

—*Longfellow.*

